THE WORKS OF *HORACE* IN LATIN *and* ENGLISH.

In Two VOLUMES.

The Engliſh Verſion

By Mr. *CREECH.*

Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit feitque Puer: ———

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HORACE

IN

Latin and *English*.

Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM LIBER PRIMUS.

AD MÆCENATEM.

ODE I.

Alios aliis rebus duci: se *Lyricorum* versuum studio teneri.

MÆCENAS atavis edite regibus,
O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum;
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metáque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmáque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.
Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus:
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quicquid de Libycis verritur areis,
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros, Attalicis conditionibus
Numquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 62 MAR

THE ODES OF *HORACE.*

The FIRST BOOK.

ODE I. *To* MÆCENAS.

Several Men have ſeveral Delights; Lyrick *Poetry is his.*

MÆCENAS born of Royal Blood,
My Joy, my Guard, and ſweeteſt Good;
Some love with rapid Wheels to raiſe
Olympian Duſt, and gather Praiſe;
Where Races won, and Palms beſtow'd,
Do lift a King into a God:
And ſome in high Commands are proud,
That great Preferment of the Crowd;
Blown by their breath the Bubble flies,
Gaz'd at a while, then breaks and dies:
Another ploughs his Father's Fields,
His Barn holds all that *Lybia* yields;
And hopes of Wealth and Worlds of Gain,
Shall never tempt him from the Plain;
Or draw his fearful Soul to ride
In feeble Ships, and ſtem the Tide:

Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, otium, & oppidi
Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.
Multos castra juvant, & lituo tubæ
Permissus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor;
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miscent superis: me gelidum nemus,
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori,
Secernunt populo; si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quòd si me Lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

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AD AUGUSTUM CÆSAREM.

ODE II.

Deos omnes iratos esse *Romanis*, ob *Cæsaris* cædem: unam imperii spem in *Augusto* constitutam.

JAM satis terris nivis, atque diræ
Grandinis misit Pater, & rubente
Dexterâ sacras jaculatus arces,
Terruit urbem:

The Merchants toſt in angry Seas,
That praiſe their Fields, and quiet Eaſe,
Yet rigg their tatter'd Ships once more,
Untaught, unable to be poor:
Some, underneath a Myrtle Shade,
Or by ſmooth Springs ſupinely laid,
With Mirth, and Wine, and wanton Play,
Contract the buſineſs of the Day:
Shrill Trumpets Sounds and noiſy Wars,
That Mothers hate, pleaſe other Ears:
The Hunter doth his Eaſe forgoe,
He lies abroad in Froſt, in Snow;
He ſoon forgets his pleaſing Wife,
And all the ſoft delights of Life,
Whilſt faithful Hounds a Deer purſue,
Or have a raging Boar in view:
The purling Streams and ſhady Grove,
Where Nymphs and Satyrs dance, and love,
Green Ivy Crowns, that only ſpread
Freſh Honours round a learned Head,
Shall raiſe my Name above the Crowd,
And lift me up into a God;
If Muſes kind ſhall ſtring my Lyre,
Or Tune my Pipe, and Heats inſpire:
If You, my Lord, approve my Vein,
And count me 'mongſt the *Lyrick* Train,
Secure from Death I'll proudly riſe,
And hide my Head in lofty Skies.

ODE II. *To* Augustus.

Rome *hath ſmarted for killing* Cæſar, *and all their Hopes are in* Auguſtus.

Enough of Thunder, mighty *Jove*,
Enough thy flaming Arm has thrown,
Enough hath torn the ſacred Grove,
Enough amaz'd the frighted Town:

Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
Sæculum Pyrrhæ, nova monstra quæstæ,
Omne cùm Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes:

Piscium & summâ genus hæsit ulmo,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis:
Et superjecto pavida natarunt
Æquore damæ.

Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta Regis,
Templáque Vestæ:

Iliæ dum se nimiùm querenti
Jactat ultorem, vagus & sinistrâ
Labitur ripâ, Jove non probante,
Uxorius amnis.

Audiet cives acuisse ferrum,
Quo graves Persæ melius perirent:
Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
Rara juventus.

Quem vocet Divûm populus ruentis
Imperî rebus? prece quâ fatigent
Virgines sanctæ minùs audientem
Carmina Vestam?

Cui dabit partes scelus expiandi
Jupiter? tandem venias precamur,
Nube candentes humeros amictus
Augur Apollo:

Sive tu mavis Erycina ridens,
Quam Jocus circumvolat, & Cupido;
Sive neglectum genus, & nepotes
Respicis auctor,

Leſt *Pyrrha*'s Age return'd they fear'd,
Strange Age, when from the former Floods
Old *Proteus* drove his ſcaly Herd
To viſit Hills, and glide in Woods:

The Fiſhes hung on lofty Boughs,
Thoſe Seats well known to Doves before,
The ſpreading Waves ſnatcht trembling Does,
They ſwam, and look'd in vain for Shore.

We ſaw ſwoln *Tiber* backward flow,
And from the *Tuſcan* Waves retire;
The Monuments of Kings o'erthrow,
And hiss in *Veſta*'s ſacred Fire:

Whilſt He, too too Uxorious Flood,
Swoln big with fury, cuts along
The left-hand Banks, though *Jove* withſtood,
To right Complaining *Ilia*'s wrong.

The Youth ſhall hear that impious Steel
Againſt our ſelves we madly drew,
Which better haughty *Medes* ſhould feel,
The Youth our faults have left but few.

What God, to prop the falling State,
Shall we invoke with earneſt Pray'rs?
How ſhall our Virgins ſoften Fate,
And weary *Veſta*'s deafned Ears?

And whom to expiate *Cæſar*'s Blood
Will *Jove* appoint? *Apollo* come,
O'er thy bright Shoulders caſt a Cloud,
And kindly ſuccour guilty *Rome*.

Or *Venus* fair, whom Joys attend,
Whom Youth flies round, and ſmiling Grace;
Or Father *Mars* at laſt deſcend,
And pity thy decaying Race.

Heu nimis longo ſatiate ludo!
Quem juvat clamor, galeæque lævi,
Acer & Mauri peditis cruentum
Vultus in hoſtem.

Sive mutatâ Juvenem figurâ,
Ales in terris imitaris, almæ
Filius Maiæ, patiens vocari
Cæſaris ultor:

Serus in cœlum redeas, diúque
Lætus interſis populo Quirini:
Neve te noſtris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura

Tollat. Hîc magnos potius triumphos,
Hîc ames dici Pater, atque Princeps:
Neu ſinas Medos equitare inultos,
Te duce, Cæſar.

IN VIRGILIUM. ODE III.

Secundam ei navigationem precatur: deinde occaſionem nactus, hominum audaciam deteſtatur.

SIC te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida ſidera,
Ventorúmque regat pater,
Obſtrictis aliis, præter Japyga,
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium; finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem precor:
Et ſerves animæ dimidium meæ.
Illi robur, & æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commiſit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec triſtes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti:

Oh long, too long, thy fierce delight
  Hath glutted Thee, whom Wars do pleaſe,
With Darts and Spears; and ſtern in Fight
  The frightful *Mœors* unlearn'd in Eaſe.

Or whether chang'd to Mortal Eyes
  You ſeem a Youth, kind winged God,
Nor doſt the friendly Name deſpiſe
  Of the Avenger of our *Caſar's* Blood.

Oh late may You return to *Jove*,
  May quiet Days extend thy Reign,
Nor vext at Us in haſte remove
  To viſit happy Seats again.

Our Empire's Father, Prince, and Guide,
  In Triumphs live; Nor let the *Medes*,
Proud in our Spoils, unpuniſh'd ride,
  Whilſt Mighty *Caſar* bravely leads.

ODE III. *To* Virgil.

Taking a Voyage to Athens.

So may kind *Venus* guide thy Sails,
So *Helen's* Brothers ſhining Stars,
  Secure thee from thy fears:
So *Eol* looſe the Southern Gales,

And all the other Winds controul;
As Thou doſt waft my *Virgil* o'er,
And land him on the *Attick* Shore;
  Preſerving half my Soul.

His Heart was Braſs, who firſt did dare
In feeble Ships to ſtem the Seas,
  Who weeping *Hyades*
And Monſters ſaw, nor fear'd to bear.

Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,

Qui vidit mare turgidum, &
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?
Nequicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili

Terras, si tamen impiæ
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.
Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit:
Post ignem æthereâ domo
Subductum, macies, & nova febrium

Terris incubuit cohors;
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Leti corripuit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra,
Pennis non homini datis.

Who ſaw the headlong Whirlwinds fight,
And South-winds rage, that beſt can raiſe
Or ſmooth the *Adriatick* Seas,
Nor dy'd at ſuch a ſight.

What Face of Death can move his fears,
That ſaw with an undaunted Eye
Vaſt Rocks, and Waves as high;
And could reſtrain his flowing Tears?

In vain the Gods deſign'd, in vain;
In vain they did the Lands divide,
By an unfriendly Tide,
If impious Ships can croſs the Main.

Man forc'd, by an imperious Will,
Do's make all haſte to be undone,
And very eagerly ruſh on
To court forbidden Ill.

Prometheus brought Celeſtial Fire,
Which firſt by wicked Arts He ſtole,
To give his Clay a Soul,
And kindle this abſurd Deſire.

But Vengeance ſoon purſu'd Deceit,
For thence began unknown Diſeaſe,
Thence cruel Feavers firſt did ſeize,
And took their fatal Heat.

Then lazy Death did mend her pace,
Our Life contracted to a ſpan,
Death came in haſte on Man,
And ſtopt his yet unfiniſh'd Race.

With Wings, which Nature's Laws deny,
Firſt *Dædalus* did boldly dare
To beat the Empty Air,
And wander thro' the liquid Sky.

Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus arduum est:
Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ; neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

AD L. SEXTIUM CONSULAREM.

ODE IV.

Adventu veris, & communi moriendi conditione propositâ, hortatur ad voluptates.

Solvitur acris hiems gratâ vice veris, & Favoni,
Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas:
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni:
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Lunâ:
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede, dum graves Cyclopum
Volcanus ardens urit officinas.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ.
Nunc & in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poscat agnam, sive malit hædum.
Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres, ô beate Sexti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque Manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia; quò simul mearis,
Nec regna vini sortiere talis,

Thro' Hell the fierce *Alcides* ran,
He ſcorn'd the ſtubborn chains of Fate,
And rudely broke the Brazen Gate;
Nought is too hard for Man.

Grown Giants in Impiety,
Our Impious Folly dares the Sky,
We dare aſſault *Jove's* glorious Throne,
Nor, ſtill averſe to his Command,
Will we permit his lifted Hand
To lay his Thunder down.

ODE IV.

He adviſeth his Friend to live merrily.

SHarp Winter melts, *Favonius* ſpreads his Wing,
A pleaſing change, and bears the Spring:
Dry Ships drawn down from ſtocks now plow the Main,
And ſpread their greedy Sails again:
Nor Stalls the Ox, nor Fires the Clowns delight,
And Fields have loſt their hoary white:
The Nymphs and Graces joyn'd thro' flowry Meads
By Moon-light dance, and *Venus* leads:
Whilſt labouring *Cyclops* furious *Vulcan* tires,
And heats their Forge with raging Fires:
Now crownd with Myrtle, crownd with riſing Flowrs
From looſen'd Fields, drive eaſie Hours,
A Lamb to *Faunus*, if he moſt approves
A Kid, a Kid muſt ſtain the Groves:
With equal Foot, rich Friend, impartial Fate
Knocks at the Cottage, and the Palace Gate:
Life's ſpan forbids Thee to extend thy Cares,
And ſtretch thy Hopes beyond thy Years:
Night ſoon will ſeize, and You muſt quickly go
To ſtory'd Ghoſts, and *Pluto's* Houſe below,
Where once arriv'd, adieu to Wine and Love,
And all the ſoft Delights above:

Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, quo calet juventus
Nunc omnis, & mox virgines tepebunt.

AD PYRRHAM.

ODE V.

Miseros esse qui illius amore teneantur. Se ex eo, tanquam è naufragio, enatasse.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,

Simplex munditiis? heu, quoties fidem,
Mutatosque Deos flebit, & aspera
Nigris aequora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea:
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius aurae
Fallacis. miseri, quibus

Intentata nites: me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

No Feaſts, where Thee the happy Lot may place
The Juſt Diſpoſer of the Glaſs:
No *Lycidas*, no fair ſurprizing Boy,
Or to admire, or to enjoy:
No *Lycidas*, who now our Youth do's Charm,
And ſoon ſhall all our Virgins warm.

ODE V.

He rejoices at his Deliverance from his bewitching Miſtreſs.

WHAT tender Youth upon a Roſy Bed,
With Odours flowing round his Head,
Shall ruffle Thee, and looſe a Heart?
For what fond Youth wilt Thou prepare
The lovely Mazes of thy Hair,
And ſpread Charms neat without the help of Art?

How oft unhappy ſhall he grieve to find
The fickle Baſeneſs of your Mind?
When he, that ne'er felt Storms before,
Shall ſee black Heav'n ſpread o'er with Clouds,
And threatning Tempeſts toſs the Floods,
Whilſt Helpleſs He in vain looks back for Shore.

Now fondly, now He rifles all thy Charms,
He wantons in thy pleaſing Arms,
And boaſts his Happineſs Compleat:
He thinks that you will always prove
As fair, and conſtant to his Love; (Cheat.
And knows not how, how ſoon thoſe Smiles may

Ah! wretched thoſe who love, yet ne'er did try
The ſmiling Treachery of thy Eye!
But I'm ſecure, my Danger's o'er,
My Table ſhows the Cloaths I vow'd
When midſt the Storm, to pleaſe the God;
I have hung up, and now am ſafe on Shore.

AD VIPSANIUM AGRIPPAM.

ODE VI.

Bella ab eo gesta à *Vario* cantatum iri; se conviviis tantùm, & amoribus describendis aptum esse.

Scribéris Vario fortis, & hostium
Victor, Maonii carminis alite,
Quam rem cumque ferox navibus, aut equis
Miles, te duce, gesserit.

Nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere, nec gravem
Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii,
Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulyssei,
Nec sævam Pelopis domum,

Conamur, tenues grandia: dum pudor,
Imbellisque lyra Musa potens vetat
Laudes egregii Cæsaris, & tuas
Culpâ deterere ingeni.

Quis Martem tunicâ tectum adamantinâ
Digne scripserit? aut pulvere Troico
Nigrum Merionem? aut ope Palladis
Tydiden Superis parem?

Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum,
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium,
Cantamus, vacui; sive quid urimur,
Non præter solitum leves.

ODE VI. *To* Agrippa.

Varius may Record his great Actions, but Love must be the Subject of his Songs.

THEE great in Arms ſhall *Varius* ſing,
In Conduct wiſe, and bold in Fight;
What Conqueſts under your Command,
The Legions wan by Sea and Land,
The fame ſhall boldly write
With Quills that drop'd from lofty *Homer's* Wing.

My tender Verſe muſt Wars refuſe;
Spears, Trophies, and the armed Field,
The fierce *Pelides* haughty Rage
That ſtill preſt forward to engage,
And knew not how to yield,
Are things too weighty for my feeble Muſe:

Strict Modeſty confines my Tongue,
And Shame forbids me to diſgrace
A Subject high, ſo near Divine
As mighty *Caeſar's* Praiſe and thine,
And your great Names debaſe
By the officious meanneſs of a Song:

For who in worthy Strains can write
Mars dreadful in his Iron Coat?
Or ſhow the black *Meriones*
In *Trojan* Duſt ſeverely gay?
Or how *Tydides* fought
By *Pallas* Aid, and match'd the Gods in fight?

I ſing ſoft Boys and Virgins Wars,
How ſoon they ſmile, how angry ſoon
With cloſe par'd Nails, and tender Tooth,
They all invade the ruffling Youth;
Thus urge my Frolick on,
And bid Farewel, a long Farewel to Cares.

AD MUNATIUM PLANCUM CONSULAREM.

ODE VII.

Alias aliis : sibi *Tiburtinam* regionem placere. Cohortatio ad voluptates.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,
Aut Ephesum, bimarisve Corinthi
Mœnia, vel Baccho Thebas, vel Apolline Delphos
Insignes, aut Thessala Tempe.
Sunt quibus unum opus est, intacta Palladis urbem
Carmine perpetuo celebrare, &
Undique decerptam fronti præponere olivam.
Plurimus in Junonis honorem
Aptum dicit equis Argos, ditesque Mycenas.
Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quàm domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, & Tiburni lucus, & uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.
Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cælo
Sæpe Notus, neque parturit imbres
Perpetuos : sic tu sapiens finire memento
Tristitiam, vitaque labores
Molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis
Castra tenent, seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina, patremque
Cùm fugeret, tamen uda Lyæo
Tempora populeâ fertur vinxisse coronâ,
Sic tristes affatus amicos :
Quò nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente,
Ibimus, ô socii, comitesque ;
Nil desperandum, Teucro duce, & auspice Teucro,
Certus enim promisit Apollo,

ODE VII.

He commends Plancus *his Seat, and adviſeth him to enjoy his Life.*

SOme *Mitylen*, or famous *Rhodes* will praiſe,
Or two-ſea'd *Corinth's* Honour raiſe;
Some *Thebes* for *Bacchus* fam'd, in ſounding Strains,
Or flowry *Tempe's* open Plains:
Some fill their laſting Verſe with high renown
Of Virgin *Pallas* learned Town;
And whilſt they ſtudiouſly their Praiſe beſtow,
To All prefer the Olive Bough:
To Honour *Juno*, *Argos* ſome proclaim,
Or raiſe *Mycane*, high in Fame;
Not patient *Sparta*, *Tempe's* fruitful Fields,
Nor all that fat *Lariſſa* yields,
Can raiſe my Fancy; no, I all contemn
Compar'd to fair *Albunea's* Stream;
My water'd Orchards headlong *Anio's* Flood,
Or quiet *Tibur's* ſhady Wood:
As fair South-Winds will bruſh the Clouds away,
Nor always brood a rainy Day,
So *Plancus*, You, what ever Life you lead,
Or play at home in *Tibur's* Shade,
Or fill the ſhining Camp, and lead the War,
With Wine ſtill wiſely end thy Care:
When *Teucer* fled, diſtreſs'd by angry Fate,
His Country, and his Father's Hate,
With Poplar Crowns He grac'd his drunken Head,
And thus to drooping Friends he ſaid,
Whatever Chance the kinder Parent ſends,
We'll bravely bear, my noble Friends:
Adieu fond Care, deſpairing Fears be gone,
Whilſt *Teucer* guides, and leads you on:
Unerring *Phœbus* ſays our hands ſhall raiſe
A City in another place,

Ambignam tellure novâ Salamina futuram.
O fortes, pejoráque pàſſi
Mecum ſæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas:
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

AD LYDIAM.

ODE VIII.

Obſcurè juvenem quendam, quem *Sybarin* vocat, ut amore perditum, & voluptatibus colliquefactum, notat.

LYdia, dic, per omnes
Te deos oro: Sybarin cur properes amando
Perdere: cur apricum
Oderit campum, patiens pulveris, atque ſolis?
Cur neque militaris
Inter æquales equitet, Gallica nec lupatis
Temperet ora frenis?
Cur timet flavum Tyberim tangere? cur olivum
Sanguine viperino
Cautiùs vitat? neque jam livida geſtat armis
Brachia, ſæpe diſco,
Sæpe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito?

Another *Salamis*: Cheer, rouze your force,
For We have often ſuffer'd worſe:
Drink briskly round, diſpel all cloudy Sorrow,
Drink round, we'll plow the Deep to morrow.

ODE VIII. *To* Lydia.

Who had made Sybaris *Effeminate.*

TELL me, *Lydia*, tell me this,
By all the Gods I do conjure Thee tell
Why Thou wilt Ruin *Sybaris*,
By loving of the Youth too well?

Why doth He hate the Plain
That can endure the fury of the Skies,
The burning Sun, the Wind and Rain:
By Nature fitted for the Prize?

Why now refuſe to ride
Amidſt his Equals, and with graceful force
The fury of his Courſer guide,
And bravely fit the manag'd Horſe?

Why Yellow *Tyber*'s Stream
Doth He now hate? Why fear to touch the Flood,
And why the ſhining Oyl contemn
With greater care than Viper's Blood?

Why do his Arms no more
Look black with blows and honourable ſcars,
Which once with juſt Applauſe He bore,
When Fame attended on his Wars?

So juſtly prais'd for Art, (Throng,
So fam'd for Strength, when, through the wondring
Beyond the bounds he threw the Dart,
Which ſwiftly bore his Praiſe along.

Quid latet, ut marina
Filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrymosa Troja
Fata, ne virilis
Cultus in cædem, & Lycias proriperet catervas?

AD THALIARCHUM.

ODE IX.

Hieme indulgendum voluptati.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte; nec jam sustineant onus
Silvæ laborantes; geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens; atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,
O Thaliarche, merum diotâ.

Permitte Divis cætera: qui simul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
Depræliantes; nec cupressi,
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere: &
Quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
Appone: nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas;

Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa: nunc & campus, & areæ,
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Compositâ repetantur horâ:

Why doth he now lye hid,
As once, complying with his Mother's fears,
The Great, the Brave *Achilles* did,
Leſt Manly dreſs ſhould force him on to Wars?

ODE IX.

He adviſeth his Friend to live merrily.

SEE how the Hills are white with Snow,
The Seas are rough, the Woods are toſt,
The Trees beneath their burthen bow,
And purling Streams are bound in Froſt.

Diſſolve the Cold with noble Wine,
Dear Friend, and make a rouzing Fire,
'Gainſt Cold without, and Care within,
Let both with equal force conſpire.

With all things elſe, come, truſt the Gods;
Who, when they ſhall a Calm reſtore,
And ſtill the Storms that toſs the Floods,
Old Oaks, and Aſhes ſhake no more.

All Cares and Fears are fond and vain,
Fly vexing Thoughts of dark to morrow;
What Chance ſcores up, count perfect gain,
And baniſh Buſineſs, baniſh Sorrow.

Whilſt Thou art Green, and Gay, and Young,
E'er dull Age comes, and Strength decays,
Let Mirth, and Humour, Dance, and Song
Be all the Trouble of thy Days.

The Court, the Mall, the Park, and Stage,
With eager Thoughts of Love purſue;
Gay Evening whiſpers fit thy Age,
And be to Aſſignation true.

Nunc & latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo:
Pignusque dereptum lacertis,
Aut digito malè pertinaci.

IN MERCURIUM.

ODE X.

MErcuri facunde, nepos Atlantis,
Qui feros cultus hominum recentum
Voce formasti catus, & decorâ
More palæstræ:

Te canam magni Jovis, & Deorum
Nuntium, curvæque lyræ parentem,
Callidum quicquid placuit jocoso
Condere furto.

Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, vidnus pharetrâ
Risit Apollo.

Quin & Atridas, duce te, superbos
Ilio dives Priamus relicto,
Thessalosque ignes, & iniqua Trojæ
Castra fefellit.

Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgâque levem coërces
Aureâ turbam, superis Deorum
Gratus, & imis.

Now love to hear the hiding Maid,
Whom Youth hath fir'd, and Beauty charms,
By her own tittering Laugh betray'd,
And fore'd into her Lover's Arms.

Go dally with thy wanton Miss,
And from the willing seeming Coy,
Or force a Ring, or steal a Kiss;
For Age will come, and then farewel to Joy.

ODE X.

In Praise of Mercury.

Sweet smooth-Tongu'd God, wise *Atlas* Son,
Whose Voice did mould Men's flinty Hearts,
Just risen from their Parent Stone,
By softning Musick, and instructing Arts.

Thee, Thee my Muse shall gladly sing,
Thee Post of Heav'n, and Guard of Hell;
First Mover of the charming String;
By waggish Thievery cunning to conceal.

Unless you would restore the Cows
Whilst with his Voice He dar'd the Child,
And threatned with his angry Brows,
Now He had lost his Bow, *Apollo* smil'd.

Rich *Priam*, with a pious haste,
Whilst You did guide his trembling Feet,
Thessalian Fires securely past,
The Camp, and proud *Atrides* haughty Fleet.

You gently guide the pious Souls
To happy Seats; Your Golden Rod
The flitting Troop controuls;
O lov'd, above, below, by every God.

AD LEUCONOEN.

ODE XI.

Indulgendum voluptati, omissâ futurorum curâ.

TU ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Di dederint, Leuconoë: nec Babylonios
Tentâris numeros, ut melius, quicquid erit, pati:
Seu plures hiemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,
Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare 5
Tyrrhenum. Sapias; vina liques; & spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas; carpe diem, quàm minimùm credula postero.

AD AUGUSTUM.

ODE XII.

Diis, Heroibus, virisque aliquot claris laudatis, postremò commendat Augustum.

QUem virum, aut heroa, lyrâ, vel acri
Tibiâ, sumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem Deum? cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen imago,

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris, 5
Aut super Pindo, gelidóve in Hæmo?
Unde vocalem temerè insecutæ
Orphea silvæ,

ODE XI.

He adviſeth his Friend to live merrily, and take no care for To-Morrow.

AH, do not ſtrive too much to know,
My dear *Lenconoë*,
What the kind Gods deſign to do
With me and thee.

Ah, do not you conſult the Stars,
Contented bear thy Doom,
Rather than thus increaſe thy Fears
For what will come:

Whether they'll give one Winter more,
Or elſe make this thy laſt;
Which breaks the waves on *Tyrrhene* Shore
With many a Blaſt.

Be wiſe, and drink; cut off long Cares
From thy contracted Span,
Nor ſtretch extenſive hopes and fears
Beyond a Man:

E'en whilſt we ſpeak, the envious Time
Doth make ſwift haſte away;
Then ſeize the Preſent, uſe thy Prime,
Nor truſt another Day.

ODE XII. *To* Augustus.

WHAT Man, what *Hero*, ſtately Muſe,
Wilt thou deliver down to Fame?
What God for thy great Subject chuſe?
And make the wanton Eccho ſport his Name,

O'er *Helicon's* reſounding Grove,
O'er *Pindus*, or cold *Hæmus* Hill?
Whence liſt'ning Woods did gladly move,
And throng'd to hear ſweet *Orpheus* wondrous Quill.

Arte maternâ rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
Blandum & auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus: qui res Hominum ac Deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?

Unde nil majus generatur ipso:
Nec viget quicquam simile, aut secundum:
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

Proeliis audax, neque te silebo,
Liber, & sævis inimica virgo
Belluis: nec te metuende certâ,
Phœbe, sagittâ.

Dicam & Alciden, puerosque Ledæ,
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
Nobilem: quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,

Defluit saxis agitatus humor;
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes;
Et minax (quod sic voluêre) ponto
Unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos
Tarquinî fascis, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile letum.

Regulum, & Scauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paulum, superante Pœno,
Gratus insigni referam camœnâ,
Fabriciumque.

He, by his Mother's art, could bind
The headlong fury of the Floods;
Allay rough Storms, appeaſe the Wind,
And looſe from their fixt roots the dancing Woods.

Whom firſt? ſhall I creating *Jove*,
With pious duty, gladly ſing,
That guides below, and rules above,
The great Diſpoſer, and the mighty King?

Than He none greater, next him none
That can be, is, or was:
Supreme he ſingly fills the Throne;
Yet *Pallas* is allow'd the neareſt place.

Thy Praiſes, *Bacchus*, bold in War,
My willing Muſe will gladly ſhow,
And, Virgin, thee whom *Tygers* fear;
And *Phœbus* dreadful for unerring Bow.

Alcides Acts my Muſe muſt write,
And *Leda's* Sons; one fam'd for Horſe,
And one, in cloſe and handy Fight,
Of haughty Bravery, and of noble Force.

When both their Stars at once appear,
The Winds are huſht, they rage no more;
(It is their Will) the Skies are clear,
And Waves roul ſoftly by the quiet Shore.

Shall *Romulus* ſtand next to theſe?
Or furious *Tarquin's* haughty Reign?
Or *Numa's* Laws and pious Peace?
Or *Cato's* noble Fall, and fierce Diſdain?

The *Scauri* next, the Great, the Good?
Or *Regulus* his conſtant Truth?
Or *Paulus* prodigal of his Blood,
When *Hannibal* o'erthrew the *Roman* Youth?

Hunc, & incomptis Curium capillis
Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum
Sæva paupertas, & avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Crescit, occulto velut arbor ævo,
Fama Marcelli: micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,
Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data: tu, secundo
Cæsare, regnes.

Ille, seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit justo domitos triumpho,
Sive subjectos Orientis oris
Seras & Indos;

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem;
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum:
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

AD LYDIAM.

ODE XIII.

Dolet sibi *Telephum* anteponi.

CUm tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia; væ, meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

Or ſhall I ſing in laſting Verſe
Fabricius Mind, too great for Gold?
Or elſe rough *Curius* Praiſe rehearſe,
In Conduct prudent, and in Action bold?

Him and *Camillus* fam'd for War,
In a poor Houſe, and mean Eſtate,
And poorly bred on hardy fare,
Want made them ſtrong to prop *Rome*'s ſinking Fate.

Marcellus like an Oak doth riſe,
And *Julius Cæſar*'s Light appears,
As, in fair Nights and ſmiling Skies,
The beauteous Moon amidſt the meaner Stars.

Great *Saturn*'s Off-ſpring, mighty *Jove*,
Whoſe greateſt Care is *Cæſar*'s Fate;
Serenely You may reign above,
Whilſt here *Auguſtus* keeps the ſecond State.

And whether He in triumph leads
The *Parthians* that on *Latium* preſt;
Or beats the *Indians* and the *Medes*,
And ſpoils the diſtant Nations of the *Eaſt*.

He, leſs than Thou, rules all below,
Whilſt Thy hot Wheels may ſhake the Clouds;
And dreadful Thunder fiercely throw
On Groves prophan'd, and on unhallow'd Woods.

ODE XIII.

His Jealouſie occaſions his Diſquiet.

When *Lydia* praiſes *Damon*'s Charms,
His roſy Neck, and waxen Arms,
His Air, and rowling Eye;
My Mind ſcarce thinks on what it does,
My ſickly colour comes and goes;
I rage, I burn, I dye:

Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manent: humor & in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turparunt humeros immodicæ mero
Rixæ: sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam.

Non, si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbarè
Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.

Felices ter, & amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

IN BRUTUM, BELLUM CIVILE REPARANTEM.

ODE XIV.

O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus: quid agis? fortiter occupa
Portum: nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus,

Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennæque gemant, ac sine funibus

I loſe my former vital Grace,
And Tears ſteal ſoftly down my Face;
Cold feeble Sweats begin,
Cold feeble Sweats, that plainly ſhow
How fierce the Flame, and yet how ſlow,
That melts my Soul within:

I rage to ſee thy Shoulder ſtain'd,
Or ſnowy Breaſt, by drunken Hand
Too lovingly unkind;
Or when the ruffling am'rous Youth
Hath preſt thy Lips with eager Tooth,
And left a Mark behind:

Coy *Lydia*, all thy hopes are vain
Still to endure the pleaſing pain
Of a ſurprizing Kiſs,
Which *Venus* doth in Nectar ſteep,
And hang upon the balmy Lip,
To draw us on to Bliſs.

Thrice happy They, that free from ſtrife
Maintain a Love as long as Life;
Whoſe fixt and binding Vows,
No intervening Jealouſie,
No Fears and no Debates untye;
And Death alone can looſe.

ODE XIV.

To the Common-wealth, *which was now ready to engage in another Civil War.*

AND ſhall the raging Waves again
Bear Thee back into the Main!
Oh! what doſt do? put cloſe to Shore,
And never truſt the Ocean more:
Thy Oars are gone, and Southern Blaſts
Have rent thy Sails, and torn thy Maſts;

Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius

Æquor? non tibi sunt integra lintea;
Non Dî, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis

Jactes & genus, & nomen inutile.
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curáque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

NEREI VATICINIUM DE RUINA TROJÆ.

ODE XV.

Pastor cùm traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera

Nereus fata. Malâ ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
Et regnum Priami vetus.

Nor without Tackling can'ſt thou brave
The violent fury of the Wave:
Thy Stern is gone, thy Gods are loſt,
And thou haſt none to hear thy Cry,
When thou on dangerous Shelves art toſt,
When Billows rage, and Winds are high:
Tho' thou art built of noble Wood,
And gay as ever cut the Flood;
Alas! 'tis but an empty Name,
Nor will the Seas regard thy Fame.
What fearful Seaman dares rely
On gilded Sterns, when Winds are high?
Vain ſhow, not fit to ſail but pleaſe,
An eaſie prey to angry Seas:
Tho' often Thou haſt ſafely paſt,
Thou ow'ſt a ſport to Winds at laſt:
Oh! lately, Thou, my Grief and Fear,
And now my freſh and preſent Care,
Take heed, and fly the flattering Seas
Between the ſhining *Cyclades*.

ODE XV.

Nereus *ſings the Fall of* Troy, *occaſion'd by* Paris's *Rape of* Helen.

When faithleſs *Paris* ſtole away,
And carry'd *Helen* thro' the Sea;
Then *Nereus* ſtill'd the Wind:
He quieted the angry Seas,
And lull'd the Billows into eaſe,
Eaſe to the Lovers haſte unkind.

Whilſt thus he ſang, Thou carry'ſt home
Thine own, falſe Youth, and Country's doom;
Whom *Greeks* ſhall fetch again
With all their force; and all combine
To break that wicked Match of thine,
And ancient *Priam's* noble Reign.

Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanæ
Genti! jam galeam Pallas, & Ægida,
Currúsque, & rabiem parat.

Nequicquam Veneris præsidio ferox
Pectes cæsariem; grataque fœminis
Imbelli citharâ carmina divides.
Nequicquam thalamo graves

Hastas, & calami spicula Cnossii
Vitabis, strepitúmque, & celerem sequi
Ajacem: tamen, heu! serus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.

Non Laërtiadem, exitium tuæ
Gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucer, te Sthenelus sciens

Pugnæ, sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionem quoque
Nosces: ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides, melior patre;

What Labour, ah! what Duſt and Heat!
And how the Men and Horſes ſweat!
Ah, *Troy* what Fates engage!
E'en furious *Pallas* now prepares
Her Helmet and her Shield for Wars,
Her dreadful Chariot, and her Rage.

In vain ſhalt thou thy Safety place
In *Venus* aid, and paint thy Face;
In vain adorn thy Hair;
In vain thy feeble Harp ſhalt move,
And ſing ſoft Tales of eaſie Love,
To pleaſe the wanton and the fair.

In vain ſhalt thou avoid thy Foe,
The winged Dart, and *Cretan* Bow,
Things grievous to thy Joys:
In vain, with grief, ſhalt fear to view
Stout *Ajax* eager to purſue,
And ſtrive to fly the hated noiſe.

But ah! too late, ah! much too late,
Thou ſhalt endure the ſtroak of Fate;
And find the Gods are juſt:
Too late thou ſhalt deſerv'dly feel
The force of the revenging Steel,
And ſoil th' adulterous Locks in duſt.

Doſt Thou not ſee grave *Neſtor*'s Age,
And fierce *Ulyſſes* wilely Rage,
The ruin of thy State?
Nor *Teucer*'s brave undaunted Force,
Nor *Sthenelus*, that drives his Horſe
As furious and as faſt as Fate?

Ah! thou ſhalt ſee *Meriones*
In *Trojan* Duſt ſeverely gay,
And fierce *Tydides* rave;
Look how he frowns, and roves about
To find the Feeble *Paris* out;
Tydides, as his Father brave.

Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in alterâ
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fuges mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei.
Post certas hiemes uret Achaïcus
Ignis Iliacas domos.

PALINODIA.

ODE XVI.

Veniam petit à puellâ, quam *Iambis* læserat.

O *Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior,*
Quem criminosis cumque voles modum
Pones Iambis; sive flammâ,
Sive mari libet Adriano.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber æquè; non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,

Tristes ut iræ: quas neque Noricus
Deterret ensis, nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.

Theſe, feeble *Paris*, thou ſhalt fly,
As trembling Does, whoſe Fears eſpy
A Lion in a Grove;
They leave their Herbs, with panting Breath,
They ſtrive to ſhun purſuing Death;
Was this thy Promiſe to thy Love!

Achilles angry for a Wrong
Shall *Troy*'s approaching Fate prolong;
But, after certain Years,
Theſſalian Flames and *Grecian* Fire
Shall o'er the proudeſt Piles aſpire,
And fill the Matrons Eyes with Tears.

ODE XVI.

A Recantation for a Copy of Iambicks *written on a young Lady.*

OH Daughter fair, of greater Charms
Than thoſe with which thy Mother warms,
My guilty Verſes how you pleaſe
Deſtroy in Flames, (tho' ſcarce ſo hot
As that fierce Rage with which I wrote)
Or in the angry Seas.

Not *Cybele* ſuch Heat inſpires,
Ne'er *Phœbus* with ſuch raging Fires
His Prophets Soul poſſeſs'd,
Not *Bacchus* ſelf can raiſe a Man
Half ſo much as Anger can,
When once it burns the Breaſt:

Not Tears nor Kindneſs can aſſwage,
Nor Force nor Danger curb the Rage,
It ventures boldly on;
It ſcorns to be confin'd by *Jove*,
Or all the Thund'ring Powers above,
But by its boundleſs ſelf alone.

Fertur Prometheus addere principi
Limo coactus particulam undique
Desectam, & insani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.

Iræ Thyesten exitio gravi
Stravêre; & altis urbibus ultimæ
Stetêre causæ, cur perirent
Funditus, imprimerétque muris

Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
Compesce mentem: me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventâ
Fervor, & in celeres Iambos

Misit furentem. Nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quæro tristia; dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

When bold *Prometheus* firſt began,
As Story goes, to make a Man,
From every thing He ſnatcht a part
To Furniſh out his Clay,
And to compleat his rude Eſſay,
And plac'd a Lion's fury in the Heart.

'Twas Rage that made the Brothers hate,
Rage wrought *Thyeſtes* wond'rous Fate;
'T was Rage that kill'd the Child;
That fed the Father with the Son,
And when it ſaw the mighty Miſchief done,
Stood by, and (what was ſtrange) it ſmil'd.

'Tis that that raiſes all our Wars,
And brings our Dangers and our Fears,
When the inſulting Foe,
Whilſt Anger burns, and Rage prevails,
O'er Town and Cities ruin'd Walls
Doth draw the heavy Plough.

Then curb thy Anger, charming Maid,
That once my heedleſs Youth betray'd,
It rais'd a deadly Flame;
And hurry'd on my thoughtleſs Muſe
In ſwift *Iambicks* to abuſe
And wanton with thy Fame.

But now I do repent the wrong,
And now compoſe a ſofter Song
To make Thee juſt amends:
Recant the Errors of my Youth,
And ſwear thoſe Scandals were not Truth;
So You and I be Friends.

AD TYNDARIDEM.

ODE XVII.

Invitat eam in *Lucretilem*.

Velox amœnum ſæpè Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo Faunus, & igneam
Defendit æſtatem capellis
Uſque meis, pluviòſque ventos.

Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
Quærunt latentes, & thyma devia
Olentis uxores mariti;
Nec viridis metuunt colubros;

Nec Martiales hædilia lupos;
Utcumque dulci, Tyndari, fiſtulâ
Valles, & Uſticæ cubantis
Lævia perſonuere ſaxa.

Dî me tuentur: Dîs pietas mea,
Et Muſa cordi eſt. Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

Hîc, in reductâ valle, Caniculæ
Vitabis æſtus; & fide Teïâ

ODE XVII.

He Commends his Country Seat, and invites his Miſtreſs thither.

SWift *Faunus* oft *Lyceum* leaves behind,
And to my pleaſing Farm retreats;
And from the Summer Heats
Defends my Goats, and from the rainy Wind.

O'er Vales, o'er craggy Rocks, and Hills they ſtray,
Seek flowry Thyme, and ſafely brouze
And wanton in the Boughs;
Nor fear an angry Serpent in the way.

No lurking Venom ſwells the harmleſs Mould,
The Kids are ſafe, the tender Lambs
Lie bleating by their Dams,
Nor hear the Evening Wolves grin round the Fold.

Soft rural Lays thro' every Vally ſound;
By low *Uſtica's* purling Spring
The Shepherds pipe and ſing,
Whilſt from the even Rocks the Tunes rebound.

Kind Heav'n defends my ſoft Aboads,
I live the Gods peculiar Care,
Secure and free from Fear;
My Songs and my Devotion pleaſe the Gods.

Here naked Truth, Love, Peace, good Nature reign,
And here to Thee ſhall Plenty flow,
And all her Riches ſhow,
To raiſe the Honour of the quiet Plain.

Here crooked Vales afford a cool Retreat;
Or underneath an Arbor's Shade
For Love and Pleaſure made,
Thou ſhalt avoid the Dog-Star's raging Heat;

Dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen, vitreámque Circen.

Hîc innocentis pocula Lesbii
Duces ſub umbrâ: nec Semeleïus
Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
Prœlia; nec metues protervum,

Suſpecta, Cyrum, ne male diſpari
Incontinentes injiciat manus,
Et ſcindat hærentem coronam
Crinibus, immeritámque veſtem.

AD QUINTILIUM VARUM.

ODE XVIII.

Vini potu moderato hilarari animum; immoderato rixas excitari.

Nullam, Vare, ſacrâ vite prius ſeveris arborem
Circa mite ſolum Tiburis, & mœnia Catili.
Siccis omnia nam dura Deus propoſuit: neque
Mordaces aliter diſſugiunt ſollicitudines.
Quis poſt vina gravem militiam, aut pauperiem crepat?
Quis non te potius, Bacche Pater, teque, decens Venus?
At, ne quis modici tranſiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa ſuper mero

And ſweetly ſing the harmleſs Wars of Love,
How chaſt *Penelope*'s Deſires,
And wanton *Circe*'s Fires,
With various Heats for one *Ulyſſes* ſtrove:

At Noon with Wine the fiery Beams aſſwage
Beneath a Shade on Beds of Graſs;
And take a Chirping Glaſs,
But drink not on till Mirth boils up to Rage.

Ne'er fear thy old Gallant, He's far away,
He ſhall not ſee, nor ſeize, nor tear
Thy Chaplet from thy Hair;
We ſhall have leiſure, and have room to play.

ODE XVIII.

Wine moderately taken cheers the Mind, but too much makes Men mad.

DEAR *Varus* urge thy wiſe Deſign,
And chiefly plant the noble Vine
In *Tibur*'s fertile Shade,
Or round *Catilles* Wall,
The ſober Dotards Cares invade,
And numerous Miſchiefs wait on all.

Pale Cares are rude,
And muſt intrude
Until forgetful Cups go round;
And who in drink doth prate of Wars,
Of Want, or State Affairs?
Each Head is free, and buſie Thoughts are drown'd;
But Mirth, and Women, Sport, and Play
Is all the trouble of the Day.

But leſt thy growing Mirth ſurpaſs
The moderate freedom of a merry Glaſs,
Think on the *Centaurs* Blood;
Think how thoſe Beaſts did fight,
With Wine and Gore their Tables flow'd;
And then command thy Appetite.

Debellata: monet Sithoniis non levis Evius:

Cùm fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum

Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu,

Invitum quatiam; nec variis obsita frondibus

Sub dium rapiam: saeva tene cum Berecynthio

Cornu tympana, quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,

Et tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem,

Arcanique fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

DE GLYCERA.

ODE XIX.

Se illius amore uri.

Mater saeva Cupidinum,
Thebanæque jubet me Semeles puer,
Et lasciva licentia
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.

Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore purius:
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

What wild Deſires,
What Madneſs fires
The *Thracian* Bruits; how fierce a God,
When Drunken They all Right and Juſt
Do meaſure by their Luſt,
And eagerly ruſh on to Brawls and Blood?
Attending Death ſtrikes every Gueſt,
And none ſurvive the fatal Feaſt.

Submitting to thy eaſie Yoke
I'll freely uſe, but ne'er provoke
Thy Rage, obliging God;
Nor ſhall my Tongue reveal
To the prophane and common Crowd
The Myſteries thy Boughs conceal:

Preſerve my Age
From drunken Rage,
Which blind Self-love does ſtill attend,
With Vanity, which loves to ſpread
Her Plumes, and raiſe her Head
Above the Common level of her Friend;
With theſe, with an uneven Pace,
Walks broaken Faith, which lets all Secrets paſs,
Much more tranſparent than a Glaſs.

ODE XIX. *To* Glycera.

He confeſſeth his Love.

THE cruel Mother of Deſires
And wanton Youth, reproves,
And bids me, rais'd by *Bacchus* Fires,
Reſtore my ſelf to my forſaken Loves:

Fair *Glycera* my Wiſh provokes,
More white than poliſht Marble Stone;
Inviting, coy and ſlippery Looks,
Coy Looks, too ſlippery to be gaz'd upon.

In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit: nec patitur Scythas,
Et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere: nec quæ nihil attinent.

Hîc vivum mihi cespitem, hîc
Verbenas, pueri, ponite, thuraque
Bimi cum patera meri.
Mactatâ veniet lenior hostiâ.

AD MÆCENATEM.

ODE XX.

Invitat eum ad convivium minimè sumptuosum.

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græcâ quod ego ipse testâ
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
Cùm tibi plausus,

Care Mæcenas eques: ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul & jocosæ
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.

Cæcubum, & prælo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam; mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.

IN

Now *Venus* leaves her *Cyprian* Seats,
And fills my Soul with all her Heats;
Bids me not mind the *Parthian* Force,
When dreadful on his Flying Horſe
He makes his proud and conquering Retreats.

All that I think on muſt be Love;
Bring Wine, my Boys, an Altar rear,
A tender Lamb perhaps may move,
And make the angry Goddeſs leſs ſevere.

ODE XX.

He invites Mecænas *to take a Bottle of Wine at his Houſe.*

POOR *Sabine* Wine, in Cups as poor,
Is all my preſent ſtore;
'T was bottled then, when You, my Lord,
In crowded Theaters ador'd,
Smooth *Tyber*'s Banks around
Return'd the joyful Sound,
And babling Eccho's the glad ſhouts reſtor'd.

Rich Casks from the *Calenian* Vine,
Or ſmooth *Cæcubian* Wine
Your Cellar ſtore: but meaner Juice
Contented I muſt humbly uſe;
My Cups the *Formian* Hill
Nor the *Falernian* fill;
'T is Wealth's great privilege to be profuſe.

ODE XXI.

IN DIANAM, ET APOLLINEM.

Sæculare Carmen.

Dianam teneræ dicite virgines;
Intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium,
Latonámque supremo
Dilectam penitus Jovi.

Vos latam fluviis, & nemorum comâ,
Quæcumque aut gelido prominet Algido,
Nigris aut Erymanthi
Sylvis, aut viridis Cragi:

Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus,
Natalémque, mares, Delon Apollinis,
Insignémque pharetrâ,
Fraternáque humerum lyrâ.

Hic bellum lacrymosum, hic miseram famem;
Pestémque à populo, & principe Cæsare, in
Persas, atque Britannos
Vestrâ motus aget prece.

ODE XXI.

He exhorts the Boys and Maids to sing Apollo's *and* Diana's *Praise.*

YE tender Maids, *Diana* sing;
Apollo Praise, Ye rising Boys,
And both to equal Honours bring;
Latona too, whom mighty *Jove*
Did deeply love,
And show the pious Duty of your Joys.

Diana sing, *Diana* loves
The purling Springs that softly flow,
The pleasing Woods and quiet Groves
That shady *Erymanthus* bears,
Or *Cragis* rears,
Or in cold *Algidum* but slowly grow.

Ye Males, with equal Songs, rehearse
The flowry *Tempe*'s open Air,
Or sing, with an immortal Verse,
Fair *Delos* Isle, the happy Earth
That gave him Birth;
His charming Harp, his Bow, and graceful Hair.

He, by your pious Vows o'ercome,
Pale Famine, and rough Wars shall drive
From *Cæsar*, and his happy *Rome*,
And make those raging Plagues infest
The distant West:
Whilst we in wanton Peace and Plenty live.

ODE XXII.

AD ARISTIUM.

Vitæ integritatem & innocentiam ubique esse tutam.

INteger vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu;
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fuscе, pharetrâ:

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget:

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ;
Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulcè loquentem.

ODE XXII.

Nothing will hurt a good innocent Man, and a faithful Lover.

A Man unſtain'd, and pure from Sin,
No Quiver fraught with poyſon'd Heads,
No *Africk* Javelin needs,
He has a Guard and Arms within:

Whether o'er *Syrtes* wandring Sands,
Or bruitiſh *Caucaſus* he goes,
Or where *Hydaſpes* flows
And ſwiftly cuts the ſavage Lands:

Of late, when Cares forſook my Head,
I ſtray'd and ſang i'th' *Sabine* Grove
My *Lalage*, my Love,
A Wolf ſaw me unarm'd, and fled:

A Beaſt ſo large did never roar
I'th' *Daunian* Woods, and fright the Swains,
Nor in her burning Plains
The Lyons Dry-Nurſe *Africk* bore:

So place me where no Sun appears,
Or wrapt in Clouds or drown'd in Tears;
Where Woods with whirling Tempeſts toſt;
Where no relieving Summers Breeze
Does murmur thro' the Trees,
But all lyes bound and fixt in Froſt;

Or place me where the ſcorching Sun,
With Beams too near, doth burn the Zone;
Yet fearleſs there I'll gladly rove,
Let frowning, or let ſmiling Fate
Or curſe, or bleſs my State,
Sweet ſmiling *Lalage* I'll always love.

ODE XXIII.

AD CHLOEN.

Non esse jam, quòd viriles complexus extimescat, viro matura.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
Quærenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem, non sine vano
Aurarum, & silvæ metu.

Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Adventus foliis, seu virides rubum
Dimovere lacertæ:
Et cordo, & genibus tremit.

Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera,
Getulúsve leo, frangere persequor.
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

ODE XXIV.

AD VIRGILIUM.

Deflet *Quinctilii Vari* mortem.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum citharâ dedit.

Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor
Urget? cui Pudor, & Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudáque Veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?

ODE XXIII.

He tells his young Miſtreſs that ſhe is now of Age, and need not be afraid of him.

YOU fly me, Maid, as tender Fawns
Seek abſent Dams in deep Deſpair,
O'er craggy Rocks, o'er Woods and Lawns,
And idly fear at every breath of Air.

If Winds do whiſtle thro' the Grove,
Or ruffle Vines, they quickly ſtart;
If *Lizzards* in a Bramble move,
An icy trembling runs thro' every part.

Not *Tyger* I or angry *Bore*
Purſue Thee, *Chloë*, to deſtroy;
Attend thy Mother's heels no more,
Now grown mature for Man, and ripe for Joy.

ODE XXIV.

He comforts Virgil, *mourning for the Death of his Friend.*

AND who can grieve too much? what time (ſhall end
Our Mourning for ſo dear a Friend?
Melpomene, whom *Jove* hath bleſt
With melting Voice, and mournful Tongue,
And with a Harp above the reſt
Hath grac'd, begin the melancholly Song.

And doth eternal Sleep cloſe *Varus* Eyes?
How ſoon our Pride and Glory dyes!
And where will equal Juſtice find,
Where ſteady Faith and naked Truth
So generous, and ſo great a Mind?
And where an Equal to the falling Youth?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit;
Nulli flebilior, quàm tibi, Virgili.
Tu frustra pius, heu! non ita creditum,
Poscis Quinctilium Deos.

Quòd si Thressicio blandiùs Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Non vana redeat sanguis imagini,
Quam virgâ semel horridâ

Non lenis precibus fata recludere
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
Durum; sed levius fit patientiâ,
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

ODE XXV.

AD LYDIAM.

Insultat ei, quòd jam vetula, vicissim à juvenibus contemnatur.

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi:
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua limen,

Quæ priùs multum facilis movebat
Cardines; audis minus, & minus jam,
Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?

To be bewail'd by all the Good, the Juſt,
He fell; by you, dear *Virgil*, moſt;
By you, who now doſt mourn in vain,
By Pious you, who idly pray
To have thy *Varus* back again;
He was not lent thee for a longer ſtay.

Could you with ſofter touch than *Orpheus* move
The Harp that drew the liſt'ning Grove,
The Grove that danc'd to Tunes he play'd;
Yet Blood and Bones would ſcarce return,
Nor Fleſh to cloath the empty Shade,
The Shade that once lay naked in the Urn.

Which *Mercury*, a hard uneaſie God
To open Fate, with frightful Rod
Hath driven thro' the gloomy Air,
And ſhut amongſt the Shades of Night:
'Tis hard: but when we needs muſt bear,
Enduring Patience makes the Burthen light.

ODE XXV.

He inſults over his Miſtreſs Lydia, *now grown Old.*

HA, Ha! Thy Trade at laſt is done,
And all thy wanton Lovers gone!
No ſighing Youths attend thy State,
There's no ſuch rattling at thy Door
As heretofore:
And now thy Threſhold loves thy quiet Gate.

Now you may reſt ſecure from Noiſe,
And ſadly dream of former Joys;
You ſeldom hear deſpairing Sighs,
My *Lydia* reſts in ſoft Delight
All the long Night,
Whilſt here her faithful Lover pines, and dies.

Invicem mœchos anus arrogantes
Flebis, in solo levis angiportu,
Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-
Lunia vento:

Cùm tibi flagrans amor, & libido,
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,
Saviet circa jecur ulceroſum,
Non sine quæstu;

Læta quod pubes edera virenti
Gaudeat, pullâ magis atque myrto:
Aridas frondes hiemis sodali
Dedicet Hebro.

ODE XXVI.

DE ÆLIO LAMIA.

Se soluto animo velle *Lamiam* laudare.

Musis amicus, tristitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis; quis sub Arcto
Rem gelidæ metuatur oræ,

Quid Tiridatem terreat, unicè
Securus. O, quæ fontibus integris
Gaudes, apricos nectle flores,
Nectle meo Lamiæ coronam,

Now, now 'tis thine, thine turn to moan
The haughty Wantons all alone:
Now to a ſhady Grove retire,
Whilſt Winds, as cold as thy dull Age,
Do fiercely rage,
And cool the poor remainders of thy Fire.

When Luſt, as fierce as Mares deſires,
Thy ulcerous Heart and Liver fires,
Then thou ſhalt mourn, but mourn in vain,
That wanton Youth ſeeks blooming Charms,
And greener Arms;
Whilſt longing Age ſtill meets with cold Diſdain.

Then thou ſhalt think on Sweets before,
And die at the deſpairing Thought, No more.

ODE XXVI.

He deſires his Muſe to commend his Friend Lamia.

I, I, the Muſes merry Friend,
Deliver all my buſie Cares
Unto the wanton Wind;
What Tyrant of the *North*
Leads dreadful Armies forth
Secure alone, and laugh at others fears.

Sweet Muſe, that doſt delight to ſing
In Strains to *Roman* Ears unknown,
And taſte the Virgin Spring;
Trace o'er the ſhady Bowers,
And gather ſweeteſt Flowers;
And wreath my *Lamia*, wreath a noble Crown.

Pimplea dulcis. Nil ſine te mei
Proſunt honores. Hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio ſacrare plectro,
Téque tuáſque decet ſorores.

ODE XXVII.

AD SODALES.

Ad ſodales inter pocula rixantes, & poculis ipſis pugnantes, invitatus ut bibat, id ſe ea lege facturum, ſi frater *Megillæ* nomen amicæ ſuæ proferat, vel ſibi in aurem dicat.

NAtis in uſum lætitiæ ſcyphis
Pugnare, Thracum eſt: tollite barbarum
Morem, verecundúmque Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis.

Vino & lucernis Medus acinaces
Immane quantùm diſcrepat! Impium
Lenite clamorem, ſodales,
Et cubito remanete preſſo.

Vultis ſeveri me quoque ſumere
Partem Falerni? dicat Opuntiæ
Frater Megillæ, quo beatum
Vulnere, quâ pereat ſagittâ.

Ceſſat voluntas? non aliâ bibam
Mercede. Quæ te cunque domat Venus,
Non erubeſcendis adurit
Ignibus, ingenuoque ſemper

Amore peccas. Quicquid habes, age,
Depone tutis auribus. ah miſer,

What Honours I, without thy aid,
Beſtow to grace my Friends, are vain;
My Crowns will quickly fade:
You, Muſe, and all the Nine ſhould raiſe
In new Alcaïcks *Lamia's* Praiſe,
And make him live in an unuſual Strain.

ODE XXVII.

He adviſeth his Friends not to quarrel in their Drink.

AMidſt our Cups for Mirth deſign'd,
To fight and quarrel, ſuits
Rough *Thracian* Brutes;
But not the ſober temper of a Friend.

This ſavage Humour, Sirs, forbear,
And free the modeſt God
From brawls and blood;
And let your Humour, as your Wine, be clear.

How Cups and Swords do diſagree!
Then give your fighting o're,
And brawl no more;
But ſit, and keep your Elbows down like me.

If you will have the Glaſs go round,
Then tell from wh[illegible] fair Eyes
The Arrow flies;
What Beauty makes thee happy in a wound.

Not tell! nay then the Glaſs remove:
Whatever Charms enſnare
Thy Heart, are fair;
You never ſin in a diſhoneſt Love.

Tell boldly, tell thy generous Flame;
This is no leaky Ear,
Nor what I hear
Shall my looſe Tongue pour out to common Fame.

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi!
Digne puer meliore flammâ.

Quæ saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
Magus venenis, quis poterit Deus?
Vix illigatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimæræ.

ODE XXVIII.

IN ARCHYTAM.

Inducitur *Archytas* nautæ cuidam respondens omnibus esse moriendum, oratque ne se insepultum jacere patiatur: sed corpori suo terram, aut arenam injiciat.

TE maris, & terræ, numeróque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope littus parva Matinum
Munera! nec quicquam tibi prodest
Aërias tentasse domos, animóque rotundum
Percurrisse polum, morituro.
Occidit & Pelopis genitor, conviva Deorum,
Tithonúsque remotus in auras,
Et Jovis arcanis Minos admissus: habentque
Tartara Panthoïden iterum Orco
Demissum: quamvis clypeo Trojana refixo
Tempora testatus, nihil ultra
Nervos, atque cutem morti concesserat atræ;
Judice te, non sordidus auctor
Naturæ, verique. Sed omnes una manet nox,

Unhappy Youth! doth She ſurprize?
And have her Flames poſſeſs'd
Thy burning Breaſt?
Thou didſt deſerve a Dart from kinder Eyes.

Undone! for no *Theſſalian* Charms
Nor e'en the winged Horſe
Can break her force,
And free Thee from this ſtrange *Chimera*'s Arms.

ODE XXVIII.

Architas, a Mathematician, being ſhipwrack'd, & repreſented begging a Seaman to bury him, and denouncing Vengeance on him if he neglects his Requeſt.

A narrow Grave by the *Matinian* Shore
Confines thee now, and thou can'ſt have no more,
Ah learn'd *Architas*, ah how ſmall for Thee
Whoſe wond'rous Mind could meaſure Earth and Sea!
What Sands make up the Shore minutely teach,
And count as far as Number's ſelf could reach!
What did it profit that thy nimble Soul
Had travell'd Heav'n, and oft ran round the Pole,
Purſu'd the motions of the rowling Light,
When Death came on, and ſpread a gloomy Night!
Wiſe *Tantalus*, the Gueſt of Gods, is dead,
And on ſtrange Wings the chang'd *Tithonus* fled:
Jove's Friend, juſt *Minos*, hath reſign'd his Breath,
And wiſe *Pythagoras* felt a ſecond Death;
Altho' his *Trojan* Shield, and former State
Did prove his Soul above the force of Fate; (hand,
Withdrew the Mind from Death's black conquering
And left but Skin and Bones at Fate's Command;
In thy Opinion he did moſt excell,
Diſcover'd Truth, and follow'd Nature well:

Et calcanda ſemel via lethi.
Dant alios Furiæ torvo ſpectacula Marti:
Exitio eſt avidis mare nautis:
Miſta ſenum ac juvenum denſantur funera: nullum
Sæva caput Proſerpina fugit.
Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
At tu, Nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Oſſibus & capiti inhumato
Particulam dare. Sic, quodcumque minabitur Eurus
Fluctibus Heſperiis, Venuſinæ
Plectantur ſylvæ, te ſoſpite: multáque merces
Unde poteſt, tibi defluat æquo
Ab Jove, Neptunóque ſacri cuſtode Tarenti.
Negligis immeritis nocituram
Poſtmodo te natis fraudem committere? forſan
Debita jura, vicéſque ſuperbæ
Te maneant ipſum: precibus non linquar inultis;
Téque piacula nulla reſolvent.
Quanquam feſtinas, (non eſt mora longa) licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.

ODE XXIX.

AD ICCIUM.

Mirum quiddam, & monſtri ſimile eſſe ait, eum à philoſophiæ ſtudio ad militiam tranſiſſe.

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis: & acrem militiam paras
Non ante devictis Sabæis
Regibus, horribilique Medo

But once o'er all along Night her ſhades will ſpread,
And all muſt walk the Valleys of the Dead:
Some Rage ſpurs on, and Death attends in Wars;
The Sea deſtroys the greedy Marriners:
The Young and Old confus'd by numbers fall,
And Death with equal hand doth ſtrike at all:
A boyſterous Storm my feeble Tackling tore,
And left me naked on th' *Illyrian* Shore:
But, Seaman, pray be juſt, put near the Land,
Beſtow a Grave, and hide my limbs in Sand:
So may the threat'ning Eaſt Winds ſpare the Floods,
And idly ſpend their rage on Hills and Woods;
Whilſt you ride ſafely; ſo from every Shore
May Gain flow in, and feed thy growing Store:
May *Jove* and *Neptune*, ſoft *Tarentum*'s Guard,
Conſpire to bleſs, and joyn in one Reward.
Perhaps you ſcorn, and are deſign'dly baſe,
Thy Crime ſhall damn thy undeſerving Race;
Thy Pride, vain Man, ſhall on thy ſelf return,
Thou naked lie, and be the Publick Scorn:
My Prayers ſhall mount, and pull juſt Vengeance down,
No Offerings ſhall releaſe, no Vows attone.
Tho' haſty now, driv'n by a proſperous Gale,
('T is quickly done) thrice ſtrew the Sand, and Sail.

ODE XXIX. *To* Iccius.

A Philoſopher, who had left his Study, and was reſolv'd to go to War.

YOU envy, *Iccius*, the *Arabian*'s Store,
Their precious Gums, and Ivory Beds,
And art reſolv'd for War;
For fierce *Sabean* Kings ne'er fought before,
And dreadful *Medes*
Your Scourges knit, and *Roman* Chains prepare.

Nectis catenas. Quæ tibi virginum,
Sponso necato, barbara serviet?
Puer quis ex aulâ capillis
Ad cyathum statuetur unctis,

Doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
Arcu paterno? Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, & Tiberim reverti;

Cùm tu coëmptos undique nobiles
Libros Paneti, Socraticam & domum,
Mutare loricis Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, tendis?

ODE XXX.

AD VENEREM.

Ut in ædes *Glyceræ* veniat.

O Venus, regina Gnidi, Paphíque,
Sperne dilectam Cypron, & vocantis
Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram
Transfer in ædem.

Fervidus tecum puer, & solutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
Et parum comis sine te Jventas,
Mercuriúsque.

What lovely Virgin when her Lover's kill'd
Shall wait on thee, and call thee Lord?
What perfum'd Royal Boy,
To ſhoot in's Father's Bow exactly skill'd,
Attend thy Board;
And ſerve thy Pleaſure in another Joy?

Who now dares ſay that Streams muſt flow
From Mountains tops to Vales below,
And not to th' Springs return?
Or who deny but *Tyber*'s wondrous Stream
May Hills contemn,
And ſwiftly rowl back to his lofty Urn?

When you can change for Shield, and Sword, and Dart,
And the baſe Drudgery of Wars,
What e'er Contentment brings
Panætus Works, thy coſtly Books of Art,
And *Plato*'s Cares;
Tho' once I'm ſure you promis'd better things.

ODE XXX.

He begs Venus *to come to the Temple which his* Glycera *had prepar'd.*

KInd *Venus*, leave the *Paphian* Iſle,
And live with *Glycera* a while;
A noble Temple ſhe prepares,
With Incenſe ſweet thine Altars ſmoak,
Thy Preſence numerous Vows invoke;
She calls thee with a thouſand Prayers.

The Graces with their zones unloos'd,
The Nymphs their Beauties all expos'd
From every Spring, and every Plain;
Thy powerful, hot, and winged Boy,
And Youth that's dull without thy Joy,
And *Mercury* compoſe thy Train.

ODE XXXI.

AD APOLLINEM.

Se non opulentiam, ſed tranquillam hilarémque vitam ab *Apolline* poſcere.

Quid dedicatum poſcit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de paterâ novum
Fundens liquorem? non opimas
Sardiniæ ſegetes feracis;

Non æſtuoſæ grata Calabriæ
Armenta; non aurum, aut ebur Indicum;
Non rura, quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis.

Premant Calenâ falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna vitem: dives & aureis
Mercator exſiccet culullis
Vina Syrâ reparata merce,

Dîs carus ipſis: quippe ter & quater
Anno reviſens æquor Atlanticum
Impunè. Me paſcunt olivæ,
Me cichorea, levéſque malvæ.

Frui paratis & valido mihi
Latoë dones, &, precor, integrâ
Cum mente: nec turpem ſenectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem.

ODE XXXI.

The Poet's Wiſh.

WHat will the Poet beg to day
From *Phœbus* in his hallow'd Shrine,
For what doth he deſign to pray,
Whilſt thus he pours his holy Wine?

Not fat *Sardinia*'s fruitful Crops,
Nor Flocks that hot *Calabria* feeds,
Nor Gold, nor Ivory raiſe his hopes;
Thoſe Toys he neither loves, nor needs.

Not thoſe rich Fields, where *Lyris* runs
With quiet Streams, and wanton play,
The ſmootheſt of the Ocean's Sons,
And gently eats his eaſie way.

Let him that has one, prune his Vine;
The Merchant now come ſafe to Land
In golden Gobblets quaff the Wine,
His *Syrian* Wares and Voyage gain'd,

He, chiefeſt Darling of the Gods;
For twice a Year he plows the Main,
He rides the proud *Atlantick* Floods,
And yet makes ſafe Returns again!

Me *Chicory* and *Olives* feed,
Me loos'ning Mallows nobly feaſt;
They give what Nature's Wants can need,
And kindly fill the eaſie Gueſt.

A Mind to uſe my preſent Store
With Health and Life, but not ſo long
As brings Contempt, or cramps my Song;
Grant this, *Apollo*, and I ask no more.

ODE XXXII.

AD LYRAM.

Barbiton ſive Teſtudinem ſuam commendat.

POſcimus, ſi quid vacui ſub umbrâ
Luſimus tecum, quod & hunc in annum
Vivatis & plures: age, dic Latinum,
Barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primùm modulate civi:
Qui ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatam religarat udo
Littore navim;

Liberum, & Muſas, Venerêmque, & illi
Semper hærentem puerum canebat;
Et Lycum, nigris oculis, nigróque
Crine decorum.

O decus Phœbi, & dapibus ſupremi
Grata teſtudo Jovis, ô laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cunque ſalve
Ritè vocanti.

ODE XXXII.

To his Harp, whoſe aſſiſtance he deſires.

IF, underneath a Myrtle ſhade,
When free from Buſineſs, I have play'd
What may this Year, and more command;
Begin, ſweet Harp, a *Roman* Strain,
Thoſe Meaſures and thoſe Tunes maintain
First ſtruck by great *Alceus* noble Hand.

He fierce in Arms, yet midſt his Cares,
When Dangers preſs'd, and noiſie Wars,
And ſtain'd his charming Harp with Blood;
Or when he ſtem'd the angry Seas,
Or when arriv'd he ſat at eaſe,
And laugh'd at all the fury of the Flood:

The Muſes he in ſounding Verſe
Would ſing, and *Venus* Praiſe rehearſe,
With her attending wanton Boy:
Or *Lyco*'s Face, ſurprizing fair,
With lovely Eyes, and auburn Hair,
By Nature fitted to entice to Joy.

Great *Phœbus* Glory, *Phœbus* Love,
And welcome to the Feaſts of *Jove*;
Thou, great Reliever of my Care,
When e'er I beg thy aid, attend;
Aſſiſt the Verſes of thy Friend,
And tune my Songs for mighty *Caſar*'s Ear.

ODE XXXIII.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

Ne doleat sibi rivalem juniorem à *Glycerâ* anteponi.

ALbi, ne doleas plus nimio, memor
Immitis Glyceræ, neu miserabiles
Decantes elegos, cur tibi junior
Lasâ præniteat fide.

Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor: Cyrus in asperam
Declinat Pholoën: sed prius Appulis
Jungentur capreæ lupis,

Quàm turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.
Sic visum Veneri: cui placet impares
Formas, atque animos sub juga aëneа
Sævo mittere cum joco.

Ipsum me melior cùm peteret Venus,
Grata detinuit compede Myrtale
Libertina, fretis acrior Adriæ
Curvantis Calabros sinus.

ODE XXXIV.

ODE XXXIII.

He comforts his Friend, who had ill Succeſs in his Amours.

COme, dry thine Eyes, and ceaſe to mourn,
Think not too much on *Glycera*'s Scorn:
Let no complaining Songs proclaim,
That ſhe, regardleſs of her Vows,
Her wanton Smiles beſtows
Upon a later, and a meaner Flame.

Fair *Lycoris* for *Cyrus* burns,
She loves, but meets no kind returns:
Ill-natur'd *Pholoë Cyrus* charms:
But ſooner ſhall the Lambs agree
With cruel Wolves, than ſhe
Shall take ſo baſe a Wanton in her Arms.

Thus *Venus* ſports, the Rich, the Baſe,
Unlike in Fortune, and in Face,
To diſagreeing Love provokes;
When cruelly jocoſe
She ties the fatal Nooſe,
And binds Unequals to the brazen Yokes.

This is the Fate that all muſt prove,
The ſure Unhappineſs of Love;
Whilſt fairer Virgins did adore
And courted me, I *Myrtale* woo'd
As rough as *Adria*'s Flood,
That bends the Creeks of the *Calabrian* Shore.

ODE XXXIV.

Pœnitere sè, quod dum *Epicuream* disciplinam sectaretur, parum studiosè Deos coluerit.

Parcus Deorum cultor, & infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus

Cogor relictos; namque Diespiter
Igni corusco nubila dividens,
Plerumque per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucrémque currum:

Quo bruta tellus, & vaga flumina,
Quo Styx, & invisi horrida Tænari
Sedes, Atlanteúsque finis
Concutitur. Valet ima summis

Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens. Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit; hìc posuisse gaudet.

ODE XXXIV.

He reſolves to be religious, and follow Epicurus's *Philoſophy no more.*

I, that but ſeldom did adore,
I, I, that no God but Pleaſure knew,
Whilſt mad Philoſophy did blind,
And *Epicurus* fool'd my Mind,
Muſt keep that impious Courſe no more;
But turn my Sails, and ſteer anew.

For angry *Jove*, with mighty force,
Whilſt all the Skies were bright and clear,
Shot thro' the Heav'n with pointed flame,
And ſhook the Univerſal Frame;
He lately drove his thund'ring Horſe
And flaming Chariot thro' the Air.

This ſhook the Earth and wandring Streams,
This Noiſe diſturb'd the quiet Dead;
Thro' muddy *Styx*, thro' all beneath,
And thro' the ſhady Walks of Death,
Quick Lightning ſhot unuſual Beams;
The Ghoſts beheld the light, and fled.

He brings the moſt Obſcure to Light,
And robs the Glorious of a Crown;
Now tumbles down the mighty Proud,
And makes them know there is a God;
Now kicks the lofty into Night,
And ſeats the Peaſant in a Throne.

ODE XXXV.

AD FORTUNAM.

Fortunam orat, ut servet *Cæsarem* in *Britannos* ire meditantem.

O *Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,*
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos:

Te pauper ambit sollicitâ prece
Ruris colonus: te dominam æquoris,
Quicunque Bithynâ lacessit
Carpathium pelagus carinâ.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque, Gentesque, & Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, &
Purpurei metuunt Tyranni:

Injurioso ne pede prorumas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas,
Clavos trabales, & cuneos manu
Gestans aenâ: nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.

ODE XXXV.

To Fortune, *whom he celebrates, and begs to preſerve* Cæſar.

GReat Goddeſs, *Antium*'s Guardian Pow'r,
Whoſe force is ſtrong and quick to raiſe
The loweſt to the higheſt place;
Or with a wond'rous fall
To bring the haughty lower;
And turn proud Triumphs to a Funeral.

The labouring Swain thy aid implores,
His Pray'rs are mixt of Fear and Hope
On thee depending for his Crop;
The Merchants thee confeſs,
When far remov'd from Shores,
And bow to thee the Miſtreſs of the Seas.

To thee their Vows rough *Germans* pay,
To thee the wandring *Scythians* bend,
Thee mighty *Rome* proclaims a Friend:
And for their Tyrant Sons
The barbarous Mothers pray
To thee, the greateſt Guardian of their Thrones:

They bend, they vow, and ſtill they fear
Leſt you ſhould kick their Empire down
And cloud the glory of their Crown;
They fear that you would raiſe
The lazy Crowd to War,
And break their Empire, or confine their Praiſe.

Neceſſity ſtill ſtalks before,
And leads the way with poys'nous Breath,
And all the Inſtruments of Death;
Sharp Swords, and Wheels and Racks,
That flow with putrid Gore,
Her brazen Hand to fright the Nations ſhakes.

Te Spes, & albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno, nec comitem abnegat,
Utcunque mutatâ potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis.

At vulgus infidum, & meretrix retro
Perjura cedit: diffugiunt cadis
Cum fæce ſiccatis amici,
Ferre jugum pariter doloſi.

Serves iturum Cæſarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, & juvenum recens
Examen Eois timendum
Partibus, Oceanóque rubro.

Eheu! cicatricum, & ſceleris pudet,
Fratrúmque. Quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas? quid intactum nefaſti
Liquimus? unde manus juventus

Metu Deorum continuit? quibus
Pepercit aris? O utinam novâ
Incude diffingas retuſum in
Maſſagetas, Arabaſque, ferrum!

Sure Hope, and Friendſhip cloath'd in white
Attend on thee, they ſtill remain
The chiefeſt Glories of thy Train;
Tho' you inrag'd retreat,
And with a haſty flight,
Thy Garment chang'd, forſake the falling Great.

But the baſe Crowd, the perjur'd Whore,
And when the Casks of Wine are dry,
The falſe Pretenders quickly fly;
They all refuſe to bend
With the declining Poor,
And take the heavy Yoke to eaſe their Friend.

Preſerve Great *Caſar*, *Caſar* leads
To diſtant *Britain*, guide his Fate,
And keep the Glory of our State,
The Youth that muſt infeſt
With Arms the haughty *Medes*;
And ſcatter Fears and Slavery thro' the Eaſt.

I bluſh at the diſhoneſt ſhow,
I die to ſee the Wounds and Scars,
Thoſe Glories of our Civil Wars.
What Sins, a curſed Age,
Were we afraid to do,
And what hath ſcap'd the fury of our Rage?

What dread of Heav'n, or fears of Hell
Could ſtop the Impious daring hand?
And was not every Shrine prophan'd?
Oh, wouldſt thou quickly whet
Our impious blunted Steel,
To fight the bold *Arabian*, and the *Gete!*

ODE XXXVI.

IN HONOREM POMPONII NUMIDÆ.

Ob *Numidæ* reditum gaudio exsultat.

ET thure, & fidibus juvat
Placare, & vituli sanguine debito,
Custodes Numidæ Deos:
Qui nunc Hesperiâ sospes ab ultimâ
Caris multa sodalibus,
Nulli plura tamen dividit oscula,
Quàm dulci Lamiæ, memor
Actæ non alio rege pueritiæ,
Mutataque simul toga.
Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ:
Neu pronipta modus amphoræ,
Neu, morem in Salium, sit requies pedum:
Neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threïcia vincat amystide:
Neu desint epulis rosæ,
Neu vivax apium, neu breve lilium.
Omnes in Damalin putres
Deponent oculos: nec Damalis novo
Divelletur adultero,
Lascivis ederis ambitiosior.

ODE XXXVI.

A Welcome to his dear Friend Lamia.

'TIS pious Duty now to praiſe
With Incenſe, Songs and ſacred Lays,
And with a promis'd Heifer's blood,
My *Numida*'s kind Guardian God:
Who ſafely now return'd again
From the remoteſt Parts of *Spain*,
To thronging Friends on every ſide
A thouſand Kiſſes does divide;
But Deareſt *Lamia* moſt receives,
And takes as gladly as he gives:
Their equal Love at School began,
Both the ſame Race of Virtue ran;
And both at once grew up to Man:
Be every Head with Garlands crown'd,
And let the flowing Bowl go round:
Let fading Lillies and the Roſe
Their beauty and their ſmells diſcloſe;
Let long-liv'd Parſly grace the Feaſt,
And gently cool the heated Gueſt:
Then all on beauteous *Damalis*
Shall loſe their gloating wanton Eyes;
But her no Charms no Nods ſhall move,
And none divide her from her Love;
She ſhall imbrace her young Gallant
As twining Ivy claſps the growing Plant.

ODE XXXVII.

AD SODALES.

Ob victoriam Actiacam, genio indulgendum esse.

Nunc est bibendum: nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus: nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar Deorum
Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.

Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum
Cellis avitis, dum Capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Funus & imperio parabat,

Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum, quidlibet impotens
Sperare, fortunâque dulci
Ebria. Sed minuit furorem

Vix una sospes navis ab ignibus:
Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
Redegit in veros timores
Cæsar, ab Italia volantem

Remis adurgens, accipiter velut
Molles columbas, aut leporem citus
Venator in campis nivalis
Æmonia; daret ut catenis

ODE XXXVII.

On Cæſar's *Victory over* Antony *and* Cleopatra.

NOW, now, 'tis time to dance and play,
And drink, and frolick all the Day;
'T is time, my Friends, to baniſh Care;
And coſtly Feaſts,
With thankful Hearts, prepare
In hallow'd Shrines, and make the Gods your Gueſts.

'T was Treaſon once to ſport a Flask,
And Sin to pierce the noble Cask,
Whilſt nought but boading Fears were ſeen
For Ills to come;
When *Egypt's* haughty Queen,
With wither'd Eunuchs, threaten'd mighty *Rome*:

A Woman vain, whoſe Hopes could riſe
To ſuch impoſſibilities!
A Woman drunk with ſweet ſucceſs;
Whom ſmiling Fate
Had brought to dare no leſs
Than *Cæſar's* Fortune, and the *Roman* State.

But ſoon her Pride to Fears retir'd,
When all her Ships were ſunk or fir'd;
And real dread poſſeſt her Mind,
When *Cæſar's* Oars
Did preſs ſo cloſe behind,
And bore his Navy to the frighted Shores,

(As Hawks purſue the trembling Doves,
Thro' open Fields or ſhady Groves;
Or as ſwift Huntſmen chace the Deer
Thro' *Thracian* Plains,
That fly as wing'd with fear)
To bring the fatal Monſter into Chains.

Fatale monſtrum: quæ generoſiùs
Perire quærens, nec muliebriter
Expavit enſem, nec latentes
Claſſe citâ reparavit oras.

Auſa & jacentem viſere regiam
Vultu ſereno fortiùs, & aſperas
Tractare ſerpentes, ut atrum
Corpore combiberet venenum,

Deliberatâ morte ferocior:
Sævis Liburnis ſcilicet invidens
Privata deduci ſuperbo
Non humilis mulier triumpho.

ODE XXXVIII.

AD PUERUM.

Se tenui apparatu gaudere.

PErſicos odi, puer, apparatus:
Diſplicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte ſectari, roſa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo: neque te miniſtrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me ſub arctâ
Vite bibentem.

But She deſign'd a nobler Fate,
And falling would appear as great
As when She ſingly fill'd the Throne;
No fears betray'd,
Nor fled to Coaſts unknown
To live ſecure, or meanly beg for Aid.

Her falling Throne with ſmiling look
She boldly ſaw; ſhe dar'd provoke
Fierce Serpents rough with poys'nous trains,
To dart their Tongue,
And fill her dying Veins;
Grown furious now on Death reſolv'd ſo long:

The ſtout *Liburnian* Ships, the Fame
And laſting glory of her Shame,
She envy'd; ſhe, a Soul too proud,
Too haughty to be ſeen
Amongſt the private Crowd,
And grace a Triumph leſs than *Egypt*'s Queen.

ODE XXXVIII.

He tells his Boy that he ſhould not take too much care about his Entertainments.

I Hate, my Boy, I deeply hate
The uſeleſs *Perſian* Pomp and State:
Crowns wrought with too much art diſpleaſe;
Forbear to ſeek the bluſhing Roſe,
Or where the beauteous Lilly grows,
Such Toil diſturbs our Eaſe:

A negligent and ſimple Dreſs
Thoughts free from Cares will moſt expreſs;
Thy Front, my Boy, thy Front, and mine
A Myrtle Crown will beſt become,
Whilſt I ſit and quaff at Home,
Beneath my ſhady Vine.

The End of the firſt Book.

Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM LIBER II.

ODE I.

AD C. ASINIUM POLLIONEM.

Commendat scripta illius, quibus bella civilia complectebatur.

MOTUM ex Metello consule civicum,
Bellique causas, & vitia, & modos,
Ludumque Fortunæ, gravesque
Principum amicitias, & arma

Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus, 5
Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ
Tractas, & incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

ODES.

The Second Book.

ODE I. *To* POLLIO.

1. *He deſires him to forbear writing Tragedies till he had ſettled the State.* 2. *Commends the Hiſtory of the Civil Wars, which he was writing.* 3. *Laments the ſad Effects of them.*

SAD Priſoners Guard, and Glory of the Bar,
The Senate's Oracle, and great in War,
Whoſe Faith and Virtue all proclaim;
To whom the *German* Triumph won
Eternal Fame,
And never-fading Glories of a Crown:

The Grounds and Vices of our Wars,
Our Civil Dangers and our Fears,
The ſport of Chance, and turns of Fate,
And impious Arms that flow'd
With yet unexpiated Blood;

The great Triumvirate,
And their Leagues fatal to the *Roman* State;
A dangerous Work you write, and tread
O'er Flames by treacherous Aſhes hid;
Yet this you write, and give to Fame
A laſting Monument of our Fathers Shame:

Paulùm severæ Musa tragœdiæ
Desit theatris: mox, ubi publicas
Res ordinaris, grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,

Insigne mœstis præsidium reis,
Et consulenti, Pollio, curiæ:
Cui laurus æternos honores
Dalmatico peperit triumpho.

Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures; jam litui strepunt;
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos, equitúmque vultus.

Audire magnos jam videor duces,
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos,
Et cuncta terrarum subacta,
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.

Juno, & Deorum quisquis amicior
Afris, inultâ cesserat impotens
Tellure, victorum nepotes
Rettulit inferias Jugurthæ.

Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
Campus, sepulchris impia prælia
Testatur, auditúmque Medis
Hesperiæ sonitum ruinæ?

But hold thy mourning, Muſe; forbear
To tread the crowded Theater,
Till Quiet, ſpread o'er State-Affairs,
Shall lend thee time for meaner Cares;
And then inſpir'd with Tragick Rage
Return to the forſaken Stage,
And mourn the Faults and Follies of the Age.

II. Methinks the Trumpet's threatning Sound
Diſturbs our Reſt with fierce Alarms,
And from the ſhining Arms
A dreadful lightning ſpreads around;
It darts pale fear through ev'ry Eye,
The Horſes ſtart, and trembling Riders fly:

Methinks the warlike Captains ſhouts are heard,
With ſordid duſt how glorioufly beſmear'd!
In Blood I ſee the Soldiers roul,
I ſee the World obey,
All yield, and own great *Cæſar*'s Sway,
Except the ſtubborn *Cato*'s haughty Soul:

III. *Juno*, and *Africk*'s Guardian Pow'r,
That left their ruin'd Seats before,
Unable to revenge their Fall,
Hath now on *Rome* return'd Diſgrace,
And offer'd up the Victor's Race
To great *Jugurtha*'s Ghoſt, and *Hannibal:*

What Land is free, what Plain
Not fatt'ned by the *Roman* Slain?
What cannot witneſs by the Graves it ſhows
Our Empire's fall, whoſe Noiſe is ſpread
O'er *Perſia* and the diſtant *Mede*,
The Sport and Laughter of our ſmiling Foes?

Qui gurges, aut quæ flumina lugubris
Ignara belli? quod mare Dauniæ
Non decoloravere cædes?
Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?

Sed ne, relictis, Musa procax, jocis,
Cea retractes munera nænia:
Mecum, Dionæo sub antro,
Quære modos leviore plectro.

ODE II.

AD C. SALLUSTIUM CRISPUM.

Primò *Proculeïum* laudat ob liberalitatem in fratres: deinde ostendit, eum qui suas cupiditates reprimere, pecuniámque contemnere possit, solum regem, solum beatum esse.

Nullus argento color est, avaris
Abdita terris inimice lamna,
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

Vivet extento Proculeïus ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni:
Illum aget pennâ metuente solvi
Fama superstes.

Latiùs regnes avidum domando
Spiritum, quàm si Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jungas, & uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.

What Lake unſtain'd before
Not knows our War, and ſwells with *Latian* Gore?
What Sea's not dy'd? On what unhappy Flood,
On what remoter Coaſt,
Have not our Youth been loſt,
Grown impiouſly prodigal of their blood?

Enough, my Muſe, Complaints forbear,
With me to ſhady Grots retire,
Thy Mourning ceaſe, divert thy Care;
And thete with ſofter Touches move thy Lyre.

ODE II.

The Free and Generous only are the happy Men.

DEAR Friend, whoſe generous Thoughts deſpiſe
The creeping Fears of Avarice,
How Silver looks, how mean and baſe,
How much below the common Braſs,
Unleſs a moderate uſe refine,
A value give, and make it ſhine?

Kind *Proculeius*, juſt and good,
In Fame as noble as in Blood,
Who with a Father's care did grant
Supplies, and eas'd his Brothers Want,
Long, long ſhall live; ſurviving Fame
On laſting Wings ſhall bear his Name.

That Man a wider Empire gains
That his own craving Wiſh reſtrains,
Than he whoſe Sword and wide Command
Join diſtant *Spain* and *Libya*'s Sand,
Than if they did his Arms obey,
And either *Carthage* own his Sway:

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops:
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis, & aquosus albo
Corpore languor.

Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten
Dissidens plebi, numero beatorum
Eximit Virtus: populumque falsis
Dedocet uti

Vocibus, regnum & diadema tutum
Deferens uni, propriamque laurum,
Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto
Spectat acervos.

ODE III.

AD DELLIUM.

Neque demittendum adversis, neque efferendum secundis rebus animum: sed hilariter vivendum, cùm æqua sit omnibus moriendi conditio.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem: non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, morituræ Delli.

Seu mœstus omni tempore vixeris;
Seu te in remoto gramine, per dies
Festos, reclinatum beatis
Interiore notâ Falerni:

The Dropſies ſtill by drink increaſe,
In vain are all our hopes of Eaſe;
The Jaws are dry, the Thirſt remains
Until the fatal Humours ceaſe;
Until the cauſe of the Diſeaſe
Shall leave the ſwoln and craving Veins:

Phraates fixt in *Cyrus* Throne,
Ador'd like *Perſia*'s riſing Sun,
True Senſe, that ſcorns the People's Teſt,
Ne'er ranks among the happy Bleſt;
From cheats of Words the Crowd ſhe brings
To real Eſtimate of things:

To him ſhe gives, to him alone,
The Laurel, and the laſting Throne,
Whoſe Eyes can unconcern'd behold
The dazling Heaps of ſhining Gold;
Whoſe Mind doth never Wealth purſue,
Nor turn to make a ſecond View.

ODE III.

He adviſeth his Friend Delius *to be content, and live merrily.*

AN even Mind in ev'ry State,
Amidſt the frowns and ſmiles of Fate,
Dear mortal *Delius*, always ſhow;
Let not too much of cloudy Fear,
Nor too intemperate Joys appear
Or to contract, or to extend thy Brow:

Whether thy dull unhappy Years
Run ſlowly clogg'd with Hopes and Fears,
And ſit too heavy on thy Soul;
Or whether crown'd on Beds of Flow'rs
Mirth ſoftly drives thy eaſie Hours,
And chears thy Spirits with the choiceſt Bowl:

Quâ pinus ingens, albâque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, & obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo:

Huc vina, & unguenta, & nimium breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ:
Dum res, & ætas, & sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

Cedes coëmptis saltibus, & domo,
Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes; & exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur hæres.

Divésne prisco natus ab Inacho
Nil interest, an pauper, & infimâ
De gente, sub dio moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.

Omnes eòdem cogimur: omnium
Versatur urna: serius, ocyùs,
Sors exitura, & nos in æternum
Exsilium impositura cymbæ.

ODE IV.

AD XANTHIAM PHOCEUM.

Quod ancillam amet, non esse cur eum pudeat: multis enim magnis viris idem usu venisse.

NE sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori
Xanthia Phoceu: priùs insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
Movit Achillem.

Where Poplars white, the lofty Pine
And Myrtles friendly branches joyn,
And hoſpitable Shades compoſe;
Where near a purling Spring doth glide
In winding Streams, and ſoftly chide
The interrupting Pebble as it flows:

There bring thy Wine, thy Odors ſpread,
Let fading Roſes crown thy Head,
Whilſt Time, and Age and Life will bear;
For you muſt leave your Groves, your Houſe,
And Farm, where yellow *Tiber* flows;
And thy heap'd Wealth ſhall fill thy greedy Heir.

For, whether ſprung from Royal Blood,
Or from the meaneſt of the Crowd,
'T is all a Caſe; for nought can ſave:
The Hand of Fate doth ſtrike at all,
And thou art ſurely doom'd to fall
A Sacrifice to the impartial Grave.

Our Lots are caſt, Fate ſhakes the Urn,
And each Man's Lot muſt take his turn;
Some ſoon leap out, and ſome more late:
But ſtill 't is ſure each Mortal's Lot
Will doom his Soul to *Charon*'s Boat,
To bear th' eternal Baniſhment of Fate.

ODE IV.

To Xanthias Phoceus, *who fell in Love with his Captive.*

DEAR *Xanthias*, 'tis a faulty Shame,
Bluſh not to own a noble Flame
Rais'd by thy Captive's Charms;
The fair *Briſéis* once could move
Achilles ſtubborn Soul to Love,
And force the haughty Heroe to her Arms:

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmeſſæ:
Arſit Atrides, medio in triumpho,
Virgine raptâ:

Barbaræ poſtquam cecidêre turmæ
Theſſalo victore, & ademptus Hector
Tradidit feſſis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.

Neſcias, an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes:
Regium certè genus, & penates
Mœret iniquos.

Crede non illam tibi de ſceleſtâ
Plebe delectam: neque ſic fidelem,
Sic lucro averſam, potuiſſe naſci
Matre pudendâ.

Brachia, & vultum, teretesque ſuras
Integer laudo: fuge ſuſpicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere luſtrum.

ODE V.

Revocandam eſſe mentem à cupiditate virginis immaturæ.

Nondum ſubacta ferre jugum valet
Cervice: nondum munia comparis
Æquare, nec tauri ruentis
In Venerem tolerare pondus.

Circa virentes eſt animus tuæ
Campos juvencæ, nunc ſiviis gravem
Solantis æſtum, nunc in udo
Ludere cum vitulis ſalicto
Prægeſtientis.

Tecmeſſa's Charms ſubdu'd her Lord,
And conquering *Ajax* ſoon ador'd;
By fair *Caſſandra*'s Eyes,
When *Hector* fell, and left his *Troy*
To weary *Greeks* an eaſy Prey,
E'en midſt his Triumph great *Atrides* dies.

See what a beauteous Majeſty,
And how commanding is her Eye,
Her Look proclaims her State;
She mourns, ſhe mourns, a Royal Race,
And Parents equal to her Face,
And grieves to ſee ſo ſtrange a whirl of Fate:

Ne'er think her, Friend, of common Blood;
Nor ſprung from the diſhoneſt Crowd
A Mind ſo bravely bold,
So chaſt as to reſiſt the Arts
That take the mean unguarded Hearts,
The force of preſſing Youth, and Charms of Gold:

Her Face, her Neck, her Breaſt and Arms
I praiſe, not taken with her Charms;
Suſpicious Thoughts remove;
Let almoſt forty feeble Years
Secure thy Mind from jealous Fears,
And tell that *Horace* is too old for Love.

ODE V.

To his Friend, in Love with a young Girl.

THY Heifer, Friend, is hardly broke,
Her Neck uneaſy to the Yoke;
She cannot draw the Plough, nor bear
The weight of the obliging Steer:
In flowry Meads is her Delight,
Thoſe charm her Taſte and pleaſe her Sight:
Or elſe ſhe flies the burning Beams,
To quench her Thirſt in cooler Streams;

Præsestientis. Tolle cupidinem
Immitis uvæ: jam tibi lividos
Distinguet Autumnus racemos
Purpureo varius colore.

Jam te sequetur: currit enim ferox
Ætas: & illi, quos tibi demserit,
Apponet annos: jam protervâ
Fronte petet Lalage maritum;

Dilecta, quantum non Pholoë fugax,
Non Chloris: albo sic humero nitens,
Ut pura nocturno renidet
Luna mari, Cnidiusve Gyges:

Quem si puellarum insereres choro,
Mirè sagaces falleret hospites;
Discrimen obscurum, solutis
Crinibus, ambiguóque vultu.

ODE VI.

AD SEPTIMIUM.

Tiburtinæ, & Tarentinæ regionis amænitatem laudat.

SEptimi, Gades aditure mecum, &
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, &
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
Æstuat unda:

Tibur, Argeo positum colono,
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ;
Sit modus lasso maris, & viarum,
Militiæque!

Or, with the Calves, thro' Paſtures plays,
And wantons all her eaſy Days:
Forbear, deſign no haſty Rape
On ſuch a green, untimely Grape:
Soon ruddy Autumn will produce
Plumb Cluſters, ripe, and fit to uſe:
She now that flies ſhall then purſue,
She now that's courted doat on you:
For Age whirls on, and every Year
It takes from Thee it adds to Her:
Soon *Lalage*, ſhall ſoon proclaim
Her Love, nor bluſh to own her Flame:
Lov'd more, for ſhe more kindly warms
Than *Phloë* coy, or *Cloris* Charms,
So pure her Breaſt, ſo fair a White,
As in a clear and ſmiling Night,
In quiet Floods the Silver Moon
Or *Cretan Gyges* never ſhone;
Who, plac'd amongſt the Maids, defies
A skilfull Stranger's prying Eyes;
So ſmooth his doubtful Looks appear,
So looſe, ſo Womaniſh his Hair.

ODE VI. *To* Septimius.

Being to go into Spain *with* Auguſtus *againſt the* Cantabrians, *He wiſhes for a quiet Retreat in his Old Age.*

Septimius that muſt ſtem the Main,
And go with me to diſtant *Spain*;
To fierce *Cantabrians* never broke,
As yet unlearn'd to bear our Yoke:
And *Syrtes* Sands, where th' Ocean roars,
And rowling Waves waſh ſwarthy *Moors*;
May *Tibur*'s Walls, the *Tuſcan* Seat,
Afford my Age a ſafe Retreat,
Oh! there, now tir'd with Wars and Seas,
May I enjoy a happy Eaſe!

Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galesi
Flumen, & regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalanto.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt, viridisque certat
Bacca Venafro:

Ver ubi longum, tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas: & amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho, minimùm Falernis
Invidet uvis.

Ille te mecum locus, & beatæ
Postulant arces: ibi tu calentem
Debitâ sparges lachrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.

ODE VII.

AD POMPEIUM VARUM,

Cui reditum gratulatur.

O Sæpè mecum tempus in ultimum
Deducte, Bruto militiæ duce,
Quis te redonavit Quiritem
Dis patriis, Italóque cœlo,
Pompei, meorum prime sodalium?

If Fate denies this ſmall Deſire,
My haſty ſteps ſhall ſoon retire
Where ſmooth *Galeſus* cuts its Way;
Around whoſe Banks white Fleeces play,
And felt *Phalantus* eaſy Sway:
Oh, how thoſe little Plains do pleaſe,
How fit for Happineſs and Eaſe!
Where Honey fills the Combs, and ſtrives
With fair *Hymettus*'s ſweeteſt Hives:
Where Olives crown the fruitful Soil,
Yield not to the *Venafrian* Oyl:
Where Springs are long, and Winters mild,
Nor hoary Froſt deforms the Field;
Where *Bacchus* friendly Mountains ſpread,
And *Almon* rears his fruitful Head;
Where choiceſt Grapes in Cluſters twine,
Nor envy the *Falernian* Vine:
Theſe happy Seats muſt us receive,
There you and I, dear Friend, muſt live,
'Till Death's approaching Hands ſurprize,
And cloſe thy Poët *Horace* Eyes;
Then you a little Tomb ſhall rear,
And cool my Aſhes with a pious Tear.

ODE VII.

A Welcome to his Friend Pompey.

DEar *Pompey*, that haſt often try'd,
Whilſt once we fought on *Brutus* ſide,
How near pale Death rough Wars attends;
What Genius now hath ſent thee home,
And who reſtor'd thee back to *Rome*,
Pompey, the beſt of all my Friends?

Cum quo morantem sæpè diem mero
Fregi, coronatus nitentes
Malobathro Syrio capillos.

Tecum Philippos, & celerem fugam
Sensi, relictâ non benè parmulâ,
Cùm fracta virtus, & minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.

Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
Denso paventem sustulit aëre:
Te rursus in bellum resorbens
Unda fretis tulit æstuosis.

Ergo obligatam redde Jovi dapem,
Longâque fessum militiâ lares
Depone sub lauru meâ; nec
Parce cadis tibi destinatis.

Oblivioso levia Massico
Ciboria exple: funde capacibus
Unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
Deproperare apio coronas,

Curátve myrto? Quem Venus arbitrum
Dicet bibendi? Non ego sanius
Bacchabor Edonis: recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.

With whom, in Mirth and Wine and Play,
Whilſt ſweeteſt Roſes crown'd my Head,
And did their fragant Odours ſpread,
I often broak the lingring Day:

The bloody Wars, *Philippi*'s Field,
Ignobly having loſt my Shield,
With thee I ſaw, ſecure from Wound,
I ſaw the flight, when haughty Proud
To *Cæſar*'s ſtronger Virtue bow'd,
And baſely bit the bloody Ground:

Me *Mercury* ſecur'd from Fears,
He kindly wrapt me up in Night,
And ſav'd me from the dangerous Fight,
But thee the Tide bore back to Wars:

Now then reſtor'd to Eaſe and Reſt,
Pay *Jove* thy Thanks and promis'd Feaſt;
Now tir'd with Wars, from Danger free,
Beneath my cool and pleaſing Shade,
On flowry Beds ſupinely laid,
Enjoy the Casks deſign'd for thee:

See here they ſtand, theſe Bowls employ,
Forgetful Wine profuſely pour,
From largeſt Shells rich Oyntments ſhour,
There's no extream in real Joy;

Who Parſly twines, or Myrtle Boughs
To grace our Mirth, and ſhade our Brows?
Who Crowns prepares for ev'ry Gueſt?
Whom will the happy Dye deſign
The juſt Diſpoſer of the Wine,
And great Controuler of the Feaſt?

Let Mirth, and Joy, and Wine attend,
I muſt be Mad, I muſt appear
As wild as the mad *Thracians* are;
'Tis decent at the Welcome of a Friend.

ODE VIII.

AD BARINEN.

Non esse, cur ei juranti credatur: Formosarum enim perjuria à Diis non vindicari.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam:
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior ungui,

Crederem: sed tu, simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multò, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura.

Expedit matris cineres opertos
Fallere, & toto taciturna noctis
Signa cum cœlo, gelidâque Divos
Morte carentes.

Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa: rident
Simplices Nymphæ, ferus & Cupido,
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.

Adde, quòd pubes tibi crescit omnis;
Servitus crescit nova; nec priores
Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt,
Sæpe minati.

Te suis matres metuunt juvencis,
Te senes parci, miseræque nuper
Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet
Aura maritos.

ODE VIII.

To his forſworn Miſtreſs.

Barine, did Revenge o'ertake,
And blaſt as oft as you deceive;
Were but one Nail, one Tooth more black,
Thy Vows I would at laſt believe:

But ſtill more fair, more bright thy Face,
More Crowds of Lovers flock to view,
As each falſe Oath procur'd a Grace,
And tempted thee to prove untrue:

It profits thee to be forſworn
By all that other Mortals fear,
Th'eternal Gods, thy Mother's Urn,
By whirling Heav'n, and ev'ry Star:

The merry Nymphs approve thy arts,
And *Venus* fair forgives thy wiles,
And *Cupid*, ſharpning flaming Darts
On bloody Whetſtones, gently ſmiles:

Beſides new Slaves ſtill flock to thee,
And happy He that takes the chain;
And thoſe that threaten to be free
Forgive the Jilt, and ſerve again:

Thee ſtill the thrifty Father fears,
And Mothers for their wanton Boys;
New Brides, leſt you detain their Dears,
And rob them of their promis'd Joys.

ODE IX.

AD VALGIUM.

Ut mortuum puerum aliquando flere desinat.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
Manant in agros; aut mare Caspium
Vexant inæquales procellæ
Usque; nec Armeniis in oris,

Amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
Menses per omnes; aut Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant,
Et foliis viduantur orni.

Tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum: nec tibi, vespero
Surgente, decedunt amores,
Nec rapidum fugiente Solem.

At non ter ævo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antilochum senex
Annos: nec impubem parentes
Troilon, aut Phrygiæ sorores

Flevere semper. Desine mollium
Tandem querelarum, & potius nova
Cantemus Augusti tropæa
Cæsaris, & rigidum Niphaten,

Medumque flumen, gentibus additum
Victis, minores volvere vortices:
Intraque præscriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis.

ODE IX.

He adviſeth his Friend to grieve no more for dead Myſtes.

NOT always Snow and Hail and Rain
Deſcend, and beat the fruitful Plain;
Not ruffling Storms ſtill toſs the *Caſpian* Floods:
Not ev'ry Month doth lazy Froſt
Bind up th' *Armenian* Coaſt,
Nor furious Storms ſtill vex the groaning Woods:

Call'd forth by Spring's enliv'ning Breeze
The Leaves return to naked Trees;
But you, dear Friend, ſtill mourn in weeping ſtrains
Loſt *Myſtes*; when Noon burns the Skies,
When Night comes on, or when it flies,
No change appears, thy Love and Grief remains:

Yet aged *Neſtor* dry'd his tears,
His grief was ſhorter than his years;
Nor did he ſtill his dying Son bewail:
His Siſters, and the *Trojan* Train,
And *Priam* wept, but ſmil'd again,
Nor always mourn'd young *Troilus* haſty fall.

Thy ſoft complaints at laſt forbear,
Let mirth ſucceed, and ſmiles appear,
Let's ſing, and *Cæſar* be our lofty Theme;
How rough *Niphates* Hills obey,
And *Tigris* bound by *Cæſar*'s ſway
Leſs furious grows, and rouls a milder ſtream.

The *Scythians* now, with broken Bows,
Confin'd to their own Froſt and Snows,
Have cool'd the raging Fury of their Pride;
In narrow Bounds, with nimble Force,
They ride their fierce impetuous Horſe,
And view with longing Eyes the *Roman* Side.

ODE X.

AD LICINIUM.

Retinendam esse mediocritatem, & animi in utrâque fortunâ æquabilitatem.

Rectiùs vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo; neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimiùm premendo
Littus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.

Sapiùs ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus; & celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feriúntque summos
Fulmina montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem benè præparatum
Pectus: informes hiemes reducit
Jupiter; idem

Summovet. Non, si malè nunc, & olim
Sic erit. Quondam citharâ tacentem
Suscitat Musam, neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus, atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimiùm secundo
Turgida vela.

ODE X.

A middle ſtate of Life is the beſt.

WISE they, that, with a cautious Fear,
Not always thro' the Ocean ſteer,
Nor, whilſt they think the Winds will roar,
Do thruſt too near the rocky Shore:
To thoſe that chuſe the golden Mean
The Waves are ſmooth, the Skies ſerene;
They want the baſeneſs of the Poors retreat,
And envy'd Houſes of the Great.
Storms often vex the lofty Oak,
High Mountains feel the Thunders ſtroak;
And lofty Towers, when Winds prevail,
Are ruin'd with a greater fall:
A Breaſt prepar'd in either ſtate
Or fears or hopes a change of Fate;
'Tis *Jove* the ſame that Winter brings
And melts the Froſt by pleaſing Springs:
Tho' Fortune now contracts her brow,
And frowns; yet 't will not ſtill be ſo:
Apollo ſometimes Mirth purſues
His Harp awakes his ſleepy Muſe,
Nor always bends his threatning Bow:
When Fortune ſends a ſtormy Wind,
Then ſhow a brave and preſent Mind;
And when with too indulgent Gales
She ſwells too much, then furl thy Sails.

ODE XI.

AD Q. HIRPINUM.

Omissis curis, jucundè vivendum esse.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere: nec trepides in usum

Poscentis ævi pauca. Fugit retro
Levis Juventas, & decor, aridâ
Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie, facilémque somnum.

Non semper idem floribus est honos
Vernis: neque uno Luna rubens nitet
Vultu. Quid æternis minorem
Consiliis animum fatigas?

Cur non sub altâ vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temerè, & rosâ
Canos odorati capillos,
Dum licet, Assyriâque nardo,

Potamus uncti? Dissipat Enïus
Curas edaces. Quis puer ocyùs
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula prætereunte lymphâ?

ODE XI.

He adviſeth his Friend to live merrily.

WHAT fierce *Cantabrians*, what the *Scythians* dare,
Make, Friend, no object of thy care;
Whilſt raging Floods, and *Adria's* Tide,
Confine their force, and arms divide,
Secure we laugh at all the threats of War:

Let no concern, no cares for Life approach,
It laſts not long, and asks not much;
But ſee our Years do ſwiftly move,
Our nimble Youth and Beauty fades,
Dry Age with cares will crowd our Heads,
And leave no room for eaſy Reſt and Love:

Spring Flowers not always equal beauties wear,
Nor Moons with equal Beams appear
As when at full they brightly ſhin'd;
Then why ſhould you diſturb your Mind,
So much too narrow for eternal Care?

Why, underneath a pleaſing Myrtle ſhade,
On flowry Banks ſupinely laid,
Are we ſo ſlow to ſpend a Day;
And, whilſt grey Hairs are crown'd with Roſe,
Or odorous Oyl our Heads o'erflows,
Drink all our troubles and our cares away?

Briſk *Bacchus* ſoon will ſordid cares refine,
And make dull Melancholly ſhine;
What Boy waits there, what Boy, to bring
Some cooler ſtreams from yonder Spring,
To quench the fury of my flaming Wine?

Quis deviùm ſcortum eliciet domo
Lyden? eburnâ, die age, cum lyrâ
Maturet, incomtum Lacænæ
More comam religata nodum.

ODE XII.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Res graves & tragicas *Lyricis* verſibus non convenire. Soluta autem oratione, res AUGUSTI *Mæcenatem* ipſum perſcripturum: ſe nihil poſſe, præter *Lycimniæ* formam canere.

NOlis longa feræ bella Numantiæ,
Nec dirum Annibalem, nec Siculum mare
Pœno purpureum ſanguine, mollibus
Aptari citharæ modis:

Nec ſævos Lapithas, & nimiùm mero
Hylæum; domitóſque Herculeâ manu
Telluris Juvenes, unde periculum
Fulgens contremuit domus

Saturni veteris: túque pedeſtribus
Dices hiſtoriis prælia Cæſaris
Mæcenas meliùs, ductáque per vias
Regum colla minantium.

Me dulces dominæ Muſa Lycimniæ
Cantus, me voluit dicere lucidùm
Fulgentes oculos, & benè mutuis
Fidum pectus amoribus:

What ready Servant waits to call my Miſs,
And who coy *Lyde* will entice?
Bid *Lyde* come, we are in haſte;
Bid *Lyde* come, her Harp prepare,
Like *Spartans* looſely bind her Hair;
For Love may ebb, and then her time is paſt.

ODE XII. *To* MÆCENAS.

Wars and Battels are not a Subject fit for his Muſe, but Love and Lycimnia *he can ſing.*

THE ſtout *Numantines* lingring fall,
The *Romans Scourge* dire *Hannibal*,
No more, my learned Lord, require,
No more the rough *Sicilian* Flood
Dy'd deep with *Carthaginian* blood,
To fit to the ſoft meaſures of the *Lyre:*

Nor *Centaurs* eager to engage,
Nor fierce *Hylæus* drunken rage,
Nor Giants, tam'd by *Hercules*,
Who dar'd to reach old *Saturn's* Crown,
Who dar'd to ſtorm his ſhining Throne
And break the quiet of eternal Eaſe:

And you, my Lord, with equal flights,
Great *Cæſar's* Wars and conqu'ring Fights
Shall better tell in laſting Proſe;
And how in triumph *Cæſar* led
The *Perſian* and the haughty *Mede*,
And ſcatter'd Slavery midſt his threatning Foes:

My Muſe bids me imploy my Verſe,
And ſoft *Lycimnia's* Songs rehearſe;
She bids me all her charms improve,
Her taking air, her ſhining eyes,
By Nature fitted to ſurprize;
And Mind ſtill faithful to thy mutual Love:

Quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris,
Nec certare joco, nec dare brachia
Ludentem nitidis virginibus, sacro
Dianæ celebris die.

Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes,
Permutare velis crine Lycimnia,
Plenas aut Arabum domos?

Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem, aut facili sævitia negat,
Quæ poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere occupat.

ODE XIII.

IN ARBOREM,

CUJUS CASU IN AGRO *SABINO* PÆNE OPPRESSUS EST.

Nunquam homini satis exploratum esse, quid vitare debeat. *Sapphonis* & *Alcæi* laudes.

ILle & nefasto te posuit die,
Quicumque primum, & sacrilegâ manu
Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
Perniciem, opprobriumque pagi.

Illum & parentis crediderim sui
Fregisse cervicem, & penetralia
Sparsisse nocturno cruore
Hospitis: ille venena Colchia,

Et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas,
Tractavit, agro qui statuit meo

Lycimnia fair, the Pride of *Rome*,
How well her charms and arts become!
How movingly her beauty pleads,
When toying ſhe and richly dreſt,
At Great *Diana's* ſolemn Feaſt,
Begins the Dance, and leads the beauteous Maids!

For what *Achemenes* poſſeſt,
And for the wealth of all the Eaſt,
Would you, my Lord, exchange your Fair?
Would you, my Lord, for all the Gold
The ſtuft *Arabians* Houſes hold,
Exchange one braid of ſweet *Lycimnia's* Hair?

When e'er her Head ſhe gently moves,
To take the earneſt of her Loves,
A balmy Kiſs; or elſe denies
With eaſie forwardneſs, which ſhows
That ſhe is more content to loſe
Than he that begs to win the Prize;
Or when ſhe runs to ſnatch an eager Kiſs.

ODE XIII.

Upon a Tree that was like to fall upon him as he was walking in his Field.

A Fatal Star did then command
The Skies, and guide his impious hand
Who planted thee, to the diſgrace
Of's Farm, and ruin of his Race:
'Tis certain he his Father kill'd,
He ſlew, and fed upon his Child;
He ſtabb'd his Friend before his God,
And ſtain'd the Image with his blood:
To him *Medea's* arts were known,
The whole World's Sins he made his own,
Who firſt diſgrac'd my Field with thee,
Thou impious Stock, thou curſed Tree,

Te, triſte lignum, te caducum
In domini caput immerentis.

Quid quiſque vitet, nunquam homini ſatis
Cautum eſt in horas. Navita Boſphorum
Pœnus perhorreſcit, neque ultra
Cæca timet aliunde fata;

Miles ſagittas, & celerem fugam
Parthi; catenas Parthus, & Italum
Robur: ſed improviſa lethi
Vis rapuit, rapiétque gentes.

Quàm pœnè furvæ regna Proſerpinæ,
Et judicantem vidimus Æacum,
Sedéſque deſcriptas piorum, &
Æoliis fidibus querentem

Sappho puellis de popularibus;
Et te ſonantem pleniùs aureo,
Alcæe, plectro, dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli.

Utrumque ſacro digna ſilentio
Mirantur umbræ dicere: ſed magis
Pugnas, & exactos tyrannos
Denſum humeris bibit aure vulgus.

Quid mirum? ubi illis carminibus ſtupens
Demittit atras bellua centiceps

Thou curſed Tree, whoſe haſty fall
Deſign'd thy Maſter's Funeral:
What each ſhould fly is ſeldom known,
We unprovided are undone:
The Waves that foam round *Thracian* Shores
Are dreaded by the ſwarthy *Moors*,
They think cold Death doth uſe to trace
The Snow and frozen Hills of *Thrace*,
Nor fear it from a warmer place:
The *Roman* dreads the Darts, the force,
And conquering flights of *Parthian* Horſe:
The *Roman* chains the *Parthian* fears,
Their ſteady Troops, and weighty Spears:
Yet Death, when arm'd with a Diſeaſe,
From other Parts will rudely ſeize;
She comes unlookt for, ſweeps away
Unthinking Nations in a Day,
And huddles up her eaſie Prey:
How near had I, how nearly ſeen
The Kingdom of the ſwarthy Queen?
Judge *Æacus*, the ſtory'd Grove,
The Seat of Piety and Love:
And *Sappho*, who in humble Strains
Of her baſe Country-men complains,
In ſweeteſt Tunes proclaims her Love,
But mourns at her Reproach above:
Alcæus too, whoſe golden Strings
With manlier Strokes ſound greater things;
He tells the Dangers and the Fears
Of Flights, of Sailing, and of Wars:
With ſilent rev'rence Ghoſts admire
The wondrous fury of his Lyre:
The vulgar Shades throng moſt to hear
Of Kings depos'd, of feats of War,
And drink them with a greedy Ear:
No wonder this, Hell's furious Guard,
With ſilent wonder, ſtood and heard;

Aures, & intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues?

Quin & Prometheus, & Pelopis parens
Dulci laborum decipitur ſono:
Nec curat Orion leones,
Aut timidos agitare lyncas.

ODE XIV.

AD POSTUMUM.

Mortem vitari non poſſe.

EHeu, fugaces, Poſtume, Poſtume,
Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
Rugis, & inſtanti ſenectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti.

Non ſi trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illachrymabilem
Plutona tauris: qui ter amplum
Geryonem, Tityónque triſti

Compeſcit undâ, ſcilicet omnibus,
Quicunque terræ munere veſcimur,
Enavigandâ, ſive Reges,
Sive inopes erimus coloni.

s Ears lay down, and, whilſt he play'd,
hollow Grin his Joy betray'd:
hiſs was heard, the Furies Snakes
y huſht, and quiet on their Necks:
light did torn *Prometheus* ſeize,
e Sound deceiv'd him into eaſe;
d *Tantalus* felt ſoft repoſe,
heeded now the bending Boughs
ng o'er his Lips, and Water flows:
r did the fierce *Orion* care
hunt his Lyon, or his flying Bear.

ODE XIV.

Life is ſhort, and Death unavoidable.

THE whirling Year, Ah Friend! the whirling Year
Rouls on apace;
And ſoon ſhall wrinkles plough thy wither'd Face:
In vain you waſte your pious Breath,
No Prayers can ſtay, no Vows defer
The ſwift approach of Age, and conqu'ring Death:

No, tho' ten thouſand Oxen ſtain'd his Shrines
With ſacred Blood,
Shouldſt thou appeaſe th' inexorable God:
He opens, and he ſhuts the Grave;
Geryon's triple Soul confines,
And ſtubborn *Gyges* with the *Stygian* Wave:

That fatal Wave that muſt be paſs'd by all;
The Rich, the Poor
Are doom'd alike to view the *Stygian* Shore;
The Knaves and Fools, the Wiſe and Juſt,
The Kings as well as Clowns muſt fall;
And undiſtinguiſh'd lie with meaner Duſt:

Frustrà cruento Marte carebimus,
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Adriæ;
Frustrà per autumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum.

Visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytus errans, & Danaï genus
Infame, damnatúsque longi
Sisyphus Æolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus, & domus, & placens
Uxor: neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Absumet hæres Cæcuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus, & mero
Tinget pavimentum superbum,
Pontificum potiore cœnis.

ODE XV.

IN SUI SÆCULI LUXURIAM.

JAm panca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent: undique latiùs
Extenta visentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu; platanúsque cælebs

Evincet

In vain we all retreat from dangerous War,
And live in eaſe;
In vain we ſhun the rage of angry Seas:
The burning Fevers Autumn brings,
In vain we fly, and idly fear
The Plagues that South-winds bear on ſickly Wings:

For all the *Stygian* Waves are doom'd to paſs,
We all muſt go
And view *Cocytus* wandring Streams below:
We all muſt ſee the laſting Chains
That hold curſt *Danaus* his Race,
And *Siſyphus* condemn'd to endleſs Pains:

Thy Children muſt be left, thy Lands and Houſe,
Thy pleaſing Wife,
That happy Comfort and Delight of Life;
Of all the Trees thy hands reſtor'd
None but the *Cypreſs* hated boughs
Shall follow their ſhort-liv'd decaying Lord:

The Wines you keep ſo cloſe thy worthier Heir
Shall ſoon poſſeſs,
And waſte midſt wanton Luxury and Eaſe;
Much nobler Wine the ſquandring Youth
Shall ſpill, and coſtlier Feaſts prepare,
Than ever pleas'd a pamper'd Abbot's Tooth.

ODE XV.

On the Luxury of the Age.

OUR Squares ſtill riſe, our Fields decreaſe,
And now the Ploughs muſt ruſt in eaſe;
New Motes are dug, large Ponds we make
That rival e'en the *Lucrine* Lake:
Round lofty Firs weak Ivy twines,
Unmarry'd Planes profuſely ſpread
A uſeleſs melancholly Shade
O'er larger Fields than marry'd Elms and Vines:

Evincet ulmos: tum violaria, &
Myrtus, & omnis copia narium,
Spargent olivetis odorem,
Fertilibus domino priori.

Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
Excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli
Præscriptum, & intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterúmque normâ.

Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum: nulla decempedis
Metata privatis opacam
Porticus excipiebat Arcton:

Nec fortunitum spernere cespitem
Leges sinebant, oppida publico
Sumtu jubentes, & Deorum
Templa novo decorare saxo.

ODE XVI.

AD GROSPHUM.

Tranquillitatem animi optari ab omnibus: eam verò non congerendis opibus honoribusve consequendis, sed coërcendis cupiditatibus comparari.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis:

Our Beds of Roſes, Myrtle Bow'rs,
And all the luxury of Flow'rs,
Their fruitleſs ſhades and ſmells afford:
They now thoſe fruitful Grounds poſſeſs
Where Olives roſe with vaſt increaſe,
And with great bounty fed the former Lord:

Thick Laurels plac'd by purling Streams
Shut out the *Mid-day's* burning Beams,
And give us Shade to drink and play;
Was this by *Romulus* allow'd?
Was this the way our Fathers ſhow'd
To riſe to Empire, and extend our Sway?

No, then each ſingle Man's Eſtate
Was ſmall, the Publick Stock was great,
The Publick Weal imploy'd their Care;
No private Man profuſely skill'd
Did then his large Piazza's build,
To take cool Breezes of the Northern Air:

The little Hut, their Father's Houſe,
The Laws forbad them to refuſe,
But live content in mean Aboads;
Enjoyning all their Shrines and Towns
To build with new and coſtly Stones,
To grace their Country, and to pleaſe their Gods.

ODE XVI.

The contented Man the moſt happy.

FOR Eaſe the Seaman asks the Gods,
When toſs'd in the *Egæan* Floods;
When darkneſs ſpreads to heighten fears,
And not one friendly Star appears:

Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetrâ decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ ve-
Nale, nec auro.

Non enim gaza, neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

Vivitur parvo benè, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenni salinum,
Nec leves somnos timor, aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare, & amara lato
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem;
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus:
Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora.

Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccæ; tibi tollit hinni-
Tum apta quadrigis equa; te bis Afro
Murice tincta

For Eaſe the warlike *Thracians* plead,
The *Perſian* and the quiver'd *Mede*;
For Eaſe, too precious to be ſold
For coſtly Gems, or bought with Gold:

For neither Power nor Wealth controul
The ſad diſorders of the Soul,
Nor yet remove the Cares that wait
About the Palace of the Great:

Bleſt he with little, on whoſe thrifty Board
That Salt ſtill ſhines that call'd his Father Lord;
No vexing fears his Breaſt can ſeize,
No ſordid Luſt will break his eaſe:

Why theſe extended Cares, and Strife,
And trouble for ſo ſhort a Life?
Why do we ply our Sails and Oars,
And fondly viſit foreign Shores?
Can he that flies his Country find
That he can leave himſelf behind?

„ For baneful Care will ſtill prevail,
„ And overtake us under Sail;
It dogs the Horſeman cloſe behind,
More ſwift than Roes, or ſtormy Wind:

A Man contented with his preſent doom
Hates to look on for what's to come;
With Mirth he ſweetens bitter Fate;
There is no perfect happy State:

The ſtout *Achilles* dy'd in haſte,
Long Age did old *Tithonus* waſte;
Thoſe Years ſwift time denies to thee
Perhaps his Hand ſhall reach to me:

Round thee ten thouſand Heifers low,
Stout Oxen bend beneath thy Plow;
In thy gilt Coach neigh gen'rous Mares,
Thy Purple ſhines as bright as Stars;
Around thee Wealth and Plenty wait,
With all the luxury of Fate.

Veſtiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura, &
Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ
Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum
Spernere vulgus.

ODE XVII.

AD MÆCENATEM ÆGROTUM.

Negat ſe ei ſuperſtitem velle eſſe.

CUR me querelis exanimas tuis?
Nec Dîs amicum eſt, nec mihi, te priùs
Obire, Mæcenas, mearum
Grande decus columenque rerum.

Ah! te meæ ſi partem animæ rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec carus æquè, nec ſuperſtes
Integer? Ille dies utramque

Ducet ruinam. Non ego perfidum
Dixi ſacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
Utcumque præcedes, ſupremum
Carpere iter comites parati.

Me nec Chimæræ ſpiritus igneæ,
Nec, ſi reſurgat centimanus Gyas,
Divellet unquam: ſic potenti
Juſtitiæ, placitumque Parcis.

A Farm as large as my Deſire,
With ſome few heats of *Lyrick* fire,
On me hath bounteous Fate beſtow'd,
With Pride enough to ſcorn the Crowd.

ODE XVII. *To* Mæcenas.

He is reſolv'd not to ſurvive him, and congratulates his Recovery.

WHY am I kill'd with thy Complaint?
'T is more than any God will grant,
'T is more, my Lord, than I can bear,
That you, on whom my hope rely,
That you, my great Support, ſhould dye,
And leave thy melancholly *Horace* here:

Did you, my better half, decay,
For what ſhould I, the other, ſtay?
What Comfort could compoſe my Mind,
When neither whole, nor yet ſo dear
I ſhould be doom'd to linger here,
And feel my worſer part ſtill left behind?

The ſame black Day ſhall ſeize on both,
It is a fixt and ſolemn Oath,
We'll go, I've ſworn, we both will go;
Tho' you may firſt begin the Race,
I'll follow with a nimble pace,
And join you e'er you reach the Waves below.

Did fierce *Chimera* dart her fire,
To make my frighted Soul retire,
Yet ſtill I would attend your State;
Tho' hundred-handed *Gyas* roſe,
In vain ſhould all his Strength oppoſe,
For Juſtice bids, and 'tis approv'd by Fate:

Seu Libra, seu me Scorpius aspicit
Formidolosus, pars violentior
Natalis horæ, seu tyrannus
Hesperiæ Capricornus undæ:

Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
Consentit astrum. Te Jovis impio
Tutela Saturno refulgens
Eripuit, volucrisque fati

Tardavit alas; cùm populus frequens
Lætum theatris ter crepuit sonum:
Me truncus illapsus cerebro
Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum

Dextrâ levasset, Mercurialium
Custos virorum. Reddere victimas,
Ædemque votivam memento:
Nos humilem feremus agnam.

ODE XVIII.

Se in re tenui, suâ tamen sorte contentum vivere: at alios nullum ædificandi, nullum quærendi, nullum rapiendi modum facere, nihil de morte cogitantes.

NON ebur, neque aureum
Meâ renidet in domo lacunar:
Non trabes Hymettiæ
Premunt columnas ultimâ recisas
Africâ: neque Attali
Ignotus hæres regiam occupavi:
Nec Laconicas mihi
Trahunt honestæ purpuras clientæ.
At fides, & ingeni
Benigna vena est; pauperémque dives

Whatever Star did at my Birth prevail,
Whether my Fate was weigh'd in *Libra*'s Scale,
Or Fatal *Scorpio*'s beams did ſhine;
Or *Capricorn*'s diſturbing rays,
Thoſe Tyrants of the Weſtern Seas,
'Tis ſtrange how much your Stars conſent with mine:

From *Saturn*'s fatal influence
Jove's milder rays were your Defence,
He clog'd the wings of haſty Death;
When thrice, with an auſpicious Voice,
The States of *Rome* proclaim'd their Joys,
And with their own ſupply'd your fading Breath:

My Head had felt a falling Oak,
But *Faunus* did divert the ſtroak;
Faunus, the Witts kind Guardian God,
The Shrine you vow'd the Gods prepare,
Let offer'd Bulls reward their Care:
For me a Lamb ſhall ſhed his meaner Blood.

ODE XVIII.

Againſt Covetouſneſs.

NOR Ivory, nor *Indian* Stuff,
Nor Gold adorns my gaudy Roof;
No Cedar Beams preſs coſtly Stone
From Quarries of the torrid Zone,
Where burning Rays the Marble mould,
And join the Maſs with flowing Gold:
Nor yet have I, an Heir unknown,
E'er ſeiz'd on *Attalus* his Throne;
No honeſt Clients hang my Rooms
With Purple ſtretcht on *Tyrian* Looms:
But yet I make a fair pretence
To Honeſty and Innocence,

Me petit: nihil supra
Deos lacesso, nec potentem amicum
Largiora flagito,
Satis beatus unicis Sabinis.
Truditur dies die,
Novaque pergunt interire Lunæ;
Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, & sepulchri
Immemor struis domos:
Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parùm locuples continente ripâ.
Quid, quòd usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos; & ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos
In sinu ferens Deos
Et uxor, & vir, sordidósque natos.
Nulla certior tamen
Rapacis Orci sede destinatâ
Aula divitem manet
Herum. Quid ultra tendis? aqua tellus
Ponperi recluditur,
Regúmque pueris: nec satelles Orci

And ſtore of Wit, and theſe compleat,
And make me ſought to by the Great:
This is my Wealth, This all my Store,
Content, I ask the Gods no more;
Nor my great Friends: O bounteous Fate,
How happy in my mean Eſtate!
Days puſh on Days with equal pace,
New Moons ſtill haſte to the Decreaſe,
But you, e'en whilſt the Bell doth toll,
And ſadly warn thy flying Soul,
Rich Stones provide, large Piles you rear,
Unmindful of your Sepulcher:
Thy Moles, and thy incroaching Mounds
Remove the Floods to ſtreighter bounds,
For greedy you would ſeem but poor
Confin'd by Nature's narrow Shore:
Nay more, you leap the ſacred Bounds,
And ſeize your meaner Clients Grounds;
No Fence too high, no Ditch too deep
For wealthy Injury to leap:
Expell'd by greedy Avarice,
The Wife with her dear Husband flies,
With all her Gods, (too weak defence
For poor and injur'd Innocence,
They ſuffer in the common harms)
And ſordid Infants in her Arms:
Yet after all this toil and heat,
This Fraud and Treachery to be great,
The laſt Retreat the Rich muſt have,
The laſt and ſureſt, is the Grave:
What wouldſt thou more? to Swains and Lords
An equal room juſt Earth affords,
Nor does ſhe take a Prince's Bones
With greater rev'rence than a Clown's:
Ne'er ſurly *Charon*, brib'd with Gold,
Brings back the Cunning or the Bold;

Callidum Promethea
Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum
Tantalum, atque Tantali
Genus coërcet: hic levare functum
Pauperem laboribus,
Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

ODE XIX.

IN BACCHUM.

Sibi licere *Bacchi* laudes, & ejus numinis, pleno & concitato pectore, canere.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, (credite posteri)
Nymphásque discentes, & aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

Evœ! recenti mens trepidat metu,
Plenóque Bacchi pectore turbidum
Latatur. Evœ! parce, Liber,
Parce, gravi metuende thyrso.

Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyadas,
Vinique fontem, lactis & uberes
Cantare rivos, atque truncis
Lapsa cavis iterare mella.

Fas & beatæ conjugis additum
Stellis honorem, tectáque Penthei
Disjecta non levi ruinâ,
Thracis & exitium Lycurgi.

Nor will he waft *Prometheus* o'er,
And land him on the living Shore:
Proud *Tantalus* and all his Line,
Tho' Kings, his laſting Chains confine;
And whether we his aid implore
Or not, he's ready ſtill to eaſe the Poor,
Free him from want, and place him on the happy Shore.

ODE XIX.

In Praiſe of Bacchus.

BORN out by an unuſual Rage
I ſaw (believe it future Age)
Where *Bacchus* taught the Nymphs a Song,
In diſtant Vales; from ev'ry Wood
With prickt-up Ears the Satyrs ſtood,
And ſmiling Fauns compos'd a liſt'ning Throng.

Evæ! new Fear diſturbs my Soul,
With troubled Joy my Paſſions roul,
Whilſt full of the impetuous God!
Evæ! ſpare, mighty *Liber*, ſpare,
Urge not the violent Rage too far:
Spare, *Liber*, dreadful with thy angry Rod:

Now boldly I can ſpeak thy Praiſe,
Rehearſe the ſtubborn *Thyades*,
Too fierce to bear the eaſie Yoke:
Thy ſtreams of Wine, thy milky Spring,
And in repeated Numbers Sing
Diſtilling Honey from the melting Oak:

Thy happy Bride's refulgent Hairs,
That grace the Skies with brighter Stars;
What Fate the impious *Theban* ſtrook,
How Aunt and Mother ſtrangely tore
The trampling Wolf, and rooting Bore;
And fierce *Lycurgus* falling by his hook:

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,
Tu, separatis uvidus in jugis,
Nodo coërces viperino
Bistonidum sine fraude crines.

Tu, cùm parentis regna per arduum
Cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
Rhœcum retorsisti leonis
Unguibus, horribilique malâ:

Quamquam choreis aptior & jocis,
Ludóque dictus, non satis idoneus
Pugnæ ferebaris: sed idem
Pacis eras mediúsque belli.

Te vidit insons Cerberus aureo
Cornu decorum, leniter atterens
Caudam, & recedentis trilingui
Ore pedes tetigitque crura.

ODE XX.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Famam suam æternam fore.

Non usitatâ, nec tenui ferar
Pennâ, biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates; neque in terris morabor
Longiùs, invidiâque major

Indus and *Ganges* own thy ſway,
And thee the barb'rous Seas obey;
You fluſh't o'er craggy Mountains lead,
O'er Hills and Dales, o'er Springs and Lakes,
The *Thracian* Rout, whilſt harmleſs Snakes
In innocent folds twine round each drunken Head.

When impious Giants climb'd on high,
And dar'd to ſtorm thy Father's Sky;
Thy ſingle Hand ſecur'd his Crown:
You, with a Lyon's dreadful Jaws
And frightful Nails, retriev'd the Cauſe,
Bold *Rhetus* quell'd, and ſav'd the falling Throne:

Tho' much more us'd to ſoft delight,
Unfit, unable for a Fight
You once were thought, and doom'd to eaſe:
Yet, when your Heat and Virtue roſe,
What fury ſeiz'd your haughty Foes?
How equally inclin'd to Wars and Peace?

When beauteous with your gawdy Horn
You did from Hell's black Shades return,
Thee *Cerberus* ſaw, and ſhow'd the Way;
He wag'd his tail, grew wond'rous kind,
He lickt thy feet, he fawn'd and whin'd;
Nor did one Grin an impious Rage betray.

ODE XX.

He promiſeth himſelf immortal Fame.

NO weak, no common Wing ſhall bear
My riſing Body thro' the Air;
Now chang'd I upward go;
I'll grovel here on Earth no more,
More high than Envy's ſelf can ſoar,
I leave Mortality and things below:

Urbes relinquam. Non ego pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas,
Dilecte Mæcenas, obibo,
Nec Stygiâ cohibebor undâ.

Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ
Pelles: & album mutor in alitem
Superne, nascuntúrque leves
Per digitos humerósque pluma.

Jam Dædalæo ocyor Icaro
Visam gementis littora Bosphori,
Syrtésque Getulas canorus
Ales, Hyperboreósque campos.

Me Colchus, & qui dissimulat metum
Marsa cohortis, Dacus, & ultimi
Noscent Geloni; me peritus
Discet Iber, Rhodanique potor.

Absint inani funere næniæ,
Luctúsque turpes, & querimoniæ:
Compesce clamorem, ac sepulchri
Mitte supervacuos honores.

Not me, not me, the meanly born,
Whom the proud Fools and haughty ſcorn,
Not me ſhall Death controul:
Not I, whom you I know not what,
Mæcenas, call, will yield to Fate:
Nor ſhall the *Stygian* Waves confine my Soul:

Rough Skin o'er both my Legs is ſpread,
And ſhining Feathers crown my Head;
Above I'm turn'd a Swan:
O'er both my Hands light Plumes do ſpring,
My Arm is chang'd into a Wing,
And now I move with greater ſpeed than Man:

On ſtronger, and on ſwifter Wing,
Than *Icarus* fled, I riſe and ſing;
A ſounding Bird I ſoar:
I'll ſee the diſtant Northern Pole,
I'll ſee the Southern Billows roul,
And ſpread my Wings o'er *Boſphorus* groaning Shore.

My Songs ſhall to the *Colchian* Ears,
And *German*, that conceals his fears
Of *Roman* Troops, be known:
The *Moors*, and in my numerous Verſe
The *Scythians* skill'd, ſhall Songs rehearſe:
The *Spaniard* too, and he that drinks the *Rhône*.

Mourn not, no friendly drops muſt fall,
No ſighs attend my Funeral,
Thoſe common Deaths may crave:
Let no diſgraceful Grief appear,
Nor damp my Glory with a Tear:
And ſpare the uſeleſs Honours of a Grave.

The End of the ſecond Book.

Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM LIBER III.

ODE I.

Non opibus aut honoribus, ſed animi tranquillitate vitam beatam effici.

ODI profanum vulgus, & arceo:
Favete linguis; carmina non priùs
Audita, Muſarum ſacerdos,
Virginibus, puerisque canto.

Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipſos imperium eſt Jovis,
Clari Giganteo triumpho,
Cuncta ſupercilio moventis.

Eſt ut viro vir latiùs ordinet
Arbuſta ſulcis; hic generoſior
Deſcendat in campum petitor;
Moribus hic meliórque famâ

ODES.

The Third Book.

ODE I.

Not Wealth or Honour, but Peace and Quietneſs makes a happy Life.

BEgon, begon, I hate ye all,
Both you great Vulgar, and you ſmall;
Nor Myſteries, Prophane, behold:
To Boys and Maids unſtain'd with Crimes
The Muſes Prieſt, in ſacred Rhimes,
Doth unknown Songs, and wondrous Truths unfold.

The awful Kings o'er Nations ſway,
Their Subjects tremble and obey;
The Kings themſelves are rul'd by *Jove*,
Who broke the Giants Pride, and won
Eternal ſafety to his Throne,
And by his pow'rful Nod doth all things move.

One Man doth larger Fields poſſeſs,
One ſtands more fair for Offices,
The drudging Darling of the Crowd;
Whilſt One his Manners, or his Friends,
Or his obſequious Train commends,
And One in Fame is greater, or in Blood:

Contendat: illi turba clientium
Sit major. Æquâ lege necessitas
Sortitur insignes, & imos:
Omne capax movet urna nomen.

Districtus ensis cui super impiâ
Cervice pendet, non Sicula dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem;
Non avium citharæque cantus

Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit, umbrosámque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.

Desiderantem quod satis est, neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
Nec sævus Arcturi cadentis
Impetus, aut orientis Hædi:

Non verberata grandine vineæ,
Fundúsque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt,

Yet equal Death doth ſtrike at all;
The haughty Great and humble Small,
She ſtrikes with an impartial Hand;
She ſhakes the vaſt capacious Urn,
And each Man's Lot muſt take its turn;
Thro' ev'ry Glaſs ſhe preſſes equal Sand:

Whilſt Swords hung o'er proud *Damocles*,
Not all the Tyrant's Sweets could pleaſe;
Not Muſicks Airs could calm his Breaſt:
The black remembrance of his Faults,
Still crowding back upon his Thoughts,
Diſturb'd and robb'd his troubled Soul of Reſt.

But humble Quiet ne'er flies o'er
The lowly Cottage of the Poor:
The pleaſing Shade and purling Streams
She loves to haunt, ſhe loves the Plains,
And cheers the Plough-man loos'd from Pains
With ſtill Security, and eaſy Dreams.

He that deſires but what's enough
Againſt the force of Fate is Proof:
Unſtain'd he lives, and pure from Sin:
Let violent Tempeſts break the Woods,
And angry Whirlwinds toſs the Floods;
He ſtill hath Quiet, and a Calm within:

Let Hail his rip'ning Olives beat,
Or let them ſhrink with too much heat,
His barren Field deceive his Hopes;
Or let his naked Trees complain
Of too much Drought, or too much Rain;
Or Froſt untimely nip his riſing Crops.

Now ſtill our ſtately Squares encreaſe,
The Fiſh will find their Ocean leſs;

Jactis in altum molibus: huc frequens
Cæmenta dimittit redemtor
Cum famulis, dominúsque terræ

Fastidiosus: sed timor, & minæ
Scandunt eòdem, quò dominus: neque
Decedit aratâ triremi, &
Post equitem sedet atra cura.

Quòd si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis,
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior
Delenit usus, nec Falerna
Vitis, Achæmeniúmque cóstum;

Cur invidendis postibus, & novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?
Cur valle permutem Sabinâ
Divitias operosiores?

ODE II.

Pueros ab ineunte ætate assuefaciendos esse paupertati, rei militari, vitæ laboriosæ.

ANgustam, amici, pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militiâ puer
Condiscat; & Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hastâ:

The Moles thrown in extend the Shore;
The Lord, grown weary of the Land,
Now builds upon the Ocean's Sand,
And ſcorns the Bounds that Nature fixt before:

But Fear, and melancholly Cares attend,
And where the Maſter climbs, aſcend;
They ſoon o'ertake his flying Mind:
Born on by the ſame nimble Gales,
They preſs the Poop where'e'er he ſails,
And when he rides black Care ſits cloſe behind.

Well then, ſince neither Gold, nor Gain,
Can Quiet bring, or Fears reſtrain;
Since Purple, bright as ſhining Stars,
Can ne'er diſpel our cloudy Cares;
Since all the Spices of the Eaſt
Can never calm our troubled Breaſt,
Why ſhould I madly toyl to raiſe
On envy'd Pillars Palaces?
Why ſpend my Time, and waſte my Health?
Why ſhould I ſtrive to change my Field,
And thoſe Delights my Farm can yield,
For larger Lands, and more diſturbing Wealth?

ODE II.

Youth muſt be bred in Wars and Want, and taught to be Religious.

LET vig'rous Boys be train'd to bear
The ſtreights of Poverty in War;
Be hardly bred, improve their Force,
And bravely gall the *Parthian* Horſe;
And let the *Perſians* tremble at his Spear:

Vitámque ſub dio, & trepidis agat
In rebus. Illum ex mœnibus hoſtilis
Matrona bellantis tyranni
Proſpiciens, & adulta virgo,

Suſpiret: Eheu! ne rudis agminum
Sponſus laceſſat regius aſperum
Tactu leonem, quem cruenta
Per medias rapit ira cædes.

Dulce & decorum eſt pro patriâ mori:
Mors & fugacem perſequitur virum,
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidóque tergo.

Virtus, repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ;
Cœtúſque vulgares, & udam
Spernit humum, fugiente pennâ.

Eſt & fideli tuta ſilentio
Merces; vetabo, qui Cereris ſacrum
Vulgarit arcanæ, ſub iiſdem
Sit trabibus, fragilémque mecum

Solvat

And let him live and lie abroad,
'Midſt Dangers, Slaughters, Fears, and Blood;
Be toſt with all the Storms of Fate,
And harden'd up to prop the State;
His Country ſave, and riſe into a God:

Him from their Walls, when fierce in War,
Let Tyrants Mothers view, and fear;
And let their Brides deſpairing ſigh,
Ah, may not my unskilful Spouſe
That furious Lion madly rouſe,
How fierce he drives, and how our Armies fly!

He nobly bleeds, he bravely dies,
That falls his Country's Sacrifice;
The flying Youth ſwift Fate o'ertakes,
It ſtrikes them thro' their trembling backs,
And runs too faſt for nimble Cowardice.

Virtue, unlearn'd to bear the baſe
And ſhameful baffle of Diſgrace,
Nor takes nor quits the tott'ring Throne,
As fickle Crowds ſhall ſmile or frown;
Nor from their wav'ring Breath receives the Place:

True Virtue, that unbars the Sky
To thoſe that are too brave to die,
Thro' wondrous Ways doth upward go,
Scorns the baſe Earth and Crowd below;
And with a ſoaring Wing ſtill mounts on high:

And juſt Rewards the Gods decree
For fair, obedient Piety;
Not He that ſcorns or ſcoffs his God,
Or blabs his Myſteries abroad,
Shall live in the ſame Houſe, or ſail with me:

Solvat phaſelum. Sæpe Dieſpiter
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum.
Rarò antecedentem ſcelestum
Deſeruit pede pœna claudo.

ODE III.

Virtute præditum virum nihil extimeſcere. Oratio *Junonis* de *Trojâ* everſâ, bello *Trojano* finito, imperio *Romano* à *Trojanis* initium capturo.

JUſtum, & tenacem propoſiti virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolidâ, neque Auſter,

Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Hâc arte Pollux, & vagus Hercules
Innixus, arces attigit igneas:
Quos inter Auguſtus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

Hâc te merentem, Bacche pater, tuæ
Vexere tigres, indocili jugum
Collo trahentes: hâc Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit;

Gratum elocutâ conſiliantibus
Junone Divis. Ilion, Ilion,
Fatalis inceſtuſque judex,
Et mulier peregrina vertit

In pulverem, ex quo deſtitnit Deos
Mercede pactâ Laomedon, mihi
Caſtæque damnatum Minervæ,
Cum populo, & duce fraudulento.

Oft *Jove* doth heedleſs Thunder throw,
And mix the Good and Bad below:
But lame Revenge ſtill ſtalks behind,
Do's ſlowly dog the guilty Mind,
And only ſtays to give the ſurer Blow.

ODE III.

The vertuous Man fears nothing. Juno's *Speech among the Gods, in behalf of the* Roman *Empire.*
[*By another Hand.*]

HE, who by Principle is ſway'd,
In Truth and Juſtice ſtill the ſame,
Is neither of the Croud afraid,
Thò civil Broils the State inflame;
Nor to a haughty Tyrant's Frown will ſtoop,
Nor to a raging Storm, when all the Winds are up.

Should Nature with Convulſions ſhake,
Struck with the fiery Bolts of *Jove*;
The final Doom, and dreadful Crack,
Cannot his conſtant Courage move:
By Arts like theſe, *Alcides* fam'd in Wars,
Was to the Gods advanc'd, and *Pollux* to the Stars.

With theſe *Auguſtus*, Heavenly Gueſt,
Sits down, and puts the Nectar round:
Theſe Arts brought *Bacchus* to the Feaſt,
By Tygers drawn, with Godhead crown'd;
Theſe rais'd *Quirinus* to the bleſt Abodes;
When *Juno* ſmiling thus beſpoke th' aſſembled Gods.

A foreign Dame and fooliſh Boy,
Who by falſe Judgment urg'd my Hate,
Conſpir'd to ruin wretched *Troy*,
And haſten'd its untimely Fate;
E'er ſince the Founder of that perjur'd Houſe
Deny'd the Gods their due, and broke his ſolemn Vows.

Jam nec Lacæna ſplendet adultera
Famoſus hoſpes; nec Priami domus
Perjura pugnaces Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit:

Noſtriſque ductum ſeditionibus
Bellum reſedit. Protinus & graves
Iras, & inviſum nepotem,
Troïca quem peperit ſacerdos,

Marti redonabo: illum ego lucidas
Inire ſedes, ducere nectaris
Succos, & adſcriti quietis
Ordinibus patiar Deorum.

Dum longus inter ſæviat Ilion
Romámque pontus; qualibet exſules
In parte regnanto beati,
Dum Priami Paridiſque buſto

Inſultet armentum, & catulos fera
Celent inulta; ſtet Capitolium
Fulgens, triumphatiſque poſſit
Roma ferox dare jura Medis.

Horrenda latè nomen in ultimas
Extendat oras; quà medius liquor
Secernit Europen ab Afro;
Quà tumidus rigat arva Nilus;

Aurum irrepertum, & ſic melius ſitum,
Cùm terra celat, ſpernere fortior,
Quàm cogere humanos in uſus,
Omne ſacrum rapiente dextrâ.

I to *Minerva* join'd my Pow'r,
To cruſh that vile deteſted Race;
Old *Priam's* Palace is no more,
And *Helen's* fair bewitching Face;
My Greeks are ſated with their *Phrygian* blood,
Thò *Hector's* Sword ſo long their conq'ring Arms withſtood.

Here all our mutual Quarrels ceaſe;
At length the ten years Toil is done;
Great *Mars* my Anger ſhall appeaſe,
And I accept his warlike Son:
Here let him with immortal Beings ſit, (Light.
With *Nectar* crown the Bowl, and grace the Realms of

Whilſt he enjoys eternal Eaſe,
And *Troy's* demoliſh'd Tow'rs
Are parted by the middle Seas
From fair *Italia's* Shores,
His exil'd Sons new Empires ſhall adorn,
So long as Flocks and Herds inſult old *Priam's* Urn.

There let the Cattle graze and breed,
Whilſt *Rome* her lofty Tow'rs ſhall crown
With Trophies from the vanquiſh'd *Mede*,
And give new Laws to Realms unknown;
Extend her Terrors and her Glory far,
And thro' the ſubject World her warlike Eagles bear.

Where the Globe's better half divides,
There let them unmoleſted reign,
Far as the *Middle Ocean* glides,
But ſtill from Sacrilege abſtain;
And leave to its firſt harmleſs Parent Earth
The bright bewitching Oar, nor give the Idol birth.

Quicunque mundi terminus obstitit,
Hunc tangat armis, visere gestiens
Quâ parte debacchentur ignes,
Quâ nebulæ, pluviisque rores.

Sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
Hâc lege dico, ne nimiùm pii,
Rebúsque fidentes, avitæ
Tecta velint reparare Trojæ.

Trojæ renascens alite lugubri
Fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
Ducente victrices catervas
Conjuge me Jovis, & sorore.

Ter si resurgat murus aheneus
Auctore Phœbo; ter pereat meis
Excisus Argivis, ter uxor
Capta virum puerósque ploret.

Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyræ:
Quò, Musa, tendis? desine pervicax
Referre sermones Deorum, &
Magna modis tenuare parvis.

ODE IV.

AD CALLIOPEN.

Se à multis periculis, Musarum ope, ereptum fuisse. Malè cessisse omnibus, qui adversum Deos aliquid moliri voluerint.

Descende cœlo, & dic, age, tibiâ,
Regina, longum, Calliope, melos;
Seu voce nunc mavis acutâ,
Seu fidibus, citharâve Phœbi.

Auditis? an me ludit amabilis
Insania? audire, & videor pios

Where Nature's utmoſt Limits end,
Let Fame diſplay their high Renown,
And to each Clime their Arms extend,
The frozen Iſles, and torrid Zone:
Whilſt *Troy* in deep eternal Ruins lies,
Let *Rome's* auſpicious State on her Foundations riſe.

'Tis on theſe Terms that Empire ſtands:
Should their ambitious forward Race,
With ſuperſtitious wicked Hands,
Rebuild that moſt deteſted Place,
Once more it ſhould be ſack'd, its Children bleed;
Whilſt I, the Wife of *Jove*, my conqu'ring *Grecians* lead.

Should *Phœbus*, with a brazen Wall,
Three times her haughty Tow'rs ſurround,
Troy ſhould three times unpity'd fall
By *Grecian* Arms, and kiſs the Grownd;
Three times the Matrons ſhould lament the Slain,
And thrice her captive Sons endure the Victor's Chain.

Stay, Muſe! For whither would you fly?
'Tis not for your leſs lofty wing
To reach *Jove's* firm Decrees, too high
For you, an humble Maid, to ſing:
Do not the Speeches of the Gods debaſe,
Nor ſink the mighty Theme with low unequal Lays.

ODE IV.

To the Muſes, acknowledging their Power and Kindneſs.

DEſcend, my Muſe, compoſe a long,
A pleaſing, and a grateful Song;
Or to the Pipe or ſounding Flute,
Or gently move *Apollo's* Lute:
D'ye hear? or airy Frenzy cheat
My Mind, well pleas'd with the Deceit?

Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos & aquæ subeunt, & auræ.

Me fabulosæ, Vulture in Appulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno,
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes

Texêre: mirum quod foret omnibus,
Quicunque celsæ nidum Acherontiæ,
Saltúsque Bantinos, & arvum
Pingue tenent humilis Ferenti;

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem, & ursis, ut premeret sacrâ
Lauróque, collatâque myrto,
Non sine Dîs animosus infans.

Vester, Camœnæ, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos; seu mihi frigidum
Præneste, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placuere Baiæ.

Vestris amicum fontibus, & choris,
Non me Philippis versa acies retro,
Devota non exstinxit arbor,
Nec Siculâ Palinurus undâ.

Utcunque mecum vos eritis; libens
Insanientem navita Bosphorum
Tentabo, & arentes arenas
Littoris Assyriî viator.

I ſeem to hear, I ſeem to move
And wander thro' the happy Grove,
Where ſmooth Springs flow, and murm'ring Breez
Do's wanton thro' the waving Trees:
In lofty *Vultur*'s riſing Grounds,
Without my Nurſe *Apulia*'s Bounds,
When young, and tir'd with Sport and Play,
And bound with pleaſing Sleep I lay,
Doves cover'd me with Myrtle Boughs,
And with ſoft Murmurs ſweeten'd my Repoſe:
A Wonder this, and ſtrange to all
That liv'd in fat *Ferenti*'s Vale;
High *Acherontia*, *Bantine* Groves
Admir'd the kindneſs of the Doves:
'Twas ſtrange that I, 'midſt thorny Brakes,
Secure from Bears and creeping Snakes,
Should lie ſo long; that Doves ſhould ſpread
The ſacred Laurel round my Head,
And I a Child be ſafe i'th' Woods,
The Care and Darling of the Gods:
Yours, Muſes, yours, I live your Care
On *Sabine* Hills, or cold *Præneſte*'s Air:
Or whether watry *Baïæ* pleaſe,
Or wanton *Tibur* lulls me into eaſe:
Becauſe your Springs, your Sport, and Grove
Are all the Objects of my Love;
When *Brutus* loſt *Philippi*'s Field,
I ſafely fled, and ſcorn'd my Shield,
'Twas Sin to guard or to defend,
By mortal Arms, the Muſes Friend:
By you, the proud *Sicilian* Rock
I brav'd, and ſcap'd the curſed Oak:
Whilſt you my feeble Ship ſhall guide,
I'll ſingly ſtem the proudeſt Tide;
I'll travel thro' the fartheſt Eaſt,
Where never mortal Foot hath preſt;

Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
Et lætum equino sanguine Concanum;
Visam pharetratos Gelonos,
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.

Vos Cæsarem altum, militiâ simul
Fessas cohortes abdidit oppidis,
Finire quærentem labores,
Pierio recreatis antro.

Vos lene consilium & datis, & dato
Gaudetis, almæ. Scimus, ut impios
Titanas, immanémque turmam
Fulmine sustulerit caduco,

Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
Ventosum, & urbes, regnáque tristia;
Divósque, mortalésque turbas
Imperio regit unus æquo.

Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Jovi
Fidens, juventus horrida, brachiis,
Fratrésque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

Sed quid Typhœus, & validus Mimas,
Aut quid minaci Porphyrion statu,
Quid Rhœtus, evulsisque truncis
Enceladus jaculator audax,

Contra sonantem Palladis Ægida
Possent ruentes? Hinc avidus stetit
Vulcanus: hinc matrona Juno, &
Numquam humeris positurus arcum,

Britain's inhoſpitable Flood,
Or *Thracians* drunk with Horſes Blood,
On *Scythian* Sands I'll boldly tread,
And ſtoutly ſee the quiver'd *Mede:*
When *Caeſar*, great as all our Hopes,
In Towns hath hid his weary Troops,
You cheer his Soul, you ſoften Cares,
And eaſe the harſh fatigue of Wars:
You, Kind, inſtruct him how to live,
Give good Advice, and joy to give:
We know, we know how mighty *Jove*
(Whoſe guiding Nod rules all above,
Who governs, with an equal Hand,
The raging Sea, and quiet Land;
Whoſe eaſy and almighty Sway
The Gods, and Ghoſts, and all obey;)
With Thunder ſtrook bold *Titans* down,
And beat their fury from his Throne;
We know how impious Giants fell
From climbing Heav'n to deepeſt Hell:
That horrid Troop, thoſe impious Bands,
Relying on their num'rous Hands,
Whilſt they on Mountains climb'd on high,
Spread no ſmall Terror thro' the Sky;
And ſhady *Pelion*, rais'd above
The high *Olympus*, frighted *Jove:*
But how could brawny *Mimas* riſe,
How large *Porphyrion's* frightful ſize
Againſt the Thunder of the Skies?
How bold *Typhaus* aim a Stroak,
How impious *Encel* dart his Oak?
Too weak their Force, and ſoon repell'd
By Virgin *Pallas* ſounding Shield:
Here *Vulcan* fought, a greedy God,
On that ſide Matron *Juno* ſtood;
And *Phœbus* there, a dreadful Foe,
Still arm'd with an unerring Bow:

Qui rore puro Caſtaliæ lavit
Crines ſolutos, qui Lycia tenet
Dumeta, natalémque ſilvam,
Delius & Patareus Apollo.

Vis conſilî expers mole ruit ſuâ:
Vim temperatam Dî quoque provehunt
In majus: iidem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes.

Teſtis mearum centimanus Gyas
Sententiarum notus, & integræ
Tentator Orion Dianæ,
Virgineâ domitus ſagittâ.

Injecta monſtris Terra dolet ſuis;
Mœrêtque partus fulmine luridum
Miſſos ad Orcum: nec peredit
Impoſitam celer ignis Ætnam;

Incontinentis nec Tityi jecur
Relinquit ales, nequitiæ additus
Cuſtos: amatorem trecenta
Pirithoum cohibent catenæ.

Who loves to haunt the *Lycian* Woods,
And in the pure *Caſtalian* Floods
Waſh his looſe Locks; who Songs inſpires,
And fills his Prieſts with pleaſing Fires,
On *Patara* and *Delos* Fame
Beſtows, and takes from both a Name.

Raſh Force by its own weight muſt fall,
But pious Strength will ſtill prevail;
For ſuch the Gods aſſiſt, and bleſs,
But hate a mighty Wickedneſs.
Proud *Gyges* proves this fatal Truth,
And hot *Orion*'s lawleſs Youth,
E'en Virgin *Pallas* ſcarce could ſcape
The luſtful fury of a Rape;
'Till her Bow reach'd him, whilſt he ſtrove,
With fiercer Darts than thoſe of Love:
The Earth, on her own Monſter thrown,
Now mourns the ruin of her Son,
She grieves that her proud Children fell,
By Thunder ſtrook, to deepeſt Hell:
Nor do hot *Ætna*'s Flames decay,
Yet cannot eat the Load away:
Hot *Tytius* Liver Vultures tear,
They watch as ſoon as Parts appear,
And ſeize them ſtreight; the Doom was juſt,
He's puniſht in the Seat of Luſt;
Wrath waits on Sin, three hundred Chains
Pirithoüs bind in endleſs Pains.

ODE V.

AUGUSTI LAUDES.

Reguli constantia, & ad *Pœnos* reditus.

Cœlo tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare: præsens Divus habebitur
Augustus, adjectis Britannis
Imperio, gravibúsque Persis.

Milésne Crassi conjuge barbarâ
Turpis maritus vixit? & hostium
(Proh Curia, inversique mores!)
Consenuit socerorum in armis,

Sub rege Medo Marsus, & Apulus,
Anciliorum, nominis, & togæ
Oblitus, æternæque Vestæ,
Incolumi Jove, & urbe Roma?

Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli,
Dissentientis conditionibus
Fœdis, & exemplo trahenti
Perniciem veniens in ævum,

Si non periret immiserabilis
Captiva pubes. Signa ego Punicis
Affixa delubris, & arma
Militibus sine cæde, dixit,

Derepta vidi: vidi ego civium
Retorta tergo brachia libero,

ODE V. *To* Augustus.

Praiſing him for enlarging their Empire, and diſcommending Craſſus's *Soldiers, which draws on the Story of* Regulus.

HIS Thund'ring proves that mighty *Jove*,
With wondrous Force, rules all above;
And now as mighty Actions ſhow
That *Cæſar* is a God below;
O'er *Britiſh* Shores our Empire's ſpread,
Our Arms have reacht the haughty *Mede:*
Could *Craſſus* Soldiers lead their Lives,
So meanly yoakt to barb'rous Wives?
Could they grow old (degenerate Race,
Inverted Souls, and *Rome*'s Diſgrace!)
In Hoſtile Arms, the *Mede* obey,
And fight for a Barbarian's Pay?
Forget their Rites, their Name, and Blood,
Whilſt *Jove* was ſafe, and *Rome* yet ſtood?
Wiſe *Regulus* did this prevent,
He ſcorn'd baſe Terms that *Carthage* ſent,
Nor would he e'er, by his Advice,
Tempt future Age to Cowardice:
He knew that Virtue's Crowns would fade,
Unleſs the Captive Youth were made
Unpitty'd Preys to barb'rous Foes,
And bore the Slavery they choſe.
I ſaw, ſaid He, our Eagles ſhine,
And baſely fill a Punick Shrine,
With hanging wings our Fears upbraid,
By which they were ſo ſoon betray'd:
I ſaw how coward Armies ſtood,
And yield without a drop of blood;
I ſaw when they their Arms reſign'd,
Their ſlaviſh hands drawn back behind;

Portásque non clausas, & arva
Marte coli populatu nostro.

Auro repensus scilicet acrior
Miles redibit? flagitio additis
Damnum: neque amissos colores
Lana refert medicata fuco;

Nec vera virtus, cùm semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.
Si pugnat extricata densis
Cerva plagis, erit ille fortis,

Qui perfidis se credidit hostibus:
Et Marte Pœnos proteret altero,
Qui lora restrictis lacertis
Sensit iners, timuitque mortem.

Hic, unde vitam sumeret inscius,
Pacem duello miscuit. O pudor!
O magna Carthago, probrosis
Altior Italiæ ruinis!

Fertur pudicæ conjugis osculum,
Parvósque natos, ut capitis minor,
Ab se removisse, & virilem
Torvus humi posuisse vultum;

Donec labantes consilio Patres
Firmaret auctor nunquam aliàs dato;

I ſaw our Free-men bound led home,
Bound conquer'd Citizens of *Rome*,
Their Gates unbar'd, they plough'd the Soil
Which *Roman* Troops did lately ſpoil:
Redeem'd perhaps, more free from fear,
More fierce they ſhall return to War,
More bold, more careful of their Fame;
You add new loſſes to your ſhame:
Wool once infected with a ſtain
Ne'er takes it's native White again:
And when true Virtue falls, it lies,
Preſt down, and never cares to riſe:
If trembling Does, when freed from Snares,
Will fight, then He'll forget his Fears;
Then He'll be ſtout, who baſely choſe
To truſt the Treachery of his Foes:
He, he, no doubt, will brave appear,
And beat them in another War,
Whoſe Arms could tamely bear the Cords
And Whips of domineering Lords,
Who ſold his precious Liberty
For meaner Life, and fear'd to die:
Reſolv'd for Life, he did not know
To which he ſhould his Safety owe,
His *Roman* Courage or his Fear,
And mixt diſhoneſt Peace and War;
Oh ſhame! Great *Carthage!* rais'd more high
On the Diſgrace of *Italy!*
His Wife's chaſt Kiſs, his pratling Boys,
The former Partners of his Joys,
Now grown a Slave, thrown down by Fate,
And leſſen'd from his former State,
He ſhun'd; with manly Modeſty
On Earth he caſt his ſtubborn Eye,
Whilſt thus, by ſtrange Advice, he fought,
And fix'd the wav'ring Senate's Vote;

Intérque mœrentes amicos
Egregius properaret exsul.

Atqui sciebat, quæ sibi barbarus
Tortor pararet: non aliter tamen
Dimovit obstantes propinquos,
Et populum reditus morantem,

Quàm si clientum longa negotia
Dijudicatâ lite relinqueret;
Tendens Venafranos in agros,
Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum.

ODE VI.

AD ROMANOS.

Corruptos suæ ætatis mores insectatur.

DElicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris
Ædesque labentes Deorum, &
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo.

Dis te minorem quòd geris, imperas:
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum;
Dî multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiæ mala luctuosa.

Jam bis Monæses, & Pacori manus
Non auspicatos contudit impetus
Nostros, & adjecisse prædam
Torquibus exiguis renidet.

Penè occupatam seditionibus
Delevit urbem Dacus, & Æthiops;
Hic classe formidatus, ille
Missilibus melior sagittis.

Fœcunda culpæ sæcula nuptias
Primùm inquinavere, & genus, & domos:

Then thro' his weeping Friends he ran
In haſte, a glorious baniſh'd Man:
What Cords and Wheels, what Racks and Chains,
What lingring Tortures for his Pains
The Barbarous Hangmen made, he knew;
And heightning Fame told more than true:
Yet he his Wife and Boys remov'd,
His hindring Friends, and all he lov'd,
And thro' the Crowd he made his way,
That wept, and beg'd a longer Stay;
As free, as if when Term was done,
And Suits at end, he left the Town,
Or did from Buſineſs and from Cares retreat
To the cool Pleaſures of a Country-Seat.

ODE VI. *To the* Romans.

He inveigh's againſt the corrupt manners of his Age.

[*By another Hand.*]

UNhappy *Romans!* doom'd to bear
The load of your Forefathers Guilt;
Till, by your Piety and Care,
Our Shrines and Temples are rebuilt:
You reign by bowing to the Gods Commands;
From this your State aroſe, on this your Glory ſtands.

Your impious Land already wears
The marks of Vengeance from on high,
Feels the yet ſmarting *Parthian* ſcars,
And bluſhes with ignoble dye;
When from *Monaſes'* Arms your Squadrons fled,
And *Rome's* collected Spoils adorn'd the Victor's Head.

The *Dacian* and the Sunny *Moor*,
By Sea and Land, their Forces bent,
At once to ſink the *Roman* Pow'r,
When Civil Rage the Empire rent;
When, like a Deluge, Vice triumphant reign'd,
And a degen'rate Race the Marriage-Rites prophan'd.

Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populúmque fluxit.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, & fingitur artibus;
Jam nunc & inceſtos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

Mox juniores quærit adulteros
Inter mariti vina: neque eligit
Cui donet impermiſſa raptim
Gaudia, luminibus remotis:

Sed juſſa coram non ſine conſcio
Surgit marito; ſeu vocat inſtitor,
Seu navis Hiſpanæ magiſter,
Dedecorum pretioſus emtor.

Non his juventus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor ſanguine Punico:
Pyrrhúmque, & ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Annibalémque dirum:

Sed ruſticorum maſcula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Verſare glebas, & ſeveræ
Matris ad arbitrium reciſos

Portare fuſtes; Sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras, & juga demeret
Bobus fatigatis, amicum
Tempus agens abeunte curru.

Damnoſa quid non imminuit dies?
Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem.

Hence the Contagion firſt began,
And reach'd our Blood, and ſtain'd our Race:
The blooming Virgin, ripe for Man,
A thouſand Wanton airs diſplays;
Train'd to the Dance her well-taught limbs ſhe moves,
And ſates her wiſhing Soul with looſe inceſtuous Loves.

The Bride her luſtful Rake invites,
Before her Husband's face to toy;
She ſtays not for his drunken fits,
Nor in a corner taſtes the joy;
But in her Cuckold's preſence ſells her charms,
And graſps the Merchant's Gold, or meets the Captain's arms.

'Twas not from ſuch a motly brood
Thoſe better braver *Romans* came,
Who dy'd the *Punick* Seas with blood,
And rais'd ſo high their Country's fame;
By whom *Antiochus* and *Pyrrhus* dy'd,
And *Hannibal* was tam'd, and *Carthage* loſt her pride.

But hardy Youths innur'd to toil,
Or fell the Wood, or till the Land,
Or turn with heavy Spades the Soil,
By a dread Mother's juſt command,
Nor ceas'd their work, 'till down the azure way
Sol rowl'd his beamy Car, and ſhut the chearful day.

Time alters all things in his pace,
Each Century new Vices owns;
Our Fathers bore an impious Race,
And we ſhall have more wicked Sons:
Impiety ſtill gathers in its courſe:
The preſent Times are bad, the future will be woſſe.

ODE VII.

AD ASTERIEN.

Consolatur eam de viri sui absentiâ mœstam, ac sollicitam.

Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
Primo restituent vere Favonii,
Thynâ merce beatum,
Constantis juvenem fide

Gygen? ille Notis actum ad Oricum
Post insana Capræ sidera, frigidas
Noctes, non sine multis
Insomnis lacrimis, agit.

Atqui sollicitæ nuntius hospitæ,
Suspirare Chloën, & miseram tuis
Dicens ignibus uri,
Tentat mille vafer modis.

Ut Prætum mulier perfida credulum
Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis
Casto Bellerophonti
Maturare necem, refert.

ODE VII. *To* Asteria.

He tells her that her abſent Husband is conſtant, and adviſeth her to have a care of her ſolliciting Neighbour.

AND why does fair *Aſteria* mourn?
And why deſpair of his Return?
The firſt Spring Winds ſhall thy dear Love reſtore,
Soft Gales ſhall waft the charming Youth,
Of conſtant and unſhaken Truth,
With wealthy Lading to the *Roman* Shore:

He's driven to a diſtant Coaſt,
Whilſt Winter binds the Floods with Froſt;
Sleep grows a ſtranger to his eyes:
He mourns in melancholly Creeks,
Whilſt falling Tears freez on his cheeks,
And lengthens out the lingring night with ſighs;

While ſome from *Chloë* ſtrive to move
And draw him to another Love;
They tell the fury of her Flame;
They tell how melted in thy Fires
The miſerable Maid expires,
And uſe all arts that treacherous Wit can frame:

They tell how *Phædra*'s treach'rous tears
Did urge believing *Prætus* fears,
And with what luſtful heat ſhe ſtrove;
What Crimes ſhe feign'd to haſten on
The Death of chaſt *Bellerophon*,
And take ſharp Vengeance for her ſlighted Love:

Narrat penè datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magneſſam Hippolyten dum fugit abſtinens:
Et peccare docentes
Fallax hiſtorias monet.

Fruſtra: nam ſcopulis ſurdior Icari
Voces audit adhuc integer. at, tibi
Ne vicinus Enipeus
Plus juſto placeat, cave:

Quamvis non alius flectere equum ſciens
Æquè conſpicitur gramine Martio;
Nec quiſquam citus æquè
Tuſco denatat alveo.

Prima nocte domum claude: neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ deſpice tibiæ:
Et te ſæpe vocanti
Duram, difficilis mane.

ODE VIII.

AD C. MÆCENATEM.

Cur Kalendis *Martiis*, cùm uxorem non habeat, nihilominus ſacrificet, & epuletur tamen.

Martiis cælebs quid agam Calendis,
Quid velint flores, & acerra thuris

Plena,

How near chaſt *Peleus* reacht his Fate,
And felt the force of Woman's hate,
Whilſt from *Hyppolite* he fled;
A thouſand Tales, thoſe Bawds to Vice,
They ſtill force on him, to entice
Or fright him to deſpairing *Chloë*'s Bed:

In vain, in vain, he hears no more
Than Rocks, when Winds and Waters roar;
Nor owns the conqueſt of her Eyes:
But, Fair, take heed, and guard your Heart,
And let not fond *Eunipe*'s Art
Steal in, and your unguarded Soul ſurprize.

Tho' none, with equal manly force,
In *Mars* his Field can guide his Horſe;
Tho' none appears ſo brave in Arms;
Tho' none with equal Art divides
The headlong force of *Tiber*'s Tides,
Yet ſcorn the winning beauty of his Charms:

Shut all your Doors at Evening's Shade,
Nor, when you hear a Serenade,
Look down with a regarding Eye:
Although he vows, and mourns his Pains,
And calls thee cruel, and complains;
Be cruel ſtill, and more and more deny.

ODE VIII. *To* Mæcenas.

Whom he invites to an Entertainment, which he made for joy of his deliverance from the falling Tree.

WHAT I, a Batchelor, intend,
My learned Lord, and noble Friend,

Plena, miraris, positisque carbo in
Cespite vivo,

Docte sermones utriusque linguæ:
Voveram dulces epulas, & album
Libero caprum, prope funeratus
Arboris ictu.

Hic dies, anno redeunte, festus
Corticem astrictum pice dimovebit
Amphoræ, fumum bibere institutæ
Consule Tullo.

Sume, Mæcenas, cyathos amici
Sospitis centum; & vigiles lucernas
Perfer in lucem: procul omnis esto
Clamor, & ira.

Mitte civiles super urbe curas:
Occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen;
Medus, infestus sibi, luctuosis
Dissidet armis;

Servit Hispaniæ vetus hostis oræ
Cantaber, serâ domitus catenâ;
Jam Scythæ laxo meditantur arcu
Cedere campis.

Negligens, ne quâ populus laboret,
Parce privatus nimiùm cavere:
Dona præsentis rape lætus horæ, &
Linque severa.

In *Mars* his Calends you admire;
What mean thoſe Flowers that crown my Head,
The Coals on green-turf Altars laid,
Where in ſmall Cenſers thankful Sweets expire:

To *Bacchus* pleaſing Feaſts I vow'd,
And a white Goat's attoning blood,
When I had ſcap'd the falling Oak:
This day, as Years run round, a Feaſt
Shall pierce my Casks; and claim the beſt,
That long ſtor'd up hath drank digeſting Smoak:

Drink, drink, let num'rous Cups extend
The Life of thy deliver'd Friend,
Cups large as thy extenſive Joys:
Let watching Tapers chaſe the Night,
Till riſing Morn reſtore the Light;
Let Mirth attend, and baniſh Strife and Noiſe.

Forget, forget thy publick Cares,
And take no thought for State-Affairs,
We hear the *German* Troops o'erthrown;
The *Medes* now hate their former Lords,
They fight, nor yet expect our Swords;
But ſadly conquer for us with their own:

Our ancient Foe, the Pride of *Spain*,
The fierce *Cantabrian* takes the Chain,
Tho' late, at laſt he's forc'd to yield:
The *Parthians* fly, the *Scythians* now
Their Arrows break, unſtring their Bow,
And are reſolv'd to quit the fatal Field:

Neglect the various turns of State,
The ſports of Chance, or nods of Fate,
Grown private watch not o'er Affairs;
But ſmile, and eagerly receive
The Goods the preſent time can give;
And leave behind the grave fatigue of Cares.

ODE IX.

Dialogus *Horatii & Lydia.*

Horatius.

DOnec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candida
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

Lydia.

Donec non aliâ magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën;
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Ilîâ.

Horatius.

Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, & citharæ sciens:
Pro quâ non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

Lydia.

Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calaïs filius Ornithi:
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

Horatius.

Quid, si prisca redit Venus,
Diductósque jugo cogit aheneo?

ODE IX.

A Dialogue between Horace *and* Lydia.

[*By Mr.* Duke.]

WHilſt I was welcome to your Heart,
In which no happier Youth had part,
And full of more prevailing Charms
Threw round your Neck his dearer Arms;
I flouriſh'd richer, and more bleſt
Than the great Monarch of the Eaſt.

Lydia.

Whilſt all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloè* yield,
Lydia the celebrated Name,
The only Theme of Verſe and Fame,
I flouriſh'd more than ſhe renown'd,
Whoſe Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

Horace.

Me *Chloè* now, whom ev'ry Muſe
And ev'ry Grace adorn, ſubdues;
For whom I'd gladly die, to ſave
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

Lydia.

Me lovely *Calaïs* doth fire
With mutual flames of fierce deſire,
For whom I twice would die, to ſave
His Youth more precious from the Grave.

Horace.

What, if our former Loves return,
And our firſt Fires again ſhould burn,

Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectaque patet janua Lydiæ?

Lydia.

Quamquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice, & improbo
Iracundior Adriâ,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

ODE X.

AD LYCEN.

Ut positâ duritie, aliqua ipsius misericordia capiatur.

EXtremum Tanaïm si biberes, Lyce,
Sævo nupta viro, me tamen asperas
Porrectum ante fores objicere incolis
Plorares Aquilonibus.

Audis quo strepitu janua, quo nemus
Inter pulchra situm tecta remugiat
Ventis, & positas ut glaciet nives
Puro numine Jupiter?

Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam:
Ne currente retro funis eat rotâ.
Non te Penelopen difficilem procis
Tyrrhenus genuit parens.

O, quamvis neque te munera, nec preces,
Nec tinctus viola pallor amantium,

If *Chloë*'s baniſh'd, to make way
For the forſaken *Lydia*?

Lydia.

Tho' he is ſhining as a Star,
Conſtant, and kind as he is fair;
Though light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would live, would die with thee.

ODE X.

He tells Lyce *that perhaps he ſhall not always be able to endure her Scorn.*

DID *Lyce* drink cold *Tanaïs* Flood,
A *Scythian*'s Bride that fed on blood,
Yet would you grieve to ſee the kind,
The conſtant *Horace* graſp the Floor,
Extended by thy cruel Door,
Expos'd to th' fury of the native Wind.

Doſt hear what Tempeſts beat thy Gate?
How all ruſh on as arm'd with Fate?
And how thy pleaſing Groves are toſt?
With what ſevere and piercing Light
The Moon and Stars now gild the Night,
And glaze the ſcatter'd Snow with hoary Froſt?

Thy haughty Pride and Scorn remove,
Ingrate, and Enemy to Love;
My paſſions Tide may ebb again:
No *Scythian* Mother brought thee forth,
And harden'd by the freezing North,
That ardent Lovers thus ſhould burn in vain.

If all my Prayers and Gifts are weak,
Nor violet Paleneſs of my Cheek,

Nec vir Pieriâ pellice ſanctius
Curvat; ſupplicibus tuis

Parcas, nec rigidâ mollior æſculo,
Nec Mauris animum mitior anguibus.
Non hoc ſemper erit limpidis, aut aquæ
Cœleſtis patiens latus.

ODE XI.

AD MERCURIUM.

Ut cantus ſibi dictet, quibus *Lyde* flecti poſſit. *Danaïdum* fabula.

MErcuri, nam te docilis magiſtro
Movit Amphion lapides, canendo:
Tuque Teſtudo, reſonare ſeptem
Callida nervis;

Nec loquax olim, neque grata, nunc &
Divitum menſis, & amica templis,
Dic modos, Lyde quibus obſtinatas
Applicet aures.

Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exſultim, metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers, & adhuc proterva
Cruda marito.

Tu potes tigres comitéſque ſilvas
Ducere, & rivos celeres morari.
Ceſſit immanis tibi blandienti
Janitor aulæ

Cerberus, quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus, atque
Spiritus teter, ſaniéſque manet
Ore trilingui.

The Lover's Livery, can move;
If that thy Husband ſcorns thy Charms,
And takes a Songſtreſs to his Arms,
Can ne'er provoke thee to my firmer Love;

O ſtiff as Oaks to warm Deſire,
Too hard to burn in my ſoft Fire,
As fierce as Snakes on *Lybian* Shore;
Tho' now my patient Side can bear
Thy Door, the Rain, and piercing Air,
Yet time may come when 'twill endure no more.

ODE XI.

To Mercury, *and his Shell, whom he deſires to move* Lyde, *and tells the Story of* Danaus's *Daughters.*

SWeet *Mercury* (for taught by you
The liſt'ning Stones *Amphion* drew)
And pleaſing *Shell*, well skill'd to raiſe
From ſeven ſtretch'd Strings the ſweeteſt Lays;
Once mute, but now a Friend to Feaſts,
To cheer the Gods, and Rich-mens Gueſts,
Play Tunes, as may provoke to hear
Ev'n *Lyde's* coy denying Ear.
She, like a Colt, friſks o'er the Plain,
A Rider hates, nor takes the Rein;
Unable yet to bear the Force
And ſtrength of the obliging Horſe:
You Tigers, you the liſtning Woods
Can draw, and ſtop the rapid Floods;
Ev'n *Cerberus* thy Force confeſt,
Well-pleas'd he lay, and lull'd in Reſt;
Tho' thouſand hiſſing Serpents ſpread
And guard around his horrid Head,
And Gore foam'd round his tripple Tongue,
He gently liſten'd to thy Song:

Quin & Ixion, Tityósque, vultu
Risit invito; stetit urna paulùm
Sicca, dum grato Danaï puellas
Carmine mulces.

Audiat Lyde scelus, atque notas
Virginum pœnas, & inane lymphæ
Dolium fundo pereuntis imo,
Seráque fata,

Quæ manent culpas etiam sub Orco.
Impiæ, nam quid potuere majus?
Impiæ sponsos potuêre dauro
Perdere ferro!

Una de multis, face nuptiali
Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem
Splendidè mendax, & in omne virgo
Nobilis ævum:

Surge, quæ dixit juveni marito;
Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
Non times, detur: socerum, & scelestas
Falle sorores:

Quæ, velut nactæ vitulos leænæ,
Singulos, eheu! lacerant: ego illis
Mollior, nec te feriam, nec intra
Clausira tenebo.

Me pater sævis oneret catenis,
Quòd viro clemens misero peperci:
Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
Classe releget.

I, pedes quò te rapiunt, & auræ,
Dum favet nox, & Venus: i secundo

Ixion, *Tytius* heard below,
And ſmil'd but with a gloomy Brow:
The leaky Tub a while was dry,
And *Danaus* Race ſtood idle by,
Whilſt thy harmonious Tunes did pleaſe,
They ſmil'd at their unuſual Eaſe;
Begin ſweet Lays, let *Lyde* hear
What Crimes they did, what Pains they bear.
Tell how their Tub can nought retain,
But ſtill gives ſpace for idle Pain;
How Vengeance comes, tho' moving ſlow,
And ſtrikes the guilty Souls below:
They could (could Hell contrive a blacker Deed!)
Their Husbands ſtab, and ſmile to ſee them bleed:
But one more worthy of the Name of Wife,
The hopes and end of every Virgin's Life,
Her perjur'd Father bravely diſobey'd,
And lives thro' future Age a glorious Maid:
With Love and Pity in her Look,
She wak'd her Spouſe, and thus ſhe ſpoke,
Fly, fly, leſt Fate ſhould ſeize thy breath,
And Sleep be lengthned into Death:
Fly, fly, thy unexpected Fate,
My Siſters Rage, and Father's Hate,
Like Lioneſſes on a Steer
They grin, and tear, ah me! they tear:
More tender I'll not ſtrike the Blow,
Nor keep thee for a fiercer Foe:
Me let my Father load with Chains,
Join Wit and Cruelty in Pains:
Me let him ſend to *Lybian* Shores,
'Midſt poyſ'nous Snakes, and ſwarthy *Moors*,
For ſaving you, I'd gladly bear,
Nor ſhow I'm Woman by a Tear;
Fly, fly, dear Partner of my Bed,
Whilſt Night can hide, and *Venus* lead,

Omine, & noſtri memorem ſepulchro
Sculpe querelam.

ODE XII.

AD NEOBULEN.

Eam *Hebri* adoleſcentis amore captam inertiæ ſe & deſidiæ dediſſe.

Miſerarum eſt, neque amori dare ludum,
Neque dulci mala vino lavere, aut exanimari metuentes patruæ verbera linguæ.

Tibi qualum Cytherea puer ales,
Tibi telas, operoſaque Minerva
Studium aufert, Neobule, Liparæi nitor Hebri.

Equet ipſo melior Bellerophonte,
Neque pugno, neque ſegni pede victus,
Simul unctos Tiberinis humeros lavit in undis:

Catus idem per apertum fugientes
Agitato grege cervos jaculari, &
Celer alto latitantem fruticeto excipere aprum.

Fly, fly, let happy Omens wait,
And guide thee ſafe thro' gloomy Fate;
Remember me, and o'er my Grave
Write this in a complaining Epitaph.

ODE XII.

He congratulates Neobule's *Happineſs, who lov'd a deſerving Man.*

'TIS hard to be deny'd to prove
The ſoft Delights of pleaſing Love;
'Tis hard to be deny'd to play,
And with ſweet Wines waſh Cares away;
Still to be toſt with doubting Fear,
Leſt angry Friends ſhould prove ſevere,
And with ſharp Chidings wound our Ear.
Young wanton *Cupid*'s Darts and Bow
Have forc'd thy Spindle from thee now,
Thy Wool, and all *Minerva*'s Toils
Are charming *Hebre*'s Beauties Spoils;
He lives thy Mind's continual Theme,
And you can think on nought but him;
Hebre, a Youth of Manly force,
None ſits ſo well the manag'd Horſe;
Bellerophon would ſtrive in vain
To guide with ſo gentile a Rein:
In all he ſhows a manly Grace,
In Cuffing ſtout, and ſwift in Race,
When his oil'd Arms have cut the Flood
In ſwimming ſtrong; he takes the Wood,
Thro' Plains purſues the flying Doe,
And ſhoots with an unerring Bow;
Or elſe for Boars his Toils he ſets,
And takes them foaming in his Nets.

ODE XIII.

AD FONTEM BLANDUSIAM.

Commendat ejus amœnitatem.

O Fons Blandusiæ, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus,
Cras donaberis hœdo,
Cui frons turgida cornibus

Primis, & Venerem & prælia destinat
Frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi
Rubro sanguine rivos
Lascivi soboles gregis.

Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ
Nescit tangere: tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes, & pecori vago.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.

ODE XIII.

To his pleaſant Fountains.

Blunduſia's Spring, more clear than Glaſs,
That bubbles thro' the riſing Graſs:
Thee Wine ſhould ſweeten, Crowns adorn,
But now a wanton Ridgling dies
A pious humble Sacrifice,
His flowing blood ſhall paint the riſing Morn:

With budding Horns he dares to fight;
His Fury haſtens to Delight;
Courage with Love together grows
In vain, in vain; his wanton Blood
Shall ſurely ſtain thy cooler Flood,
And pay the mighty Debt his Maſter owes:

The furious Dog-Star's burning Beams
In vain attempt thy living Streams,
In vain they ſtrike thy ſacred Deep;
You yield delightful liquid Snow
To Oxen wearied with the Plow,
And cool the thirſty Heat of wandring Sheep:

You rank'd ſhall be 'midſt noble Springs,
And high in Fame, while *Horace* ſings,
The ſhady *Beech* that riſing grows
Where, by great *Neptune*'s Trident ſtrook,
A Paſſage opens thro' the Rock,
And whence thy prattling Stream of water flows.

ODE XIV.

Cæsaris victoriam canit, eamque sacrificiis & festis dapibus prosequi hortatur.

Herculis ritu modò dictus, ô plebs,
Morte venalem petiisse laurum,
Cæsar Hispanâ repetit Penates
Victor ab orâ.

Unico gaudens mulier marito
Prodeat, justis operata Divis;
Et soror clari ducis, & decoræ
Supplice vittâ

Virginum matres, juvenúmque nuper
Sospitum. Vos, ô pueri, & puellæ
Jam virum expertæ, malè nominatis
Parcite verbis.

Hic dies, verè mihi festus, atras
Eximet curas: ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæsare terras.

I, pete unguentum, puer, & coronas,
Et cadum Marsi memorem duelli;
Spartacum si quâ potuit vagantem
Fallere testâ.

Dic & arguta properet Neæræ
Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem:
Si per invisum mora janitorem
Fiet, abito.

Lenit albescens animos capillus,
Litium, & rixæ cupidos proterva.

ODE XIV.

He resolves to be merry at Cæsar's *Return.*

CÆsar, who like *Alcides*, *Rome*,
Did march to bring the Laurel home,
Bought with his Death, from distant *Spain*
Is now return'd in Peace again:

Let *Cæsar's* Queen, with One content,
With pious thanks just Gods present;
His Sister too, as bright in Charms,
And great as *Cæsar* in his Arms:

And you, whose Sons kind Fates restore,
With humble Modesty adore;

Ye smiling Maids, ye Girls and Boys,
And you, that taste the Marriage Joys,
With Mirth salute our Conqu'ring Lord,
Nor drop one inauspicious Word.

This Day, to me a real Feast,
Black Cares shall banish from my Breast:
I'll fear no Tumults, fear no Pains,
Nor violent Death, whilst *Cæsar* Reigns:

Boy, bring me Oyl, and Crowns prepare,
And Wine that knew the *Marsian* War,
If any Cask could hidden lye
From wondring *Spartacus* his Eye:

Bid sweet *Neæra* spread her Charms,
And haste to fly into my Arms:
But, if the cursed Porter stay,
And ask thee Questions, come away:

Now snowy Time hath cool'd my Rage,
I am not eager to engage;

Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juventâ,

Consule Planco.

ODE XV.

AD CHLORIN, seu CHLORIDEN.

Ut saltem vetula, nequitiæ & libidini modum constituat.

UXor pauperis Ibici,
Tandem nequitiæ fige modum tuæ,
Famosisque laboribus.
Maturo propior desine funeri
Inter ludere virgines,
Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Non, si quid Pholoën satis,
Et te, Chlori, decet; filia rectiùs
Expugnat juvenum domos,
Pulso Thyas uti concitâ tympano.
Illam cogit amor Nothi
Lascivæ similem ludere capreæ.
Te lanæ prope nobilem
Tonsæ Luceriam, non citharæ, decent,
Nec flos purpureus rosæ,
Nec poti vetulam face tenus cadi.

But yet I know when I was wont
To ſtorm at ſuch a rude Affront,
Whilſt Youth was warm; but Love is cold,
And I can bear now I am old.

ODE XV.

He adviſeth an old Woman to be modeſt.

THOU Wife of *Ibycus* the Poor,
Forbear, and toy in Love no more,
Confine thy Luſt and end thy Shame,
Nor ſtrive to blaze with dying Flame:
Now near to Death that comes but ſlow,
Now thou art ſtepping down below:
Sport not amongſt the blooming Maids,
But think on Ghoſts, and empty Shades:
What ſuits with *Pholoë* in her Bloom,
Gray *Chloris*, will not thee become,
A Bed is different from a Tomb:
Thy Daughter, with a better Grace,
Tho' wrinkles plough her wither'd Face,
Might burn, and rage, break young Men's Doors,
And waſte the relicks of her Hours;
Let *Nothus* Love force her to play
Like wanton Kids i'th' heat of *May*;
Lucerian Wool with Purple ſtain'd,
Not Harps, become thy wither'd Hand,
The purple roſy Crowns diſgrace
The earthy Paleneſs of thy Face;
And drink until the Hogſhead's dry,
Then ſuck the dreggs, no blood will fly
To thy pale Cheek, nor ſoftneſs to thy Eye.

ODE XVI.

AD C. MÆCENATEM.

Quanta ſit ad omnia expugnanda, etiam ad pudicitiam, vis auri, exemplis docet. Sed eſſe id pecuniæ inſitum, ut nulla ejus copia ſatiet, & creſcente eâ creſcat ſimul cura & ſollicitudo. Ideóque beatum eſſe qui mediocritate contentus vivit.

Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea,
Robustæque fores, & vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris:

Si non Acrisium, virginis abditæ
Custodem pavidum, Jupiter & Venus
Risissent: fore enim tutum iter, & patens,
Converso in pretium Deo.

Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit auguris
Argivi domus, ob lucrum

Demersa excidio: diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, & subruit æmulos
Reges muneribus: munera navium
Saevos illaqueant duces.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam,
Majoremque fames. Jure perhorrui
Late conspicuum tollere verticem,
Mæcenas, equitum decus.

ODE XVI.

All Things obey Gold.

A Tower of Braſs, Gates ſtrong and barr'd,
And watchful Dogs ſuſpicious Guard,
From creeping Night Adulterers,
That ſought impriſon'd *Danaë's* Bed,
Might have ſecur'd one Maiden-Head;
And freed the old *Acriſius* from his Fears:

But *Jove* and *Venus* ſoon betray'd
The jealous Guardian of the Maid;
They knew the way to take the hold;
They knew the Paſs muſt open lye
To ev'ry Hand and ev'ry Eye,
When *Jove* himſelf was Bribe, and turn'd to Gold.

Gold loves to break through Gates and Barrs,
It is the Thunderbolt of Wars;
It flies thro' Walls, and breaks a way:
By Gold the Argive *Augur* fell,
It taught the Children to rebel,
And made the Wife her fatal Lord betray:

When Engines, and when Arts do fail,
The golden Wedge can cleave the Wall;
Gold *Philip's* Rival Kings o'erthrew;
Rough Sea-men, ſtubborn as the Flood
And angry Seas that they have plow'd,
Bribes quickly ſnare, and eaſily ſubdue:

Care ſtill attends encreaſing Store,
And craving Appetite for more;
Mæcenas, Honour of our Knights,
How juſtly was thy Friend afraid
To raiſe his too conſpicuous Head,
And ſoar to lofty, and to envy'd Heights?

Quantò quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Dîs plura feret. Nil cupientium
Nudus castra peto; & transfuga, divitum
Partes linquere gestio;

Contemtæ dominus splendidior rei,
Quàm si, quicquid arat impiger Apulus,
Occultare meis dicerer horreis,
Magnas inter opes inops.

Puræ rivus aquæ, silváque jugerum
Paucorum, & segetis certa fides meæ,
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ
Fallit sorte beatior.

Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læstrygoniâ Bacchus in amphorâ
Languescit mihi; nec pinguia Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis;

Importuna tamen pauperies abest;
Nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.
Contracto melius parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam,

Quàm si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattici
Campis continuem. Multa petentibus
Desunt multa: benè est, cui Deus obtulit
Parcâ, quod satis est, manu.

Thoſe that do much themſelves deny,
Receive more Bleſſings from the Sky:
I love a mean and ſafe Retreat;
And naked now with haſte retire
To Humble Thoſe who nought deſire;
And joy to leave the Party of the Great:

In my ſcorn'd Farm a greater Lord
Than if my crouded Barns were ſtor'd
With all the ſtout *Appulian* reaps;
Than if to me *Pactolus* ran
And roul'd in flowing Tides of Gain,
Whilſt I was poor amidſt my mighty Heaps;

A purling Spring, a ſhady Grove,
To raiſe my Song, and eaſe my Love,
My Farm that ne'er deceives my Hopes,
Make me ſeem happier to the Wiſe,
Tho' not to baſe and vulgar Eyes,
Than he that boaſts his fruitful *Libya*'s Crops:

Tho' no *Calabrian* Bees do give
Their greatful tribute to my Hive;
No Wines by rich *Campania* ſent
In my ignoble Casks ferment;
No Flocks in *Gallick* Plains grow fat:
Yet I am free from pinching Want,
And beg'd I more, my Lord would grant,
And to my Wiſhes equal my Eſtate:

But now more ſafe, and more ſecurely bleſt
Than if my Hand graſp'd Eaſt and Weſt:
He, that asks much, muſt ſtill want more;
Happy, to whom indulgent Heav'n
Enough, and ſparingly hath giv'n,
And made his Mind proportion'd to his Store.

ODE XVII.

AD ÆLIUM LAMIAM.

Primùm nobilitatem ipsius laudat: deinde admonet, ut se præparet ad diem crastinum, qui pluvius fore videbatur, hilariter exigendum.

Ælii, vetustâ nobilis ab Lamo,
Quando & priores hinc Lamias ferunt
Denominatos, & nepotum
Per memores genus omne fastos:

Auctore ab illo ducis originem,
Qui Formiarum mœnia dicitur
Princeps, & innantem Maricæ
Littoribus tenuisse Lirim,

Latè tyrannus. Cras foliis nemus
Multis, & algâ littus inutili
Demissa tempestas ab Euro
Sternet; aquæ nisi fallit augur

Annosa cornix. Dum potes, aridum
Compone lignum: cras Genium mero
Curabis, & porco bimestri,
Cum famulis operum solutis.

ODE XVIII.

AD FAUNUM.

Faunum precatur, ut nullum suis finibus damnum inferat, cùm per eos transibit: ac vult esse memorem eorum, quæ quotannis ipsi religiosè præstat.

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,
Per meos fines, & aprica rura
Lenis incedas, abeáque parvis
Æquus alumnis.

ODE XVII.

He adviſeth his noble Friend Ælius Lamias to live merrily.

GReat Sir, from ancient *Lamus* ſprung,
As noble a Deſcent, as long;
(From him, the Spring, thy gen'rous Blood
In undiſturbed Streams has flow'd;
From him the *Lamias* took their Name,
And ſwell the Annals of our Fame;
Thy gen'rous Blood rowl'd nobly down
From him that fill'd the *Formian* Throne,
Where ſwoln with Rain ſwift *Liris* roars,
And waſhes fair *Marica*'s Shores;
A Potent Scepter grac'd his Hand,
And meaſur'd out a wide Command.)
To-morrow furious Winds ſhall ſpread
The troubled Shore with uſeleſs Weed,
And fill the Woods with ſcatter'd Leaves,
Unleſs the cawing Crow deceives,
The Crow that ſtill foretells a Rain
And Storm, and never caws in vain:
Now Pile thy Wood, whilſt ſound and dry,
To-morrow Morn a Pig ſhall die,
And Wine ſhall cheer thy Slaves and thee,
From Country Toil, and Buſineſs free,
And all enjoy a ſhort-liv'd Liberty.

ODE XVIII. *To* Faunus.

Whoſe Favour and Protection he deſires.

FAunus, that flying Nymphs purſues,
And courts as oft as they refuſe,
If yearly Ridglings ſtain thy Grove,
If the large Bowl, the Friend of Love,

Si tener pleno cadit hædus anno,
Larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
Vina crateræ, vetus ara multo
Fumat odore.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
Dum tibi Nonæ redeunt Decembres;
Festus in pratis vacat otioso
Cum bove pagus:

Inter audaces lupus errat agnos,
Sparsit agrestes tibi silva frondes;
Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
Ter pede terram.

ODE XIX.

Ad TELEPHUM, ob MURENAM Augurem factum, esse compotandum.

Reprehendit eum, quòd veterum historiarum studio deditus, ea quæ ad hilariter & jucundè vivendum pertinent, negligat.

Quantùm distet ab Inacho
Codrus, pro patriâ non timidus mori,
Narras, & genus Æaci,
Et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio:
Quo Chium pretio cadum
Mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
Quo præbente domum, & quotâ,
Pelignis careant frigoribus, taces.
Da Lunæ properè novæ,
Da noctis mediæ, da, puer, auguris
Murenæ: tribus aut novem
Miscentur cyathis pocula commodis.

Still flows with Wine; if Pray'rs invoke,
And thy old Shrines with Odors ſmoke,
Defend my Fields, and ſunny Farm,
And keep my tender Flocks from harm:
O'er graſſy Plains the wanton Flocks,
The Village with their idle Ox,
Sport o'er the Fields, all finely dreſt
When cold *December* doth reſtore thy Feaſt:
The Lambs midſt rav'nous Wolves repoſe,
The Wood to thee ſpreads ruſtick Boughs,
The Ditcher, with his country Jug,
Then ſmiles to Dance where once he dug.

ODE XIX.

A merry Ode to his Friend, who was a Student.

HOW many Years divide
Old *Inachus* and *Codrus* Reign,
Who for his Country bravely dy'd,
You ſeek with mighty Pain,
Theſe are the idle Labours of thy Brain.

Old *Æacus* you can derive from *Jove*,
And tell what mighty Kin he had above;
You all the *Trojan* Wars can write,
But never mind what Wine will coſt,
Who make a Feaſt, and who invite,
And who a Fire prepares at Night,
Now Winter ſpreads the Fields with hoary Froſt.

A Glaſs! come, fill me to the riſing Moon,
To Midnight, and to Morning one;
We'll never part while the Stars ſhine;
Forget thy Books, thoſe idle Dreams;
Fill round; three Bowls, or nine,
Are ſober Jollity's Extreams.

Qui Musas amat impares,
Ternos ter cyathos attenitus petet
Vates: tres prohibet supra,
Rixarum metuens, tangere Gratia,
Nudis juncta sororibus.
Insanire juvat. Cur Berecynthia
Cessant flamina tibiæ?
Cur pendet tacitâ fistula cum lyrâ?
Parcentes ego dextras
Odi: sparge rosas: audiat invidus
Dementem strepitum Lycus,
Et vicina seni non habilis Lyco.
Spissâ te nitidum comâ,
Puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero,
Tempestiva petit Chloë:
Me lentus Glycera torret amor meæ.

ODE XX.

AD PYRRHUM.

Pyrrhum monet tàm periculosum esse illi *Nearchum* adolescentem à puella quæ eum deperit, conari abstrahere, quàm leænæ catulos auferre. *Pyrrhum* raptori, puellam leænæ, *Nearchum* (de quo ceu prædâ certatur) leænæ catulo comparat.

Non vides quanto moveas periclo,
Pyrrhe, Getulæ catulos leænæ?
Dura post paulò fugies inaudax
Prælia raptor:

Cùm per obstantes juvenum catervas
Ibit, insignem repetens Nearchum:

He that th' uneven Muſes loves,
With three times three his heat improves,
A ſtaring Poet, rais'd by ev'ry Bowl;
The ſober Grace with th' naked two,
Afraid of Brawls but Three allow,
And only cheer, but never heat the Soul:

I muſt be Mad, what means the Flute?
Why hangs the Pipe and ſilent Lute?
I hate a Niggard, quickly ſpread
The ſweeteſt Roſes round my Head;
Let *Lycus* hear the roaring Noiſe,
And ſhe, the Neighbouring Miſs,
That doth his feeble Love deſpiſe,
And let them pine, and envy at our Joys:

Thee, Beauteous with thy buſhy Hair,
And like the brighteſt Evening Star,
Ripe *Chloë* ſeeks with warm deſires;
Whilſt I, a dull expecting Fop,
Still linger on with lazy hope,
And ſlowly melt in *Glycera*'s tormenting Fires.

ODE XX.

He adviſeth his Friend not to ſtrive to part a Lover and his Miſtreſs.

DOST ſee what Dangers muſt attend
Thy pious Duty to thy Friend;
'Tis hard to rob a Tygreſs of her Young:
Ah baffled, thou ſhalt ſoon retreat,
And, midſt the ſhame of a defeat,
Unequal Foe, confeſs her force too ſtrong.
When ſhe, with Fury rais'd, ſhall move
Thro' throngs of Youth that offer Love,

Grande certamen, tibi præda cedat
Major, an illi.

Interim dum tu celeres sagittas
Promis, hæc dentes acuit timendos;
Arbiter pugnæ posuisse nudo
Sub pede palmam

Fertur, & leni recreare vento
Sparsum odoratis humerum capillis:
Qualis aut Nireus fuit, aut aquosâ
Raptus ab Idâ.

ODE XXI.

AD AMPHORAM.

Ex qua se in *Corvini* gratiam vinum vetustum promturum ostendit, & occasione oblatâ vini laudes commemorat.

O Nata mecum, consule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, sive gevis jocos,
Seu rixam, & insanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum;

Quocunque lectum nomine Massicum
Servas, moveri digna bono die;
Descende, Corvino jubente,
Promere langui diora vina.

Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet
Sermonibus, te negliget horridus:
Narratur & prisci Catonis
Sæpe mero calnisse virtus.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admovcs
Plerumque duro: tu sapientium
Curas, & arcanum jocoso
Consilium retegis Lyæo:

And ſtrive to win her Heart; to ſeize the Fair;
Then ſhall we ſee who wins the Day,
And who ſhall ſeize the Beauteous Prey,
And in *Nearchus* have the greateſt ſhare:

Whilſt you your winged Arrows draw,
She whets her Teeth, and ſpreads her Paw;
Whilſt he, that muſt beſtow the Prize,
Sits unconcern'd with gloting Eyes;
On all around his amorous Glances ſpread,
His perfum'd, looſe and wanton Hair
Permitting to the waving Air,
As ſweet as *Nireus*, or as *Ganymed*.

ODE XXI.

He promiſeth Corvinus, *according to his deſire, to entertain him with his beſt old Wine, and takes occaſion thereby to ſing its Praiſes.*

[*By another Hand.*]

YOU, my good Cask, are of a Date
With Conſul *Manlius* and with me,
Produce your charge, whate'er it be,
Or Love, or Strife, or loud Debate,
Or gentle Sleep, or Wit ſerenely free.

On ſuch a Day, for ſuch a Friend,
With *Maſſick* Juice our Souls refine;
Whatever *Bacchus* may deſign,
Corvinus bids the Stream deſcend;
Corvinus loves to mix Philoſophy and Wine.

Wine kept old *Cato's* Virtue warm;
This whets the Dull, and Wit inſpires;
The Grave with ſprightly Vigour fires,
And, by a never-failing charm,
Unlocks the Mind, and all its gay Deſires.

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis,
Viresque, & addis cornua pauperi,
Post te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.

Te, Liber, &, si laeta aderit, Venus,
Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiae,
Vivaque producent lucerna,
Dum redeunt fugat astra Phoebus.

ODE XXII.

IN DIANAM.

Diana consecrat pinum villae suae propinquam, & quotannis verris immolati sanguine arborem hanc aspersurum se vovet.

Montium custos nemorumque virgo,
Quae laborantes utero puellas
Ter vocata audis, adimisque leto,
Diva triformis:

Imminens villae tua pinus esto:
Quam per exactos ego laetus annos,
Verris, obliquum meditantis ictum,
Sanguine donem.

ODE XXIII.

AD PHIDYLEN.

Suadens, ut Deos puris manibus, & conscientiâ benè actæ vitæ colat.

Caelo supinas si tuleris manus,
Nascente Lunâ, rustica Phidyle,
Si thure placaris, & hornâ
Fruge Lares, avidâque Porcâ;

Wine with freſh Hope the Coward cheers;
Revives the Wretched and Undone,
And makes the Slave his Lord diſown:
What Wretch, when arm'd by *Bacchus*, fears
To meet a Warrior's Arm, or ſtand a Tyrant's Frown?

Let *Venus*, and the God of Wine,
And every Grace, too ſtrictly chaſt,
Come, if they pleaſe, and crown the Feaſt:
Our Torches and our Souls ſhall ſhine,
Till we outface the Sun, when riſing from the Eaſt.

ODE XXII.

He dedicates his Pine to Diana.

KIND Guardian of my Hills and Grove,
Who thrice implor'd doſt hear, and ſave
The teeming Women from the Grave,
Great here on Earth, in Hell, and great Above.

This Tree be thine, that long hath ſtood
To ſhade my Houſe; as Years roul round,
A Bore, that aims a ſide-ways wound,
Shall Yearly ſtain the Trunk with offer'd Blood.

ODE XXIII.

Innocence pleaſes Heaven more than Sacrifice.

A Fat and coſtly Sacrifice
Is not the welcom'ſt Tribute to the Skies,
They're more delighted with the ſmall expence
Of Honeſty and Innocence.

Let ruſtick *Phydile* prepare
At each new Moon an humble Pray'r,

Nec peſtilentem ſentiet Africum
Facunda vitis, nec ſterilem ſeges
Rubiginem, aut dulces alumni
Pomifero grave tempus anno.

Nam, quæ nivali paſcitur Algido
Devota, quercus inter & ilices,
Aut creſcit Albanis in herbis
Victima, pontificum ſecures

Cervice tinget. Te nihil attinet
Tentare multâ cade bidentium,
Parvos coronantem marino
Rore Deos, fragilique myrto.

Immunis aram ſi tetigit manus,
Non ſumtuoſa blandior hoſtia,
Mollibit averſos Penates
Farre pio, & ſaliente micâ.

ODE XXIV.

IN AVAROS.

In avaros invehitur, qui domos domibus ſubinde addunt, in ipſo etiam mari ædificantes: cùm tamen nulla ædificia neceſſitate mortis eos liberare poſſint. *Scythas*, qui plauſtris domos ſuas trahant, & in commune agros colant, feliciores eſſe ait. Quin etiam eam morum corruptelam & peccandi licentiam apud hos eſſe negat, quæ ſit apud *Romanos*. Ad hæc autem mala extirpanda, unà cum prava illa augendi opes cupiditate, diſciplinâ aſperiore opus eſſe dicit.

INtactis opulentior
Theſaurus Arabum, & divitis Indiæ,
Cæmentis licet occupes
Tyrrhenum omne tuis, & mare Apulicum:
Si figit adamantinos
Summis verticibus dira Neceſſitas
Clavos; non animum metu,
Non mortis laqueis expedies caput.

And at her old *Penates* Shrine
Pour one ſmall bowl of Country Wine,
And ſtain their Altars with a greedy Swine;
No ſcorching Winds ſhall blaſt her Fruit,
Her Corn be free from barren ſmut;
Nor let her darling Children fear
The ſhiv'ring Agues of the dying Year.

The Sacrifice *Albanian* Paſtures feed,
Or Snowy *Algidum*'s cold Mountains breed,
'Midſt fruitful Oaks, a pamper'd Beaſt,
Shall ſtain the Axes of the Prieſt:
But why ſhould you profuſely try
With ſlaughter'd Flocks to bribe the Sky,
Since Myrtle Crowns, and from the neighbouring Flood
Few ſprinkled drops ſhall pleaſe the God
More than whole Rivers of their offer'd Blood?
If, with an unpolluted Hand,
Which neither Blood nor wicked Arts have ſtain'd,
A little Meal and Salt you bring,
'Twill prove a more prevailing Offering
Than all the Spices of the Eaſtern King.

ODE XXIV.

Nothing can ſecure a Man from Death, and Covetouſneſs is the Root of all Evil.

THough you had all the Spice and Gold
Arabian ſweats, and the rich *Indies* hold;
Tho' you extend your Palaces
O'er the *Tyrrhene*, and *Pontick* Seas;
When ſtrong Neceſſity
Shall fix her Adamantine Hooks on thee,
When ſhe ſhall drag away
The trembling melancholy Prey,
Not all thy Wealth ſhall ſave
Thy Mind from Fear, or Body from the Grave.

Campestres melius Scythæ,
Quorum plaustra vagas ritè trahunt domos,
Vivunt, & rigidi Getæ;
Immetata quibus jugera liberas
Fruges, & Cererem ferunt;
Nec cultura placet longior annuâ;
Defunctúmque laboribus
Æquali recreat sorte vicarius.
Illic matre carentibus
Privignis mulier temperat innocens;
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero.
Dos est magna, parentium
Virtus, & metuens alterius viri
Certo fœdere castitas;
Et peccare nefas, aut pretium est mori.
O quisquis volet impias
Cædes, & rabiem tollere civicam;
Si quæret Pater urbium
Subscribi Statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam,
Carus posigenitis; quatenus, heu nefas!
Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.
Quid tristes querimoniæ,
Si non supplicio culpa reciditur?
Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt, si neque fervidis

Happier the wandring *Scythians* live,
Who all their Houſe in one ſmall Waggon drive,
Where no unequal bounds
Do parcel out the Land in private Grounds,
The Corn grows freely for the common Good;
And when one Year their Fields they plow'd,
They ſit at Eaſe, whilſt others toil,
And equal pains manure the publick Soil.

There all the Cups, the Step-dames Hands preſent
To unſuſpecting Heirs, are innocent:
No Wife confiding on her Dow'r,
Or rich Gallant uſurps her Husband's Pow'r;
None there a lawleſs ſway pretends,
Her Portion is the virtue of her Friends,
And cautious Modeſty
That cloſer draws the Marriage tye,
They fear to ſin, or ſinning doom'd to dye.

He that would prize his Country's good,
And ſtop the Iſſue of our Civil Blood;
He that would ſtand in Braſs as fix'd as Fate,
Be nam'd the Father of the State;
Let him reſtrain this brutal Rage:
A glorious Man in future Age!
Since envious we deſpiſe
Virtue when preſent, when it flies
Stand and gaze after it with longing Eyes!

But ſad Complaints are vain,
Vice only yields to Pain,
Her Sword ſtrict Juſtice needs muſt draw,
And cut it off by neceſſary Law;
And what are Laws? State Pageantry!
Unleſs obey'd
With the ſame Rev'rence they were made,
Unleſs our Manners and the Rules agree!

Pars inclusa caloribus
Mundi, nec Boreæ finitimum latus,
Durataque solo nives
Mercatorem abigunt? Horrida callidi
Vincunt æquora navita:
Magnum pauperies opprobrium, jubet
Quidvis & facere & pati,
Virtutisque viam deserit arduæ.
Vel nos in Capitolium,
Quò clamor vocat, & turba faventium:
Vel nos in mare proximum
Gemmas, & lapides, aurum & inutile,
Summi materiam mali,
Mittamus. Scelerum si benè pœnitet,
Eradenda Cupidinis
Pravi sunt elementa, & tenera nimis
Mentes asperioribus
Formandæ studiis. Nescit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus puer,

The Merchants dare to cut the Line,
Where Beams ſtill boil the Metal in the Mine,
Nor can the frigid Coaſt,
That lyes bound up with lazy Froſt,
Nor all the Snow and Northern Ice,
E'er cool the Sailer's flaming Avarice;
In feeble Ships they dare to ride
And boldly ſtem the higheſt Tide,
When ſcarce three Inches them and Death divide;
For Poverty, that great diſgrace,
Still drives them on the vicious Race;
Whilſt Virtue's Paths, that lead on high,
Untrod and unfrequented lie,
Few think it worth their while to climb the Sky.

To *Jove's* great Shrine let *Romans* bring
Their Wealth, a grateful Offering;
For thoſe that thus their Treaſures ſpend,
Juſt Bleſſings crown, and joyful Shouts attend:
Or in the Neighb'ring Flood
Let's caſt our Jewels and our Gold,
For which we have our Virtue ſold,
Our Gold the dear-bought cauſe of all our Blood:
Wealth, form'd near Hell, when here on Earth
Brings up the curſed Region of its Birth.

If we repent, and hate the Crimes
And Follies of our own and Fathers times,
We muſt root out the very Seeds of Sin,
And plant new Virtue in;
The Soil is ſoft, and if manur'd with care,
And manly Arts, may bear
A fruitful Crop, Virtue may ſprout again,
And with a vaſt encreaſe reward the Tiller's pain.

Our Nobles Sons with an unequal force
Now ſcarce can ſit the manag'd Horſe,

Venarique timet, ludere doctior
Seu Græco jubeas trocho,
Seu malis vetitâ legibus aleâ.
Cùm perjura patris fides
Consortem socium fallat, & hospitem,
Indignóque pecuniam
Hæredi properet: scilicet improbæ
Crescunt divitiæ; tamen
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

ODE XXV.

AD BACCHUM.

Se *Bacchi* instinctu afflatuque concitatum, nova quædam & inaudita de *Augusto* dicturum.

Quò me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum? quæ nemora, aut quos agor in specus
Velox mente nova? quibus
Antris, egregii Cæsaris audiar
Æternum meditans decus
Stellis inserere, & concilio Jovis?
Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc

They hate the Ring, nor dare to ride the Courſe:
But Cards, unlawful Dice,
And all the myſteries of Vice
That *Greece* e'er taught, or *Rome* improv'd, they know.
For theſe they nobler Deeds forego;
Theſe are their Arts, their chief delights,
The Pleaſures of their Days, and Study of their Nights.

Mean while their perjur'd Fathers cheat,
Grow grey in baſe Oppreſſion, and Deceit;
To their beſt Friends their Oaths are Snares,
Whilſt, at the vaſt Expence
Of Honeſty and Innocence,
They heap up Wealth for their unworthy Heirs.
Their Stores encreaſe, and yet, I know not what,
Still they do ſomething want,
Which neither Pains can get, nor Heav'n can grant,
To ſwell their narrow to a full Eſtate.

ODE XXV. *To* Bacchus.

He, being inſpired by Bacchus, *is enabled to ſpeak great and extraordinary things of* Cæſar.

[*By another Hand.*]

GOD of Wine, reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
Whither will you hurry me,
Full of the Deity,
Tranſported with a Rage unfelt before?
Whither, whither muſt I rove?
To what wild Cave, what diſtant Grove?
Where ſing of *Cæſar's* high Renown,
His deathleſs Glory, ſtarry Crown?
How, with aſſembled Gods above,
He ſits majeſtick down,
And dictates ſage Advice to *Jove*.
Give me a Theme that's great and new,

Indictum ore alio. Non ſecus in jugis
Exſomnis ſtupet Evias,
Hebrum proſpiciens, & nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Luſtratam Rhodopen. Ut mihi devio
Rupes, & vacuum nemus
Mirari libet! ô Naïadum potens,
Bacchárumque valentium
Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos:
Nil parvum, aut humili modo,
Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum eſt,
O Lenæe, ſequi Deum
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

ODE XXVI.

AD VENEREM.

Se jam ſenem factum, rebus amatoriis minus aptum eſſe.

VIxi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non ſine glorià:
Nunc arma, defunctúmque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit,

Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus
Cuſtodit. Hìc, hìc ponite lucida
Funalia, & vectes, & arcus
Oppoſitis foribus minaces.

Untouch'd by any other Muſe.
See! ſee! through Hills and tracts of Snow
The *Bacchanal* diſtracted ſtrays,
Whilſt all the God her Frenſy does infuſe;
How wild ſhe looks! How ſwiftly ſhe ſurveys
Hebrus, and *Rhodope*, and *Thrace!*
Thus mad, thus wild,
Through Woods and Shores I'd paſs,
With rage and wonder fill'd.
God of the Virgin frantick Train!
Whoſe hands the thrilling Jav'lin throw;
I ſcorn what's human, mean, and low,
Nor will attempt a mortal Strain:
All other Pleaſures I forgoe,
Nor any Danger fear,
To follow ſuch a God as you,
Who on your God-like Brow the cluſter'd Garland wear.

ODE XXVI.

Now being grown Old, he bids farewel to Love.

ONCE I was gay, and great in Charms,
Succeſs ſtill waited on my Arms,
In *Venus* Battels bravely ſtout,
I fought, and conquer'd when I fought:
But now my Arms and wanton Lyre,
Whoſe Tunes could ſpread Harmonious Fire,
Whoſe moving ſtroaks could ſoon impart
Soft Wiſhes to the tender Heart,
My Torches, Leavers, Darts and Bows,
That broke the Doors that did oppoſe,
That did all Obſtacles remove
Which hinder'd my purſuit of Love,
In *Venus* Shrine unheeded lie
With all my Love's Artillery:

O, quæ beatam, Diva, tenes Cyprum, &
Memphim carentem Sythoniâ nive,
Regina, ſublimi flagello
Tange Chloën ſemel arrogantem.

ODE XXVII.

AD GALATEAM NAVIGATURAM.

Deterret eam præcipuè exemplo *Europæ.*

Impios parræ recinentis omen
Ducat, & prægnans canis, aut ab agro
Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino,
Fœtáque vulpes.

Rumpat & ſerpens iter inſtitutum,
Si per obliquum ſimilis ſagittæ
Terruit mannos. Ego cui timebo
Providus auſpex?

Antequam ſtantes repetat paludes
Imbrium divina avis imminentûm,
Oſcinem corvum prece ſuſcitabo
Solis ab ortu.

Sis licet felix, ubicumque mavis,
Et memor noſtri, Galatea, vivas:
Tegne nec lævus vetet ire picus,
Nec vaga cornix.

Sed vides quanto trepidet tumultu
Pronus Orion. Ego, quid ſit ater
Adria, novi, ſinus; & quid albus
Peccet Iapyx.

Great Goddeſs, who o'er *Cyprus* reigns,
And ſcorching *Memphis* burning Plains,
Let coy and ſcornful *Chloë* know
The fury of thy *Cupid*'s Bow;
And let her ſmart for her diſdain,
Enflame her Breaſt, and I ſhall love again.

ODE XXVII. *To* GALATEA.

He diſcourageth her from going to Sea, by what happen'd to Europa.

[*By another Hand.*]

LET the ill-boding noiſie Jay
Salute the Guilty on their Way;
Let Foxes, as they paſs along,
And Wolves accoſt them, big with Young.

Let Snakes, as ſwift as Arrows, thwart
The Road, and make their Horſes ſtart;
But you no Guilt, no Danger know,
Why ſhould I be concern'd for you?

I'll ſummon from the Eaſtern Skies
The Crow, e'er to the Fenns he flies;
And bid him change his croaking Strain,
And not forebode or Wind or Rain.

May *Galatea* happy be,
And kinly ſtill remember me!
May no rude Pye, or luckleſs Crow,
Bode ill Succeſs, where'er you go!

But ſee! *Orion*'s ſetting Star
Portends a mighty Tempeſt near;
Too well the raging Seas I know,
And what the adverſe Winds can do.

Hoſtium uxores puerique cæcus
Sentiant motus orientis Hædi, &
Æquoris nigri fremitum, & trementes
Verbere ripas.

Sic & Europe niveum doloſo
Credidit tauro latus; & ſcatentem
Belluis pontum, mediáſque fraudes
Palluit audax.

Nuper in pratis, ſtudioſa florum, &
Debitæ Nymphis opifex coronæ,
Nocte ſubluſtri, nihil aſtra præter
Vidit, & undas.

Quæ ſimul centum tetigit potentem
Oppidis Creten; Pater, ô relictum
Filiæ nomen, pietáſque, dixit
Victa furore.

Unde? quò veni? levis una mors eſt
Virginum culpæ. Vigilanſne ploro
Turpe commiſſum? an vitiis carentem
Ludit imago

Vana, quæ portâ fugiens eburnâ
Somnium ducit? meliúſne fluctus
Irè per longos fuit, an recentes
Carpere flores?

Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvencum
Dedat iratæ, lacerare ferro, &
Frangere enitar modò multum amati
Cornua tauri.

Impudens liqui patrios Penates:
Impudens Orcum moror. O, Deorum
Si quis hæc audis, utinam inter errem
Nuda leones!

May thoſe I hate aſcend their Ship,
When Southern Blaſts infeſt the Deep,
When gloomy Waves begin to roar,
And daſh againſt the trembling Shore!

When on the Bull *Europa* rode,
Not knowing that ſhe preſt a God,
Breathleſs and pale the Dame ſurvey'd
The Main, where rolling Monſters play'd.

Lately ſhe rang'd the flowry Mead,
And weav'd new Garlands for the Head;
Now all the Scene that greets her Eyes,
Is boundleſs Seas, and ſtarry Skies.

Arriv'd upon the *Cretan* Coaſt,
Whoſe Shores a hundred Cities boaſt,
Mad with deſpair, ſhe cry'd, Adieu
My Father, and my Virtue too!

Where am I? wretched and undone!
And can a ſingle Death attone
The loſs of Honour and of Shame?
Or am I pure, and this a Dream?

Is it a vain Deluſion ſent
From Hell, and I ſtill Innocent?
Could I the Meads and Flow'rs forſake,
To ſwim upon a Monſter's back?

Had I that Bull this moment here,
His fleſh I could to pieces tear,
And break his horns, by rage inſpir'd;
And ſpoil the Form I once admir'd.

Thus from my Father's Realms I fly!
Dare to do ill, but dare not die!
Hear me, ſome kind propitious Pow'r,
Let ſome wild Beaſt this Wretch devour.

Antequàm turpis macies decentes
Occupet malas, teneræque succus
Defluat prædæ, speciosa quæro
Pascere tigres.

Vilis Europe, pater urget absens;
Quid mori cessas? potes hac ab orno
Pendulum, zonâ bene te secutâ,
Lædere collum.

Sive te rupes, & acuta leto
Saxa delectant; age, te procellæ
Crede veloci; nisi herile mavis
Carpere pensum,

Regius sanguis, dominæque tradi
Barbaræ pellex. Aderat querenti
Perfidùm ridens Venus, & remisso
Filius arcu:

Mox ubi lusit satis; Abstineto,
Dixit, irarum, calidæque rixæ;
Cùm tibi invisus laceranda reddet
Cornua taurus.

Uxor invicti Jovis esse nescis?
Mitte singultus; bene ferre magnam
Disce fortunam: tua sectus orbis
Nomina ducet.

ODE XXVIII.

AD LYDEN.

Diem *Neptuno* sacrum hilariter exigendum esse.

Feste quid potiùs die
Neptuni faciam? Prome reconditum,

Lyde

Expoſe my lively Form a Prey
To Tygers, as they range this Way,
When Hunger prompts them to their Food,
Ere they have ſtain'd their Jaws with Blood.

Make haſte to die, unhappy Maid!
Thy Father will thy crimes upbraid;
This Girdle and you bending Tree
Will ſoon conclude thy Deſtiny:

Or from theſe Rocks ruſh headlong down,
And in the raging Ocean drown;
Yourſelf from Shame and Bondage ſave,
How can a Princeſs be a Slave?

Venus and *Cupid*, as the Dame
Thus mourn'd, to his aſſiſtance came;
The Boy his Bow unbent, the Queen
Of Beauty all in ſmiles was ſeen.

Awhile ſhe rally'd with the Fair;
Then thus at laſt, fond Maid! forbear
Thy Rage, and give thy Paſſion o'er;
This hated Bull is in thy pow'r.

Forget thy Sighs, and think of Love;
'Tis great to be the Wife of *Jove*:
The World beſt part ſhall ſpeak thy Fame,
And be diſtinguiſh'd by thy Name.

ODE XXVIII.

To Lyde, *on* Neptune's *Feſtival*.

WHAT ſhould I do at *Neptune*'s Feaſt,
What better ſhould my Thoughts employ,
What ſhould I do but treat my Gueſt,
And ſhow the greatneſs of my Joy?

Lyde ſirenna, Cæcubum,
Munitæque adhibe vim ſapientiæ.
Inclinare meridiem
Sentis; ac veluti fiet volucris dies,
Parcis deripere horreo
Ceſſantem Bibuli conſulis amphoram.
Nos cantabimus invicem
Neptunum, & virides Nereïdum comas;
Tu curvâ recines lyrâ
Latonam, & celeris ſpicula Cynthiæ:
Summo carmine, quæ Cnidon
Fulgentéſque tenet Cycladas, & Paphon
Junctis viſit oloribus.
Dicetur meritâ nox quoque nanià.

ODE XXIX.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Mæcenatem ad ſuas epulas invitat, quas illi gratas fore ſperat, quòd divitibus ad pauperum frugales cœnas ſe conferentibus viciſſitudo illa placeat. Urbem propter vehementes æſtus & cum urbe curas ab eo vult relinqui. Non debere mortales de futuris anxios eſſe, ſed ad omnem eventum *bene præparatum pectus* (ut ipſe alibi loquitur) *habere.* Sed hoc ſibi facilius eſſe innuit, quàm iis qui congerendis opibus ſunt dediti.

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
Non ante verſo lene merum cado,
Cum flore, Mæcenas, roſarum, &
Preſſa tuis balanus capillis

Jamdudum apud me eſt. Eripe te moræ,
Ne ſemper udum Tibur, & Æſulæ
Declive contempleris arvum, &
Telegoni juga parricidæ.

Wine, *Lyde*, Wine; ſcorn ſober Senſe,
My Bowl is ſtrong, and that will make a weak defence.
Doſt ſee how half the day is paſt?
And yet, as if wing'd Time would ſtay,
You ſtill the precious Minutes waſte;
And lead me on with ſlow delay.
Wine, *Lyde*, Wine; to raiſe my flame,
Old luſty Wine, and ſeal'd with *Bibulus's* Name.

I'll ſing great *Neptune* bound by Rocks,
I'll ſing the *Nereids* Sea-green Hair;
And how they ſit, and ſpread their Locks
To tempt the greedy Mariner:
You to your Harp *Latona* ſing,
And *Cynthia's* Arrows ſhot from an unerring String.

Both her who drawn by murm'ring Doves
To *Paphos* guides with ſilken Strings,
While *Cupids* wait, and wanton Loves
Fan their warm Mother with their Wings:
Juſt Songs and Thanks ſhall praiſe the Night,
For lingring long, and giving ſpace for gay Delight.

ODE XXIX.

He invites Mæcenas *to an Entertainment.*

MY noble Lord of Royal Blood,
That from the *Tuſcan* Monarchs flow'd,
I have a Cask ne'er pierc'd before;
My Garlands wreath'd, my Crowns are made,
My Roſes pluck'd to grace thy Head;
As fair and ſweet as e'er *Præneſte* bore.

Make haſte, my Lord, and break away
From all the Shackles of delay,
From watry *Tibur's* Fields retreat:
Let not low *Æſula* delight,
Nor let her Vales detain thy ſight,
Or Parricide *Telegonus* his Seat.

Faſtidioſam deſere copiam, &
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis;
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum, & opes, ſtrepitúmque Romæ.

Plerúmque gratæ divitibus vices,
Mundæque parvo ſub lare pauperum
Cœnæ, ſine aulæis, & oſtro,
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.

Jam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
Oſtendit ignem; jam Procyon furit,
Et ſtella veſani Leonis,
Sole dies referente ſiccos.

Jam paſtor umbras cum grege languido,
Rivúmque ſeſſus quærit, & horridi
Dumeta Sylvani; carétque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

Tu, civitatem quis deceat ſtatus,
Curas, & urbi ſollicitus times,
Quid Seres, & regnata Cyro
Bactra parent, Tanaíſque diſcors.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſa nocte premit Deus;
Ridétque, ſi mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adeſt, memento

From thy diſguſting Plenty fly,
Thy Palace leave, that mounts on high,
And hides her Head in bending Clouds;
Admire no more (but quickly come)
The Wealth, the Noiſe, and Smoak of *Rome*,
That happy Manſion of our future Gods.

Changes have often pleas'd the Great,
And in a Cell a homely Treat;
But ſweet and good, and cleanly dreſt,
Tho' no rich Hangings grace the Rooms,
Or Purple wrought in *Tyrian* Looms,
Have ſmooth'd a careful Brow, and calm'd a troubled Breaſt.

The Dog's and Lion's fury riſe,
With doubled Beams they ſcorch the Skies;
The Swains retire to mid-day Dreams:
The bleating Flocks avoid the Heat,
And to the Springs and Shades retreat;
And not one breath of Air curles o'er the Streams.

Whilſt you ſtill watch the turns of Fate,
The careful Guardian of our State;
Intent on what the *Mede* prepares:
What leads the quiver'd *Perſian* forth,
What moves the *Bactrian*, and the *North*,
Are the diſtracting Objects of thy Cares.

Future Events wiſe Providence
Hath hid in Night from humane Senſe,
To narrow bounds our Search confin'd;
And laughs to ſee proud Mortals try
To fathom deep Eternity
With the ſhort Line and Plummet of their Mind.

Thoſe Joys the preſent Hours produce
Take thankfully, my Lord, and uſe;

Componere æquus: cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos,

Stirpésque raptas, & pecus, & domos
Volventis nè, non sine montium
Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ,
Cùm fera diluvies quietos

Irritat amnes. Ille potens sui,
Lætúsque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse, vixi: cras vel atrâ
Nube polum Pater occupato,

Vel sole puro: non tamen irritum
Quodcumque retro est, efficiet; neque
Diffinget, infectúmque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, &
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, & meâ
Virtute me involvo, probámque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.

Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
Malus procellis, ad miseras preces

All other things like Rivers flow,
In their own Channels thro' the Plain,
They fall into the *Tuſcan* Main,
And bleſs the Country as they go:
When Rain hath rais'd the quiet Floods,
Whilſt neighb'ring Mountains all around
Are fill'd, and Eccho with the Sound,
They whirl the eaten Rocks and Woods,
And drown the growing Labours of the Plow.

He's Maſter of himſelf alone,
He lives, that makes each Day his own:
He lives that can diſtinctly ſay
It is enough, for I have liv'd to Day:
Let *Jove* to morrow ſmiling riſe,
Or let dark Clouds ſpread o'er the Skies:
He cannot make the Pleaſures void,
Nor ſower the Sweets I have enjoy'd,
Nor call that back which winged hours have born away.

Still Fortune plays at faſt and looſe,
And ſtill maliciouſly jocoſe,
Her cruel Sport ſhe urges on;
Now ſmiles on me, on me beſtows,
And then upon another throws
Vaſt heaps of Wealth, and takes them back as ſoon.

Whene'er ſhe ſtays with what ſhe brings
I'm pleas'd, but when ſhe ſhakes her Wings,
I ſtreight reſign my juſt pretence;
I give her back her fading Gold:
My ſelf I in my Virtue fold,
And live content with Want, and Innocence.

When ſpreading Sails rough Tempeſts tear,
I make no lamentable Prayer;

Decurrere, & votis paciſci,
Ne Cypria Tyriæque merces

Addant avaro divitias mari.
Tunc me biremis præſidio ſcapha
Tutum per Ægæos tumultus
Aura feret, geminúſque Pollux.

ODE XXX.

Scribendis carminibus Lyricis ſe meliùs conſuluiſſe immortalitati nominis ſui dicit, quàm ſi obtinuiſſet ut ſibi æreæ Statuæ aut Pyramides erigerentur. Præcipuámque laudis materiam fore innuit, quòd primus ex *Latinis* in hoc carminum genere *Græcos* imitatus fuerit.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique ſitu Pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Poſſit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum ſeries, & fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar; multáque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam: uſque ego poſterâ
Creſcam laude recens; dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacitâ virgine Pontifex.
Dicar, quà violens obſtrepit Aufidus,
Et quà pauper aquæ Daunus agreſtium
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens,
Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxiſſe modos. Sume ſuperbiam
Quæſitam meritis, & mihi Delphicâ
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

I do not bargain with the Gods,
Nor offer coſtly Sacrifice
To ſave my precious *Tyrian* Dyes
From adding Riches to the greedy Floods.

E'en 'midſt theſe Storms I'll ſafely ride,
My Bark ſhall ſtem the higheſt Tide;
Tho' Tempeſts toſs, and th' Ocean raves,
Caſtor ſhall gather gentle Gales,
And *Pollux* fill my ſpreading Sails,
And bear me ſafe thro' the *Ægean* Waves.

ODE XXX.

He promiſeth himſelf Eternity.

'TIS finiſh'd; I have rais'd a Monument
More ſtrong than Braſs, and of a vaſt extent;
Higher than *Egypt*'s ſtatelieſt Pyramid,
That coſtly Monument of Kingly Pride;
As high as Heav'n the Top, as Earth the Baſis wide:
Which eating Showers, nor North-wind's feeble Blaſt,
Nor whirling Time, nor flight of Years can waſte:
Whole *Horace* ſhall not die, his Songs ſhall ſave
The greateſt Portion from the greedy Grave:
Still freſh I'll grow, ſtill green in future Praiſe,
Till Time is loſt, and *Rome* it ſelf decays;
Till the Chief-Prieſt and ſilent Maid no more
Aſcend the Capitol, and *Jove* adore:
Where violent *Anfid* rouls thro' humble Plains,
And where ſcorch'd *Daunus* rul'd the lab'ring Swains,
There ſhall my Fame reſound, there all ſhall cry
'Twas I, the great from mean deſcent, 'twas I
That firſt did dare to bind the *Grecian* Song,
And unknown Numbers in the *Roman* Tongue:
Muſe, take thy Merits due, and proudly raiſe
Thy Head, and gladly crown my Brows with Bays.

The End of the Third Book.

Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM LIBER IV.

ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

Se jam ea ætate esse, ut à rebus amatoriis, & carminibus ludicris & Venereis, alieno esse animo debeat; & tamen *Ligurini* vesano amore torreri.

Intermissa Venus diu,
Rursus bella moves: parce, precor, precor.
Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ: desine, dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quò blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.

ODES.

The Fourth Book.

ODE I. *To* VENUS.

1. *He is now grown old and unfit for Love.* 2. *Desires her to go and visit Young* Paulus. 3. *Yet he still thinks on his lovely Boy* Ligurine.

I. LONG interrupted War
Thou, *Venus*, doſt again renew,
And former Hate purſue;
Oh ſpare, for Pity, *Venus*, ſpare!

I am not what I was
In lovely *Cynera*'s eaſie Reign,
When Heat warm'd ev'ry Vein,
And manly Beauty fill'd my Face.

Ceaſe, *Queen* of ſoft Deſires,
To bend my Mind grown ſtiff with Age,
And *fifty* Years engage
To crackle in thy wanton Fires.

But Youth and Beauty hear,
Go where their tender wiſhes call,
And let their Sighs prevail;
Go free young Virgins of their fear.

Tempeſtivius in domo
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Comeſſabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
Namque & nobilis, & decens,
Et pro ſollicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Latè ſigna feret militiæ tuæ.
Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riſerit æmuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream ſub trabe citreâ.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyraque, & Berecynthia
Delectabere tibia
Miſtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtulâ.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec fœmina, nec puer
Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.

II. There is a Noble Game,
In *Paulus* Houſe, go drive thy Doves,
And revel with thy Loves,
His Heart deſerves thy choiceſt Flame:

For he is great in Charms,
The chiefeſt Honour of the Bar,
He'll make ſucceſsful War,
And ſpread the Glory of thy Arms.

When he, the lovely, Smiles,
When he the happy Man ſhall prove,
And win by naked Love
His giving Rivals coſtly ſpoils;

Of *Cedar* grac'd with Gold,
A ſtately Pile ſhall proudly riſe
As glorious as the Skies,
And thy bleſt *Image* gladly hold;

Before thee, *thrice* a day,
With Incenſe ſweet, thy Shrine ſhall ſmoke,
And Boys and Maids invoke,
And dance, and praiſe thee as they pray;

In wanton order move,
While Pipe, and Flute, and charming Lyre
Compoſe the joyful Quire,
And naked all, and fit for Love.

No Maids, no wanton Boys,
No empty hopes of mutual Love,
My feeble Paſſions move,
Or quicken my dead Soul to Joys:

E'en Crowns and Wine diſpleaſe,
I cannot laugh and drink all Night,
Old Age doth cramp Delight,
And lead me down to lazy Eaſe.

Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacrima per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis te ego somniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

ODE II.

AD ANTONIUM JULUM, M. ANTONII TRIUMVIRI FILIUM.

Pindarum esse ejusmodi Poëtam, ut si quis eum imitari conetur, non minus famæ suæ periculum sit aditurus, quàm si cum *Icaro* pennis *Dædaleis* cœlo se credere audeat. Deinde ut *Pindarum* cycno altè volanti, ita se api grata thyma laboriosè carpenti comparat: ideóque ipsum *Antonium* ad celebrandam majore plectro *Cæsaris* victoriam hortatur.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari,
Jule, ceratis ope Dædaleâ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensúsque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore;

III. But Ah! what's this, my Dear!
Dear *Ligurine*, ah! tell me why
These drops forſake my Eye,
And tender ſighs fan ev'ry Tear?

Why doth my flowing Tongue
In unbecoming ſilence fall?
And why do ſighs prevail,
And in the midſt ſurprize my Song?

Thee, thee, my lovely Boy,
Now, now I claſp, and now in Dreams
Purſue o'er Fields, and Streams;
Thee, thee, my Dear, my flying Joy.

ODE II.

To Antonius Julus.

1. *None can imitate* Pindar. 2. *Commends* Antony, *and propoſes* Cæſar's *Actions as a fit Subject for his Muſe.*

1. HE that to equal *Pindar* tries,
With Waxen Wings he vainly flies
Too near exalted Fame;
And muſt expect a Fate like his
Who fell, and gave the Sea a Name.

As violent Rivers, ſwoln with Rain,
Break o'er the neighb'ring fruitful Plain
With an impetuous Stream;
So *Pindar* doth all Banks diſdain,
And overflows the higheſt Theme.

Laureâ donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis:

Seu Deos, Regesque canit, Deorum
Sanguinem; per quos cecidere justâ
Morte Centauri, cecidit tremendæ
Flamma Chimæræ:

Sive, quos Elea domum reducit
Palma cœlestes: pugilemve, equúmve
Dicit, & centum potiore signis
Munere donat:

Flebili sponsæ juvenémve raptum
Plorat; & vires, animúmque, moresque
Aureos educit in astra, nigroque
Invidet Orco.

Multa Dircæum levat aura cycnum,
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus: ego, apis Matinæ
More modóque,

Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus, uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

In all he doth deſerve the Crown,
Whether he ruſhes boldly on,
And rouls new Words along;
Through lawleſs *Dytherambicks* thrown;
Or Thunders in a looſer Song:

Or Gods, or Gods next Kindred, Kings,
In mighty Numbers mighty Things,
Or valiant *Heroes* Names
That kill'd the *Centaurs*, nobly ſings,
And quench'd the fierce *Chimæra*'s flames.

Or praiſed him that ſwiftly rode,
And Crown'd return'd almoſt a God
From the *Olympian* Race;
Or Verſes on the Brave beſtow'd,
More ſounding and more ſtrong than Braſs.

Or ſoftly ſings, with pious grief,
A Youth ſnatch'd from his weeping Wife,
And bears their Names on high,
Their virtuous Manners, pleaſant Life,
And doth forbid their Loves to dye.

The *Theban* Swan vaſt whirls of Air
Thro' higheſt Regions ſwiftly bear
When he deſigns to riſe,
When he his lofty Head doth rear
And ſhoots it thro' the Cloudy Skies.

I, like a *Bee*, with Toil and Pain,
Fly humbly o'er the flowry Plain,
And with a buſie Tongue
The little Sweets my Labours gain,
I work at laſt into a Song.

Concines majore poëta plectro
Cæſarem, quandoque trahet feroces
Per ſacrum clivum, meritâ decorus
Fronde, Sicambros:

Quo nihil majus meliſve terris
Fata donavere, bonique Divi,
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priſcum.

Concines lætoſque dies, & Urbis
Publicum luctum, ſuper impetrato
Fortis Auguſti reditu, forumque
Litibus orbum.

Tum mea, ſi quid loquar audiendum,
Vocis accedet bona pars; & o Sol
Pulcher, o laudande, canam, recepto
Cæſare felix.

Tuque, dum procedis, Io triumphe,
Non ſemel dicemus, Io triumphe,
Civitas omnis; dabimuſque Divis
Thura benignis.

Te decem tauri, totidemque vaccæ;
Me tener ſolvet vitulus, relictâ
Matre, qui largis juveneſcit herbis
In mea vota;

II. But you ſhall ſing in higher Strains
What Conqueſts mighty *Cæſar* gains,
How great his Pomp appears,
When juſtly Crown'd he leads in Chains
The *German* Trophies of his Wars.

Greater than him no Age can know,
Nor, if they would, the *Gods* beſtow;
No, they can bleſs no more
If they their Bounty ſtrove to ſhow,
And would the *Golden* Age reſtore:

Then thou ſhalt ſing our feaſting days,
Our City's Joy, and publick Plays,
At *Cæſar*'s wiſh'd return:
Then thou ſhalt ſing how ſtrife decays,
And *Courts* their peaceful Clients mourn.

And there, if any patient Ear
My *Muſes* feeble Song will hear,
My Voice ſhall ſound thro' *Rome*:
Thee, *Sun*, I'll ſing, thee, lovely fair;
Thee, thee I'll praiſe, when *Cæſar*'s come.

As you, great *Poët*, march along,
From ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue
A joyful ſound ſhall move,
Iö Triumphe be the Song,
Whilſt Incenſe ſmokes to Gods above:

Ten fair large Bulls, ten luſty Cows
Muſt dye, to pay thy richer Vows;
Of my ſmall ſtock of Kine
A Calf juſt wean'd, now Youthful grows
In Paſtures fat, to fall for mine:

Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
Quà notam duxit, niveus videri,
Cætera fulvus.

ODE III.

AD MELPOMENEN.

Se natum esse ad Poëticen, ejúsque beneficio nominis immortalitatem & gloriam consecuturum esse.

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico
Victorem; neque res bellica Delis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quòd regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio:
Sed quæ Tiburis aquæ fertile præfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.
Romæ, principis urbium,
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros;
Et jam dente minùs mordeor invido.

Unus'd to push, he now doth wildly run,
And as the third-days rising Moon
So bend his tender Horns;
All over Red, but where alone
A milky spot his front adorns.

ODE III. *To his Muse.*

By her Favour he gets immortal Reputation.

AT whose blest Birth propitious Rays
The *Muses* shed, on whom they smile,
No dusty *Isthmian* Game
Shall stoutest of the Ring proclaim,
Or to reward his Toil
Wreath Ivy Crowns, or grace his Head with Bays.

Nor Victor, Laurel round his Brows,
In an *Achean* Chariot ride:
No glorious feats of War
His happy Skill, and Arms declare,
When he hath broke the pride,
And baffled dreadful threats of haughty Foes.

But frightful *Tibur*'s shady Groves,
Its pleasant Springs and purling Streams,
Shall raise a lasting Name,
And set him high in sounding Fame,
For *Lyric* Verse the noblest Themes,
Great as his Mind, and various as his Loves.

Rome, Empress of the Nations, writes,
Writes me amongst the *Lyric* Train;
And hence I Honour raise,
Immortal Love and lasting Praise
Secure from Fears, and Pain,
For sharp-tooth'd Envy now but faintly bites.

O, teſtudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ ſtrepitum, Pieri, temperas!
O mutis quoque piſcibus
Donatura cycni, ſi libeat, ſonum!
Totum muneris hoc tui eſt,
Quòd monſtror digito prætereuntium,
Romana fidicen lyræ:
Quòd ſpiro & placeo, ſi placeo, tuum eſt.

ODE IV.

Druſi Neronis, qui fuit *Auguſti Cæſaris* privignus, victorias de *Rhætis* & *Vindelicis* celebrat. Quin etiam *Clandii Neronis* fortia quædam facta commemorat. Tandem verò & totius gentis *Romanæ* fortitudinem ore hoſtis (nimirum *Annibalis*) laudat. Sed de *Druſo* loquens Poëta, diſciplinam & educationem multùm ad virtutem poſſe oſtendit, aliquam harum ejus laudum partem in *Auguſtum* derivans.

Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem,
Cui Rex Deorum regnum in aves vagas
Permiſit, expertus fidelem
Jupiter in Ganymede flavo,

Olim juventas, & patrius vigor
Nido laborum propulit inſcium;
Vernique, jam nimbis remotis,
Inſolitos docuere niſus

Venti paventem: mox in ovilia
Demiſit hoſtem vividus impetus;
Nunc in reluctantes dracones
Egit amor dapis, atque pugnæ:

Qualémve lætis caprea paſcuis
Intenta, fulvæ matris ab ubere
Jam lacte depulſum leonem,
Dente novo peritura, vidit:

Sweet *Muſe*, that tun'ſt the charming Lyre,
And draw'ſt ſoft Sounds from ſtubborn String,
That can'ſt the Envious pleaſe,
And ſoften Fury into Eaſe,
Teach ſilent Fiſh to ſing,
And Tunes as ſweet as dying Swans inſpire.

'Tis thine, *ſweet Muſe*, thy Gift alone,
That, as I walk, all cry, *'Tis he*,
That warms with *Lyric* Fire,
'Tis he that tunes the *Roman* Lyre;
And that I pleaſe, I own,
Suppoſe I pleaſe, I have it all from thee.

ODE IV.

He celebrates the praiſes of Druſus, Claudius, *and the* Romans *in general.*

[*By another Hand.*]

THE Royal Bird, to whom the King of Heav'n
The Empire of the feather'd Race has giv'n,
For Services already done,
The Rape of *Priam*'s Son,
With high paternal Virtues fill'd,
Tho' young, and from the Neſt unskill'd,
His firſt Attempt with trembling Pinions tries,
Then down the ſweeping Wind with rapid ſwiftneſs flies,
And midſt the frighted Lambkins bears away,
With mighty force, his trembling Prey;
Or deeps his beak in Serpent's blood,
Eager of Battle and of Food.

The Lion, Prince of Brutes, his Dam forſakes,
And through the ſhaggy Herd, wild ſlaughter makes,
Chacing ſome Goat along the Plain,
That flies, but flies in vain;

Videre Rhati bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem & Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazoniâ securi

Dextras obarmet, quærere distuli;
Nec scire fas est omnia. Sed diu
Latéque victrices caterva
Consiliis juvenis revicta

Sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset, quid Augusti paternus
In pueros animus Nerones.

Fortes creantur fortibus, & bonis;
Est in juvencis, est in equis Patrum
Virtus; nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.

Quid debeas, ô Roma, Neronibus
Testis Metaurum flumen, & Asdrubal
Devictus, & pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris,

Qui primus almâ risit adoreâ,
Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas,
Ceu flamma per tædas, vel Eurus
Per Siculas equitavit undas.

Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes crevit, & impio
Vastata Pœnorum tumultu
Fana Deos habuere rectos.

Dixitque tandem perfidus Annibal;
Cervi, luporum prædа rapacium,

Sectamur

Such *Druſus* did in Arms appear,
When near the *Alps* he urg'd the War:
In vain the *Rhæti* did their Axes wield,
Like *Amazons* they fought, like Women fled the Field:
But why thoſe ſavage Troops this Weapon chuſe,
Confirm'd by long eſtabliſh'd uſe,
Hiſtorians would in vain diſcloſe:
For who of Men all Secrets knows?

At length, when cruſh'd by the young Warriour's hand,
They knew what Heroes, under *Cæſar* train'd,
Could do; to whom the Sire bequeaths
His Soul; in whom he breaths:
The royal Bird of mighty *Jove*
Never brings forth a timorous Dove:
To valiant Fathers, valiant Sons ſucceed;
Thus Bulls from Bulls deſcend, and martial Horſes breed.
Yet the beſt blood by Learning is refin'd,
And Virtue arms the ſolid Mind;
Whilſt Vice will ſtain the nobleſt Race,
And the paternal Stamp efface.

Metaurum's bloody Waves and Banks ſhall tell,
How *Aſdrubal* by *Roman* Valour fell,
What *Rome* to *Nero*'s Offſpring owes:
A nobler Sun aroſe,
Smiling, with Triumph, on that Day,
Which chac'd our Clouds and Foes away;
Who, like a Flame, all *Italy* o'er-ran,
Swift as the Eaſtern Wind that skims along the Main.
'Twas then the Pow'rs above began to bleſs
Our Troops with Conqueſt and Succeſs;
The Gods, by impious Hands defac'd,
Once more erect, their Altars grac'd.

At laſt perfidious *Hannibal* thus ſpoke;
We, like the Stag, the brinded Wolf provoke;

Seclamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere & effugere eſt triumphus.

Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio,
Jactata Tuſcis æquoribus, ſacra,
Natóſque, maturóſque patres,
Pertulit Auſonias ad urbes;

Duris ut ilex tunſa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipſo
Ducit opes animúmque ferro.

Non Hydra ſecto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem;
Monſtrumve ſummiſere Colchi
Majus, Echioniæve Thebæ.

Merſes profundo pulchrior evenit;
Luctêre, multâ proruet integrum
Cum laude victorem, gerétque
Prælia conjugibus loquenda.

Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
Mittam ſuperbos: occidit, occidit
Spes omnis, & fortuna noſtri
Nominis, Aſdrubale interemto.

Nil Claudiæ non perficient manus,
Quas & benigno numine Jupiter
Defendit, & curæ ſagaces
Expediunt per acuta belli.

And when Retreat is Victory,
Ruſh on, tho' ſure to die.
When *Troy* was ſack'd, this People came
Thro' *Tuſcan* Seas, and *Grecian* Flame;
Their Gods, their Parents, and their Children bore
From *Ilium*'s ruin'd Walls to the *Auſonian* Shore:
Now, like an Oak on ſome cold Mountain's Brow,
At every wound they ſprout and grow;
The Ax and Sword new vigour give,
And by their ruins they revive.

Thus *Hercules*, for matchleſs Valour fam'd,
With fruitleſs blows, the fertile *Hydra* tam'd;
For as one Head the Hero ſlew,
The Monſter ſpawn'd a new;
And thus the *Dragon*'s Teeth, when ſown,
Were to a *Martial* Harveſt grown.
If to the Seas you truſt this happy Race,
They gather Strength, & Pow'r, & Riches from the Seas;
If to the Field their warlike Troops they lead,
They fill their Foes with Awe and Dread;
Their Matrons ſing their warlike Feats,
And every Tongue their Fame repeats.

No more the Herald ſhall to *Carthage* bear
The happy Tidings of Succeſs in War:
Farewell to Fortune and Renown,
For all our Hopes are gone;
With *Aſdrubal* my Honour dy'd,
And *Carthage* periſh'd by his ſide.
The *Roman* Youth may march triumphant on,
For with auſpicious ſmiles the Gods their *Druſus* crown;
Great *Jove* ſtill condeſcends to bleſs his Arms,
And ſaves him from impending Harms.
With Conduct, far above his years;
The Toils of War and Camps he bears.

ODE V.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Augustum, ut reditum suum omnibus optatissimum maturet, precatur: & quàm felix sit ejus beneficio rerum *Romanarum* status, commemorat. Unde illum, non aliter quàm olim in *Græciâ Castorem* & *Herculem*, coli dicit.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Custos gentis, abes jam nimiùm diu:
Maturum reditum pollicitus Patrum
Sancto concilio, redi.

Lucem redde tuæ, Dux bone, Patriæ,
Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles meliùs nitent:

Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
Dulci distinet à domo,

Votis, ominibúsque, & precibus vocat;
Curvo nec faciem littore dimovet:
Sic desideriis icta fidelibus
Quærit Patria Cæsarem.

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat:
Nutrit rura Ceres, almáque Faustitas:
Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ:
Culpari metuit fides:

Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris:
Mos & lex maculosum edomuit nefas:
Laudantur simili prole puerperæ:
Culpam pœna premit comes.

Quis Parthum paveat? quis gelidum Scythen?
Quis, Germania quos horrida parturit,
Fœtus, incolumi Cæsare? quis feræ
Bellum curet Iberiæ?

ODE V.

GReat *Hero's* Son, *Rome's* gracious Lord,
How long ſhall we thy Abſence mourn!
Thy promis'd ſelf at laſt afford,
Rome's ſacred *Senate* begs: Return.

Great Sir, reſtore your Country Light;
When your auſpicious Beams ariſe,
Juſt as in Spring, the Sun's more bright,
And fairer Days ſmile o'er the Skies.

As tender Mothers wait their Sons
Whom Storms have toſt above a Year,
And ev'ry nimble Day that runs
They load with Vows, and pious Fear:

They ne'er their Eyes from th' Shores remove,
Longing to ſee their Sons reſtor'd;
Thus *Rome*, inſpir'd with loyal Love,
Expects her great, her gracious Lord.

The Ox doth ſafely Paſtures trace,
And fruitful *Ceres* fills our Plains,
The Merchant ſails o'er quiet Seas,
And unſtain'd Faith, and Virtue reigns.

No baſe Adult'ry ſtains our Race,
Strict Law hath tam'd that ſpotted Vice;
The Child can ſhow his Father's Face;
Pain waits on Sin, and checks its riſe.

Who doth the dreadful *Germans* fear,
The *Scythian* Rage, or *Parthian* Bow,
Or who the threatning *Spaniards* War,
Whilſt *Caſar* lives, and rules below?

Condit quiſque diem collibus in ſuis,
Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores:
Hinc ad vina redit lætus, & altèris
Te menſis adhibet Deum:

Te multâ prece, te proſequitur mero
Defuſo pateris; & Laribus tuum
Miſcet numen; uti Græcia Caſtoris,
Et magni memor Herculis.

Longas ô utinam, Dux bone, ferias
Præſtes Heſperiæ, dicimus integro
Sicci manè die; dicimus uvidi,
Cùm Sol Oceano ſubeſt.

ODE VI.

IN APOLLINEM, & DIANAM.

Apollinis & *Dianæ* laudes hæc Ode canit, quæ ſpectat ad ſæculare Carmen, ut oſtendunt hæc ejus verba,--- *ego Diis amicum, Sæculo feſtas referente luces, Reddidi carmen.*

Dive, quem proles Niobæa magna
Vindicem linguæ, Tityóſque raptor
Senſit, & Trojæ propè victor altæ
Phthius Achilles.

Cæteris major, tibi miles impar;
Filius quamvis Thetidis marinæ
Dardanas turres quateret tremendâ
Cuſpide pugnax.

Ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
Pinus, aut impulſa cupreſſus Euro,
Procidit latè, poſuitque collum in
Pulvere Teucro.

In his own Hills each ſets his Sun;
To Widow Elms he leads his Vine,
And chearful, when his Toils are done,
Invokes thee o'er a Glaſs of Wine:

To thee our Prayers and Wines do flow,
To thee, the Author of our Peace,
As much as grateful *Greece* can ſhow
To *Caſtor*, or great *Hercules*:

Long may you live, your Days be fair,
Beſtow long Feaſts, and long Delight!
This is our ſober Morning Prayer,
And theſe our drunken Vows at Night.

ODE VI.

To Apollo *and* Diana.

GReat God, whom *Niobe*'s Race did know
A ſharp Revenger of a haughty Tongue,
Whom luſtful *Titus* wrong
Provok'd to draw his fatal Bow;
And ſtout *Achilles* found too great a Foe:

Tho' fierce in Arms, tho' *Thetis* Son,
Tho' Death did wait upon his Sword, and Fear
Attended on his Spear;
Tho' wretched *Troy* almoſt o'erthrown
Confeſt his force, he bow'd to thee alone.

Like Oaks which biting Axes wound,
Or Cypreſs tall which furious Storms divide,
He ſpread his Ruin wide:
He felt the fatal Dart, he groan'd
And hid his noble Head in *Troian* Ground:

Elle non intluſus equo Minervæ
Sacra mentito, malè feriatos
Troas, & latam Priami choreis
Falleret aulam:

Sed palam captis gravis, heu nefas! heu!
Neſcios fari pueros Achivis
Ureret flammis, etiam latentes
Matris in alvo:

Ni, tuis victus Veneriſque gratæ
Vocibus, Divûm Pater annuiſſet
Rebus Æneæ potiore ductos
Alite muros.

Doctor argutæ fidicen Thaliæ,
Phœbe, qui Xantho lavis amne crines,
Dauniæ defende decus Camœnæ,
Lævis Agyieu.

Spiritum Phœbus mihi, Phœbus artem
Carminis, nomenque dedit Poëtæ.
Virginum primæ, puerique claris
Patribus orti,

Deliæ tutela Deæ, fugaces
Lyncas, & cervos cohibentis arcu,
Lesbium ſervate pedem, meique
Pollicis ictum:

Not he in great *Minerva*'s Horſe
Had cheated *Troy*, and *Priam*'s heedleſs Court,
Diſſolv'd in Wine and Sport;
But hot, and deaf to all remorſe,
Had fiercely ſtorm'd our Walls with open force:

And when ſtrong Fates had *Troy* o'ercome
Too ſavage he, alas! with *Grecian* Flames
Had burnt the breeding Dames,
And in their Mothers burning Womb,
Poor harmleſs Infants found an early Tomb:

But your kind Prayers, and *Venus* Face,
Prevail'd on Fate, made angry *Juno* kind,
And bent *Jove*'s mighty Mind
To grant a more auſpicious place
To raiſe a Town for great *Æneas* Race:

Fain'd Artiſt on the Muſes Lyre,
That bath'ſt thy yellow Locks in *Xanthus* Flood,
Sweet, ſmooth-fac'd charming God,
Improve the Rage thou didſt inſpire,
Encreaſe my heat and ſtill preſerve my Fire.

From *Phœbus* all my Fancy came,
'Twas *Phœbus* firſt that taught me how to ſing,
And ſtrike the ſpeaking String;
He Art inſpir'd, he rais'd my Fame,
Gave me the glory of a Poet's Name.

You, noble Maids, and noble Boys,
The chaſt *Diana*'s chiefeſt care below,
Whoſe dreadful Darts and Bow
Fierce *Tygers* fear; obſerve my Voice,
Obſerve the meaſures of the publick Joys:

Ritè Latona prorum canentes,
Ritè crescentem face Noctilucam,
Prosperam frugum, celerémque pronos
Volvere menses.

Nupta jam dices; Ego Diis amicum,
Sæculo festas referente luces,
Reddidi carmen, docilis modorum
Vatis Horatî.

ODE VII.

AD L. MANLIUM TORQUATUM.

Veris adventu, & æqua omnibus hominibus moriendi conditione sine spe reviviscendi, omniúmque rerum mutatione & vicissitudine proposita, invitat ad hilariter jucundéque vivendum.

Diffugêre nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribúsque coma:
Mutat terra vices, & decrescentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt:
Gratia cum Nymphis, geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres monet annus, & almum
Quæ rapit hora diem.
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris: ver proterit æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit; & mox
Bruma recurret iners.

Juſt Praiſes give *Latona's* Son;
And ſing the Moon with her encreaſing Light
The beauteous Queen of Night,
Kind to our Fruits; and ſwift alone
To turn the rapid Months, and whirl 'em down.

When Marriage Bands confine thy Love,
Then boaſt, as Years brought round the Feaſt, I plaid
The Tunes that *Horace* made;
I ſung his Verſe; and this did prove
A pleaſing Tribute to the Gods above.

ODE VII.

To MANLIUS TORQUATUS.

The Spring coming on, from the Conſideration of our frail State, he invites him to be merry.

THE Snows are gone, and Graſs returns again,
New Leaves adorn the *Widow* Trees,
The unſwoln Streams their narrow Banks contain,
And ſoftly roul to quiet Seas:

The decent *Nymphs* with ſmiling *Graces* join'd,
Now naked dance i'th' open Air,
They dread no Blaſts, nor fear the Wind
That wantons thro' their flowing Hair.

The nimble Hour that turns the circling Year,
And ſwiftly whirls the pleaſing Day,
Forewarns thee to be *Mortal* in thy Care,
Nor cramp thy Life with long Delay:

The Spring the Winter, Summer waſtes the Spring,
And Summer's Beauty's quickly loſt,
When drunken *Autumn* ſpreads her drooping Wing,
And next cold Winter creeps in Froſt.

Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia Lunæ:
Nos, ubi decidimus
Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, & Ancus,
Pulvis, & umbra sumus.
Quis scit, an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora Dî superi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient hæredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.
Cùm semel occideris, & de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria,
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas.
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum:
Nec Lethæa valet Theseus abrumpere caro
Vincula Pirithoo.

ODE VIII.

AD MARTIUM CENSORINUM.

Nihil esse carminibus potentius ad sempiternam sui nominis memoriam posteris prodendam, atque ab oblivione hominum vindicandam.

Donarem pateras, gratáque commodus,
Censorine, meis æra sodalibus;
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Græcorum: neque tu pessima munerum
Ferres: divite me scilicet artium,

The Moon, 'tis true, her Monthly Loſs repairs,
She ſtreight renews her borrow'd Light;
But when black Death hath turn'd our ſhining Years,
There follows one *Eternal* Night.

When we ſhall view the gloomy *Stygian* Shore,
And walk amongſt the mighty Dead,
Where *Tullus*, where *Æneas* went before,
We ſhall be Duſt, and empty Shade:

Who knows if ſtubborn Fate will prove ſo kind,
And join to this another Day?
What e'er is for thy greedy Heir deſign'd,
Will ſlip his Hands, and fly away:

When thou art gone, and *Minos* Sentence read,
Torquatus, there is no Return;
Thy Fame, nor all thy learned Tongue can plead,
Nor Goodneſs ſhall unſeal the Urn:

For chaſt *Hippolytus* *Diana* ſtrives,
She ſtrives, but ah! ſhe ſtrives in vain;
Nor *Theſeus* Care, and pious Force reprieves
His dear *Pirithoüs* from his Chain.

ODE VIII.

To Marcus Censorinus.

Verſe is the beſt and moſt laſting Preſent that a Man can ſend his Friend.

I Would be kind, I would beſtow,
Dear *Cenſorine*, on all I know,
Plate, Statues, Braſs prepar'd;
Or Bowls the ſtouteſt *Greeks* Reward:
On you, my Friend, and half my Heart,
Some curious Piece of noble Art;

Quas aut Parrhaſius protulit, aut Scopas,
Hic ſaxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Solers nunc hominem ponere, nunc Deum.
Sed non hæc mihi vis: non tibi talium
Res eſt, aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus: carmina poſſumus
Donare, & pretium dicere muneri.
Non inciſa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ ſpiritus, & vita redit bonis
Poſt mortem ducibus; non celeres fugæ,
Rejectaque retrorſum Annibalis minæ;
Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,
Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ
Lucratus redit, clariùs indicant
Laudes, quàm Calabræ Pierides: neque,
Si chartæ ſileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliæ
Mavortiſque puer, ſi taciturnitas
Obſtaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
Virtus, & favor, & lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus conſecrat inſulis.
Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori:
Cœlo Muſa beat. Sic Jovis intereſt
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules:

Could I the famous Works command
Of *Scopas* or *Parrhaſius* Hand,
One skill'd in Stone, and one in Paint,
To frame a Man, or make a Saint:
The Art declar'd the frame divine,
And *God* appear'd in ev'ry Line.
But I am poor, and your Eſtate
Gives you all theſe, your Soul too great
To want ſuch Things; but You delight
In noble Verſe, and I can write;
In theſe I'm rich, can pleaſe a Friend,
And ſhow the worth of what I ſend:
Not ſtately Pillars rais'd in Braſs,
Nor Stones inſcrib'd with publick Praiſe,
Tho' ſuch new Heat and Vigour give,
And make the bury'd *Heroes* live;
The haſty flight, the wondrous Fall,
And threats thrown back on *Hannibal*,
Not impious *Carthage* bright in Flames,
His Praiſe, who came increas'd in Names
From conquer'd *Africk*, Virtues ſhow
With half the Glory Verſe can do:
If Books were dumb, what ſmall Regard
Would Virtue meet, what mean Reward?
And who had *Rome*'s great Founder known,
Tho' ſprung from *Mars*, tho' *Ilia*'s Son,
If envious Silence had with-held
His great Deſerts, and Fame conceal'd?
From Shades below, and gloomy Night,
By Poet's Pow'r, and force of Wit,
Freed *Æacus* ſerenely reigns
A mighty King in happy Plains.
The *Muſe* forbids great Worth to die;
On whom ſhe will beſtows the Sky:
Thus great *Alcides* carves the Feaſt
With *Jove* himſelf, a noble Gueſt:

Clarum Tyndaridæ ſidus ab infimis
Quaſſas eripiunt æquoribus rates:
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

ODE IX.

AD LOLLIUM.

Scripta ſua nunquam interitura. Sine Poëtarum ope Virtutem oblivione ſempiternâ deleri. Se ſuis verſibus res à *Lollio* geſtas memoriæ proditurum. Laus conſtantiæ, abſtinentiæ, & cæterarum virtutum.

NE fortè credas interitura, quæ
Longè ſonantem natus ad Aufidum,
Non ante vulgatas per artes,
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis.

Non, ſi priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Ceæque, & Alcæi minaces,
Steſichorique graves Camœnæ.

Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas: ſpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Æolia fidibus puella.

Non ſola comptos arſit adulteri
Crines, & aurum veſtibus illitum
Mirata, regaleſque cultus,
Et comites, Helenæ Latona:

Thus ſhining *Caſtor* kindly ſaves
A feeble Ship in rougheſt Waves:
And *Bacchus*, crown'd with Ivy, hears
Our modeſt Vows, and ſpeeds our Pray'rs.

ODE IX. *To* Lollius.

His ſongs ſhall never die; and he is reſolv'd to make his Friend Lollius's *Name live for ever.*

VAIN Fear, to think thoſe Words will die
Which born by *Auſid*'s rowling Stream,
With unknown Art I firſt did try
In *Lyrick* Numbers join'd
With charming Strings to bind,
And gently raiſe my noble Theme.

Tho' King in Verſe great *Homer* reigns,
And doth Equality refuſe;
Yet *Pindar* lives in lofty Strains,
Alcæus nobly charms,
The *Cæan Lyric* warms
With grave *Steſichorus* ſtately Muſe:

We read *Anacreon*'s wanton Toys;
Whilſt they our Paſſions gently move,
No Envy blaſts, no Age deſtroys;
And *Sappho*'s charming Lyre
Preſerves her ſoft Deſire,
And tunes our raviſh'd Souls to Love.

Not only *Helen*'s Heart was fir'd,
When baſely careleſs of her Fame
She *Paris* Princely Train admir'd,
His Curls ſurprizing Grace,
His Dreſs, his Art, his Face,
And lewdly fed her lawleſs Flame.

Primúsve Teucer tela Cydonio
Direxit arcu: non semel Ilios
Vexata; non pugnavit ingens
Idomeneus, Sthenelúsve solus

Dicenda Musis prælia: non ferox
Hector, vel acer Deiphobus graves
Excepit ictus pro pudicis
Conjugibus puerísque primus.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique, longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Paulùm sepulta distat inertia
Celata virtus. Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores

Impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones. Est animus tibi
Rerúmque prudens, & secundis
Temporibus dubiísque rectus:

Not *Teucer* firſt drew fatal Bows;
Not *Troy* but once felt *Grecian* Rage;
Not only *Sthenelus* brav'd his Foes,
The great firſt-born of Fame,
That fought, and overcame,
And lives in Verſe to future Age.

Not *Hector* firſt the Glory won
Of bravely ſpending Royal Blood
To guard his hopes, his darling Son;
Nor firſt profuſe of Life
To ſave a Virtuous Wife,
And do his dying Country good.

Before that Age a thouſand liv'd,
And ſent ſurpriſing Glories forth,
But none the ſilent Grave ſurviv'd;
In Night their Splendor's gone,
They fell, unmourn'd, unknown:
Becauſe no Verſe embalms their Worth.

What Worth doth lazy Sloth excel,
If 'tis with-held from ſounding Fame?
Thy Glories I will loudly tell,
And in immortal Verſe
Thy living Praiſe reherſe,
Nor ſuffer Age to waſte thy Name.

A gen'rous Mind, in Action bold,
Wiſe in Debate, in Council grave,
Too ſtrong for all attracting Gold:
Let Fortune frown or ſmile,
Thy Soul is conſtant ſtill,
In either State 'tis great and brave:

Vindex avaræ fraudis, & abſtinens
Ducentis ad ſe cuncta pecuniæ;
Conſulque non unius anni;
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus

Judex honeſtum prætulit utili, &
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu, & per obſtantes catervas
Explicuit ſua victor arma.

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,

Durámque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejúſque letho flagitium timet:
Non ille pro cariâ amicâ,
Aut Patriâ timidus perire.

ODE X.

AD LIGURINUM.

Ut dum per ætatem licet, fruatur formæ ſuæ bono: alioqui fore ut ipſum ſerò pœniteat, cùm flos ille ætatis exaruerit.

O Crudelis adhuc, & Veneris muneribus potens,
Inſperata tua cùm veniet pluma ſuperbiæ,
Et, quæ nunc humeris involitant, deciderint comæ:
Nunc & qui color eſt puniceæ flore prior roſæ,
Mutatus Ligurinum in faciem verterit hiſpidam,

Not *Conſul* only for one Year,
But ſtill the Chair as oft obtain'd
As equal Juſtice rul'd the Bar,
As oft as Crimes accus'd,
And guilty Bribes refus'd
With haughty Look ſhe nobly reign'd:

Believe not thoſe that Lands poſſeſs,
And ſhining Heaps of uſeleſs Ore,
The only Lords of Happineſs,
But rather thoſe that know
For what kind Fates beſtow,
And have the Art to uſe the Store:

That have the gen'rous Skill to bear
The hated Weight of Poverty;
Who more than Death will Baſeneſs fear,
Who nobly, to defend
Their Country or their Friend,
Embrace their Fate, and gladly die.

ODE X.

To Scornful LIGURINE.

Age will come, Beauty waſte, and then he will be ſorry for his preſent Pride.

AH lovely yet, and great in Charms,
Ah coy, and flying from my Arms!
When an unlook'd for Beard ſhall hide
And ſcatter'd Hairs ſpread o'er thy Pride;
When all thoſe wanton Curls ſhall fall,
Thy Roſy Colour yield to Pale,
Thy Cheeks grow wan, thy Body pine,
And leave a different *Ligurine*,
Ah thou ſhalt ſay, when e'er the Glaſs
Shall ſhow thee quite another Face,

Dices, heu! (quoties te in speculo videris alterum)
Quæ mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit?
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ?

ODE XI.

AD PHYLLIDEM.

Phyllidem amicam ad celebrandum secum *Mæcenatis* natalem invitat. De *Telepho* autem jam illi cogitandum non esse dicit, quippe qui alius puellæ amore captus sit: tum *Phaëtontem* & *Bellerophontem* documento illi esse, ut disparem vitet.

EST mihi nonum superantis annum
Plenus Albani cadus; est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis,
Est hederæ vis

Multa, quâ crines religata fulges:
Ridet argento domus; ara castis
Vincta verbenis avet immolato
Spargier agno:

Cuncta festinat manus: hinc & illinc
Cursitant mistæ pueris puellæ:
Sordidum flammæ trepidant rotantes
Vertice fumum.

Ut tamen noris, quibus advoceris
Gaudiis; Idus tibi sunt agendæ,
Qui dies mensem Veneris marinæ
Findit Aprilem;

Jure solennis mihi, sanctiorque
Pene natali proprio; quòd ex hac
Luce Mæcenas meus affluentes
Ordinat annos.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit,
Non tuæ sortis juvenem, puella
Dives & lasciva: tenetque gratâ
Compede vinctum.

Ah whilſt I was a vig'rous Boy,
Why did I not this Mind enjoy!
Or ſince I now ſo freely burn,
Why won't my former Face return!

ODE XI. *To* Phyllis.

On Mæcenas *his Birth-Day, he invites her to a Feaſt.*

I Keep ſome Casks of racy Wines
Full nine Years old; to Crown thy Hair
My Parſly grows; my Ivy twines
To grace thy Head, and make Thee fair:

My Rooms well furniſh'd Joy proclaim,
My Altar, crown'd with ſacred Wood
And *Vervine* chaſt, expects her Lamb,
And thirſts to drink the promis'd Blood.

All Hands at work, my Boys and Maids
With buſie Haſte the Feaſt prepare,
My Torches raiſe their trembling Heads,
And roll dark Volumes thro' the Air:

But now to tell what Joys to Night
I call Thee to; I keep the *Ide*
That *April*'s Month, the choice Delight
Of Sea-born *Venus*, doth divide:

A Day of Joy and Mirth appears,
And almoſt dearer than my own;
It ſhuts *Mæcenas* former Years,
And brings another gently on:

That *Telephus* whom you deſire,
A richer Maid and Beauty gains,
Young, Wanton, Gay, and full of Fire,
And holds him faſt in pleaſing Chains:

Terret ambuſtus Phaëton avaras
Spes: & exemplum grave præbet ales
Pegaſus, terrenum equitem gravatus
Bellerophontem,

Semper ut te digna ſequare; &, ultra
Quam licet, ſperare, nefas putando,
Diſparem vites: age, jam meorum
Finis amorum,

(Non enim poſthac aliâ calebo
Fœminâ) condiſce modos, amanda
Voce quos reddas, minuentur atræ
Carmine curæ.

ODE XII.

AD VIRGILIUM.

Deſcribit veris adventum: tum eum invitat ad epulas, ea conditione ut ſecum pro ſymbola, unguenti nardini onychem afferat.

JAm veris comites, quæ mare temperant,
Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ:
Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii ſtrepunt
Hibernâ nive turgidi.

Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
Infelix avis, & Cecropiæ domus
Æternum opprobrium, quòd malè barbaras
Regum eſt ulta libidines.

Dicunt,

Burnt *Phaëton* checks hopes too high,
From Heav'n by dreadful Thunder thrown;
And *Pegaſus* refus'd to fly
And threw his mortal Rider down:

Then *Phyllis* ſtop thy riſing Flame,
And all ambitious Thoughts remove,
'Tis Sin to hunt too great a Game,
And fly at an unequal Love:

Come, come, my laſt, my deareſt Miſs,
The laſt I can I muſt adore;
No Face ſhall e'er provoke a Kiſs;
And other Beauty warm no more.

Come learn, my Dear, ſome pleaſing Song,
Which you, with a ſurpriſing Air,
Might warble o'er your charming Tongue;
For Songs are good to leſſen Care.

ODE XII. *To* Virgil.

He deſcribes the Spring, and invites him to Supper.

THE ſoft Companions of the Spring,
The gentle *Thracian* Gales
Spread o'er the Earth their flowry Wing,
And ſwell the greedy Merchant's Sails:

The Streams not ſwoln with melted Snow
In fair *Meanders* play,
To quiet Seas they ſmoothly flow,
And gently eat their eaſie way.

The Swallow with the Spring returns,
And as ſhe builds her Neſt,
Her murder'd *Itys* ſadly mourns,
And ſighs, and beats her troubled Breaſt.

Dicunt, in tenero gramine, pinguium
Custodes ovium, carmina fistulâ:
Delectántque Deum, cui pecus, & nigri
Colles Arcadiæ placent.

Adduxere sitim tempora, Virgili:
Sed, pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens,
Nardo vina merebere.

Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
Qui nunc Sulpitiis accubat horreis,
Spes donare novas largus, amaráque
Curarum eluere efficax.

Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tuâ
Velox merce veni: non ego te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
Plenâ aives ut in domo.

Verùm pone moras, & studium lucri;
Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium,
Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.
Dulce est desipere in loco.

ODE XIII.

IN LYCEN.

Insultat ei quòd jam anus fiat, & libidine flagrans, contemnatur à juvenibus.

Audivere, Lyce, Di mea vota: Di
Audivere, Lyce; fis anus, & tamen
Vis formosa videri,
Ludisque, & bibis impudens:

The Swallow; *Athens* laſting ſhame,
For tho' her Cauſe was juſt,
Her Breaſt conceiv'd a lawleſs flame,
And ill reveng'd the Tyrant's Luſt.

The Swain, whilſt Flocks ſecurely feed,
Sits down, and ſweetly plays,
He ſoftly blows his Oaten Reed,
And pleaſeth *Pan* with rural Lays:

The Seaſon, *Virgil*, brings us Thirſt;
And if you Mirth deſign
With noble Youths, bring Oyntment firſt,
And I'll provide thee racy Wine:

For one ſmall Box of Oyntment brought
I will a Cask prepare,
'Tis ſtrong to tame a lofty Thought,
Check hopes, and waſh down bitter Care.

Now if you'll make a joyful Gueſt,
I'll not, as Nobles do,
Bear all the Charges of the Feaſt,
But muſt expect a ſhare from you.

Think Life is ſhort, forget thy Fears,
And eager thoughts of Gain,
Short Folly mix with graver Cares,
'Tis decent ſometimes to be vain.

ODE XIII. *To* Lyce.

He inſults over her now ſhe is grown old.

THE Gods have heard, *Lyce*, the Gods have heard,
The Gods have heard my Pray'r,
As I have wiſh'd, and you have fear'd,
You're old, yet would be counted fair:

Et cantu tremulo, pota, Cupidinem
Lentum ſollicitas: ille virentis, &
Doctæ pſallere Chiæ,
Pulchris excubat in genis.

Importunus enim tranſvolat aridas
Quercus, & refugit te, quia luridi
Dentes, te quia rugæ
Turpant, & capitis nives?

Nec Coæ referunt jam tibi purpuræ,
Nec clari lapides tempora, quæ ſemel
Notis condita faſtis
Inclusit volucris dies.

Quò fugit Venus? heu! quóve color decens?
Quò motus? Quid habes illius, illius,
Quæ ſpirabat amores,
Quæ me ſurpuerat mihi,

Felix poſt Cynaram, notâque, & artium
Gratarum facies? Sed Cynara breves

You toy, you impudently drink, to raiſe
Your lazy dull Deſire,
You ſtrive to heighten to a blaze
With your cold Breath the dying fire.

In vain, 'tis all in vain, coy *Cupid* flies,
A better Seat he ſeeks,
In young ſoft *Chloë*'s Face he lies,
And gently wantons in her Cheeks:

Coy he flies o'er dry Oaks, he ſcorns thy Face,
Becauſe a furrow'd Brow
And hollow Eyes thy Form diſgrace,
And o'er thy Head Age ſcatters Snow.

Nor can thy coſtly dreſs from th' Eaſtern Shore,
With all the Gems it bears,
Thy former lovely Youth reſtore,
Nor bring thee back thy ſcatter'd Years;

Thoſe Years, which the *Eternal* Wheel hath ſpun,
And drawn beyond thy Prime,
Thro' which ſwift Day hath nimbly run,
And ſhut in known Records of Time.

Where is that Beauty, where that charming Air,
That Shape, that Amorous Play?
Oh, what haſt thou of her, of Her,
Whoſe ev'ry Look did Love inſpire,
Whoſe ev'ry breathing fann'd my fire,
And ſtole me from my ſelf away?

To lovely *Cynera*'s Face ſet next in Fame
For all that can ſurprize,
For all thoſe Arts that raiſe a Flame,
And kindly feed it at our Eyes;

Annos fata dederunt,
Servatura diu parem

Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lycen?
Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi,
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem.

ODE XIV.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Augusto nullos à senatu populóque *Romano* honores deferri dicit, qui virtutes ejus æquare possint. Victorias, quas ejus privigni de variis Gentibus reportarunt, celebrat, tanquam ad ipsius *Augusti* felicitatem simul & gloriam pertinentes; quòd nimirum bella auspiciis illius gesserint. Tandem igitur quaslibet Gentes, etiam quæ in remotissimis terræ partibus sitæ sint, ejus imperium agnoscere & venerari ait.

Quæ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium
Plenis honorum muneribus, tuas,
Auguste, virtutes in ævum
Per titulos, memoréque fastos

Æternet? ô, quà Sol habitabiles
Illustrat oras, maxime Principum,
Quem legis expertes Latinæ
Vindelici didicere nuper,

Quid Marte possis: milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
Brennósque veloces, & arces
Alpibus impositas tremendis

Dejecit acer, plus vice simplici.

But haſty Fate cut charming *Cynera* ſhort,
That Fate that now prepares
Old *Lyce*, old as Daws for ſport,
And ſcorn as grievous as her Years.

When our hot Youths ſhall come, and laugh to ſee
The Torch that burnt before;
And kindled aged Lechery,
To Aſhes fall'n, and warm no more.

ODE XIV. *To* Augustus.

That his Deſerts are much greater than any Rewards Rome *can beſtow.*

How can the *Senate's*, how the *People's* care,
Tho' all with Gifts that ſwell with Honours ſtrive,
A laſting Monument prepare
To make thy Glory live,
And thy great Name thro' future Ages bear?

O greateſt Prince the circling Sun can view!
Whom ſtout *Vindelici*, unlearn'd in fear,
From glorious Conqueſts lately knew
How great he is in War,
And felt that all that Fame had told was true.

Brave *Druſus* led thy conqu'ring Legions on,
And fierce *Genaunis* a ſtubborn Nation broke;
The furious *Brenni's* force o'erthrown
Now gladly take the Yoke,
The Glory of their Slav'ry proudly own.

Strong Caſtles fixt on Mountains vaſtly high,
Almoſt as high as his aſpiring Thought,
With a repeated Victory
Thrown down; he climb'd and fought
Where Fear or winged Hope ſcarce dar'd to fly.

Major Neronum mox grave prælium
Commisit, immanésque Rhætos
Auspiciis pepulit secundis,

Spectandus in certamine Martio,
Devota morti pectora libera
Quantis fatigaret ruinis:
Indomitas prope qualis undas

Exercet Auster, Pleïadum choro
Scindente nubes, impiger hostium
Vexare turmas, & frementem
Mittere equum medios per ignes.

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Appuli,
Cùm sævit, horrendámque cultis
Diluviem meditatur agris:

Ut Barbarorum Claudius agmina
Ferrata vasto diruit impetu:
Primósque & extremos metendo,
Stravit humum sine clade victor:

Te copias, te consilium, & tuos
Præbente Divos. Nam tibi, quo die
Portus Alexandrea supplex,
Et vacuam patefecit aulam,

Fortuna lustro prospera tertio
Belli secundos reddidit exitus,
Landémque, & optatum peractis
Imperiis decus arrogavit.

Next Elder *Nero* great in Arms appear'd,
And *Rhati* fought; a ſight for Gods to ſee,
What Slaughters broke their Souls prepar'd
For Death with Liberty,
And led the Conqueror to high Reward.

As raging Winds, with an impetuous Courſe,
When ſtormy Stars aſſiſt, do toſs the Flood,
So fierce he breaks thro' armed force,
Thro' Darts and Streams of Blood,
And threatning Flames, he ſpurs his foaming Horſe:

As branched *Aufidus* doth Moles diſdain,
And thro' *Apulian* Fields doth whirl his Waves,
When rais'd by Snow or ſwoln with Rain,
Againſt his Banks he raves,
And threatens Floods to all the fruitful Plain:

Thus *Claudius* violent did in Arms appear,
No Bands, no barb'rous Troops his force could ſtay,
The Front, the Body, and the Rear
Secure he ſwept away,
And o'er the Field he ſcatter'd dreadful War:

Whilſt you your Forces, you your Counſel lent,
What mortal Courage could his Arms oppoſe?
When to his Aid your Gods you ſent,
He thunder'd on his Foes,
And threw among them Slav'ry as he went.

Since ſuppliant *Egypt* in her empty Throne
Receiv'd thee Lord, the Fates that ſtrive to bleſs,
Thy Title to the Empire own
By fifteen Years Succeſs;
And ſtill increaſe the Glory of thy Crown.

Te Cantaber non ante domabilis,
Medúſque, & Indus, te profugus Scythes
Miratur, & tutela præſens
Italiæ, dominæque Romæ!

Te fontium qui celat origines
Nilúſque, & Iſter; te rapidus Tigris,
Te bellioſus qui remotis
Obſtrepit Oceanus Britannis;

Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
Duraque tellus audit Iberiæ;
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compoſitis venerantur armis.

ODE XV.

AUGUSTI LAUDES.

Auguſti laudes hac quoque Ode canit, licet à canendis ejus præliis ab *Apolline* deterritum ſe fuiſſe dicat. Potiſſimùm autem laudat eum quòd pacem ſuis reddiderit, & refrænatâ, quæ cum ſumma licentia vagabatur, morum corruptelâ, eas artes revocarit, per quas imperium à majoribus fuerat amplificatum.

Phœbus volentem prælia me loqui,
Victas & urbes, increpuit lyrâ:
Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor
Vela darem. Tua, Cæſar, ætas

Fruges & agris rettulit uberes;
Et ſigna noſtro reſtituit Jovi,
Derepta Parthorum ſuperbis
Poſtibus; & vacuum duellis

Janum Quirini clauſit; & ordinem
Rectum, & vaganti frena licentiæ
Injecit, amovítque culpas,
Et veteres revocavit artes:

Per quas Latinum nomen, & Italæ
Crevere vires, famáque, & Imperî

The fierce *Cantabrian*, not to be o'ercome
Before thy Arms, the *Indian* and the *Mede*,
The wandring *Scythians* lurk at home,
And thee they wiſely dread;
O preſent Guard of *Italy* and *Rome!*

The Waves that beat the *Britiſh* monſtrous Shore,
Cold *Iſter*, *Nile*, and *Tanais* rapid Stream,
Fierce *Spaniards* now rebel no more,
And *Gauls* that Death contemn
Lay down their Arms, and quietly adore.

ODE XV.

He praiſeth Auguſtus.

WHEN I would ſing of noble Fights,
Of lofty things in lofty Flights,
Apollo's Harp my Temples ſtrook,
The trembling Strings in Conſort ſhook,
And anſwer'd to the Tunes he ſpoke:
Thy Ship is weak, he ſaid, forbear,
And tempt not raging Seas too far.
Thy Age, great *Cæſar*, gracious Lord,
Hath Plenty to our Fields reſtor'd:
Proud *Parthians* captive Arms reſign
To mighty *Jove*'s and *Cæſar*'s Shrine.
Now noiſie Wars and Tumults ceaſe,
And *Janus* Temple's barr'd by Peace:
Wild Luſt is bouud in modeſt Chains,
And Licence feels juſt Order's Reins:
Strict Virtue rules, good Laws command;
And baniſh'd Sin forſakes the Land:
You all thoſe gen'rous Arts renew,
By which our Infant Empire grew;
By which her Fame ſpread vaſtly wide,
And carry'd in Majeſtick Pride

Porrecta majestas ad ortum
Solis, ab Hesperio cubili.

Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor
Civilis, aut vis eximet otium:
Non ira, quæ procudit enses,
Et miseras inimicat urbes.

Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt,
Edicta rumpent Julia; non Geta,
Non Seres, infidive Persa,
Non Tanain prope flumen orti.

Nosque & profestis lucibus & sacris,
Inter jocosi munera Liberi,
Cum prole, matronisque nostris,
Rite Deos prius apprecati,

Virtute functos more patrum duces,
Lydis remisto carmine tibiis,
Trojamque, & Anchisen, & almæ
Progeniem Veneris canemus.

From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* ſerenely ſhone,
As far and glorious as the Sun.
Whilſt *Cæſar* lives and rules in Peace,
No Civil Wars ſhall break our Eaſe,
No Rage that fatal Swords prepares,
And hurries wretched Towns to Wars:
Not cruel *Getes* tho' bath'd in Blood,
Not thoſe by *Tanais* faithleſs Flood,
Not thoſe that drink *Danubius* Stream,
Shall glorious *Cæſar*'s Laws contemn:
We on our Feaſt, and working days,
'Midſt jovial Cups will gladly praiſe;
Our pious Wives, and pratling Boys
Shall firſt the Gods with humble Voice,
And then with Pipes and ſounding Verſe
The Heroes noble Acts rehearſe;
Anchiſes, *Troy* our Songs ſhall grace,
And brave *Æneas*, *Venus* happy Race.

The End of the Fourth Book.

Q. HORATII FLACCI EPODON LIBER.

EPODE I.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Mæcenati ad bellum *Actiacum* proficiſcenti comitem ſe offert, non tàm quòd præſentiâ ſuâ quicquam commodi ſit ei allaturus, quàm quòd minus de ſalute ejus ſollicitus ſit futurus.

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,
Amice, propugnacula,
Paratus omne Cæſaris periculum
Subire, Mæcenas, tuo.
Quid nos? quibus te vita ſit ſuperſtite
Jucunda; ſi contra, gravis:
Utrúmne juſſi perſequemur otium
Non dulce, ni tecum ſimul?
An hunc laborem mente lætuti, decet
Quâ ferre non molles viros?
Feremus: & te, vel per Alpium juga,
Inhoſpitalem & Caucaſum,
Vel Occidentis uſque ad ultimum ſinum,
Forti ſequemur pectore.
Roges, tuum labore quid juvem meo,
Imbellis, ac firmus parùm?
Comes minore ſum futurus in metu,
Qui major abſentes habet.

EPODES.

EPODE I.

To MÆCENAS.

MY *Lord*, my beſt, and deareſt Friend,
The chiefeſt Bulwark of the State;
In tall *Liburnian* Ships defend
Great *Caſar's* Cauſe, and prop his Fate.

Before his Danger thruſt your own:
But what ſhall he that breaths in you,
That ſcorns to live when you are gone,
What ſhall forſaken *Horace* do?

Shall I ſit down and take my Eaſe?
But without you what Joys delight?
Or ſteel my Softneſs, ſtem the Seas,
Or bolder grow, and dare to fight?

Or ſhall I arm my feeble Breaſt,
And wait on you thro' *Alpine* Snow,
Or fartheſt Regions of the *Weſt*,
Where *Caſar* bids the Valiant go?

You ask why thus I boldly preſs,
And what ſhould feeble I do there?
My fear, *my Lord*, will be the leſs;
For Abſence ſtill increaſes fear.

Ut assidens implumibus pullis avis
Serpentium allapsus timet,
Magis relictis: non, ut adsit, auxilî
Latura plus præsentibus.
Libenter hoc, & omne militabitur
Bellum in tua spem gratia:
Non ut juvencis illigata pluribus
Aratra nitantur meis:
Pecúsve Calabris, ante sidus fervidum,
Lucana mutet pascua:
Nec, ut superni villa tandens Tusculi
Circæa tangat mœnia.
Sâtis superque me benignitas tua
Ditavit: haud paravero
Quod aut, avarus ut Chremes, terrâ premam;
Discinctus aut perdam, ut nepos.

EPODE II.

Varias vitæ rusticæ laudes hac Ode complectitur: præsertim verò ab animi tranquillitate & frugalitate eam laudat.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore:
Neque excitatur classico miles truci,
Neque horret iratum mare;

Thus Birds on Wing are moſt affraid
That Snakes will come when they're away,
Tho' preſent they're too weak to aid,
And ſave the eaſy Callow Prey.

I would be ſtout, diſcard my Fears,
The greateſt Dangers bravely prove,
And venture this or other Wars
In hopes, *my Lord*, to keep your Love.

But not to have more Oxen groan
Beneath my Plows, nor feed more Swains;
Nor yet as Heat or Cold comes on,
To drive my Sheep to other Plains:

Not to enlarge my Country Seat,
Or get vaſt heaps of ſhining Ore;
Your Bounty, Sir, hath made me great,
And furniſh'd with ſufficient Store.

I do not heaps of Gold deſire,
To hide, and have no Heart to uſe,
As *Chremes* did; nor Wealth require,
On baſer Luſts to be profuſe.

EPODE II.

The Pleaſures of a Country and retir'd Life.

HAppy the Man beyond pretence,
(Such was the State of Innocence)
That looſe from Care, from Buſineſs free,
From griping Debts and Uſury,
Contented in an humble Fate,
With his own Oxen ploughs his own Eſtate:
No early Trumpet breaks his Eaſe,
He doth not dread the angry Seas:

Forúmque vitat, & ſuperba civium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos;
Aut in reductâ valle mugientium
Proſpectat errantes greges;
Inutiléſque falce ramos amputans,
Feliciores inſerit;
Aut preſſa puris mella condit amphoris;
Aut tondet infirmas oves:
Vel, cùm decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus arvis extulit,
Ut gaudet inſitiva decerpens pyra,
Certantem & uvam purpuræ,
Quâ muneretur te, Priape, & te, Pater
Silvane, tutor finium!
Libet jacere modò ſub antiquâ ilice,
Modò in tenaci gramine.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ;
Queruntur in ſilvis aves;
Fontéſque lymphis obſtrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.
At, cùm tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
Imbres, nivéſque comparat:
Aut trudit acres hinc & hinc multâ cane
Apros in obſtantes plagas:
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
Turdis edacibus dolos;
Pavidúmque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem,
Jucunda captat præmia.
Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
Hæc inter obliviſcitur?
Quòd ſi pudica mulier in partem juvans
Domum, atque dulces liberos,
Sabina qualis, aut peruſta ſolibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli,

He flies the Bar, from Noiſe retreats,
And ſhuns the *Nobles* haughty Seats.
But Marrigeable Vines he leads
To luſty Oaks, and kindly Weds:
Or careleſly in Vallies ſtrays,
And ſmiles to ſee his Oxen graze:
He prunes his Vines, or grafts his Trees;
Or ſheers his Sheep, or takes his Bees;
From Combs well preſt his Honey flows,
Almoſt as ſweet as his Repoſe:
Or when the mellow Autumn rears
His fruitful Head, he gathers Pears,
Or Purple Grapes, and theſe reward
With pleaſing Gifts his Holy Guard;
Thee, *Sylvian*, and, *Priapus* thee
A Tribute fills from ev'ry Tree:
Now ſmiles beneath a Myrtle Shade
On flow'ry Banks ſupinely laid,
Whilſt near his Head there creeps a Spring,
And the free Birds around him ſing:
Or Fountains, with their murm'ring Streams,
Invite to ſhort and eaſy Dreams:
Or when cold *Jove* hath turn'd the Year,
And Rain and Snow and Froſt appear,
He takes his Hounds, ſtrong Toils he ſets,
And drives fierce Bores to ſecret Nets;
Or Springes lays in every Buſh,
To take the Black-bird and the Thruſh:
Or fearful Hare, or ſtranger Crane,
All ſweet Rewards do cheer his Pain.
Who, 'midſt theſe pleaſing Joys, does bear
The num'rous Ills of Love and Fear?
In Towns the Tyrant Paſſions reign,
And ſpread their Cares, but fly the Plain.
But if a Wife, more chaſte than fair,
(Such as the ancient *Sabines* were,
Such as the Brown *Apulian* Dame,
Of mod'rate Face, and honeſt Fame)

Satrum vetuſtis exſtruat lignis focum,
Laſſi ſub adventum viri;
Claudénſque textis cratibus lætum pecus,
Diſtenta ſiccet ubera,
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,
Dapes inemptas apparet:
Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia,
Magiſve rhombus, aut ſcari,
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hiems ad hoc vertat mare;
Non Aſra avis deſcendat in ventrem meum;
Non attagen Ionicus
Jucundior, quàm lecta de pinguiſſimis
Oliva ramis arborum,
Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, & gravi
Malva ſalubres corpori;
Vel agna feſtis cæſa Terminalibus,
Vel hœdus ereptus lupo.
Has inter epulas, ut juvat paſtas oves
Videre properantes domum!
Videre feſſos vomerem inverſum boves
Collo trahentes languido,
Poſitóſque vernas, ditis examen domûs,
Circum renidentes Lares!
Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus ruſticus,
Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam;
Quærit Calendis ponere.

With equal Care, his Care ſhall meet,
And keep the Houſe and Children ſweet;
Againſt he comes provide a Fire,
As pure and warm as her Deſire:
And, with an honeſt chearful Smile,
Receive him weary from his Toil:
Pen up her ſelf, and Milk the Kine,
Then draw a Pot of Country Wine,
And ſtreight with what her Fields afford
Doth furniſh out an eaſy Board:
I would not change for all the State
And coſtly Trouble of the Great;
Their Oyſters, Trouts, and all the ſtore
Of Luxury would take no more;
Their Fiſh that catering Storms, to pleaſe
Their Palate, toſs from Faſtern Seas,
The Pheaſant, Partridge, Quail and Teal
Would not go down, nor taſte as well
As Olives pluck'd from laden Boughs,
Or Sorrel that in Paſture grows;
Or Mallows ſweet, extreamly good
For Bodies bound, poor wholſome Food,
Or Lambkins kill'd a ſheering Feaſt:
Or reſcu'd from a greedy Beaſt:
Amidſt theſe Dainties, Oh the vaſt Delight
To ſee fed Sheep come home at Night!
To hear the weary Oxen low,
And almoſt tir'd trail back the Plow!
To ſee my merry Clowns Carouſe,
And ſwarm about my cleanly Houſe
This *Alphius* ſaid, the fam'd, and known,
The griping Uſurer of the Town,
Reſolv'd to leave his Cares and Strife
And quickly lead a Country Life;
One Week he call'd his Mony in,
The next he lent it out again.

EPODE III.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Allium, quod vim ejus ignorans comederat, deteſtatur.

Parentis olim ſi quis impiâ manu
Senile guttur fregerit;
Edat cicutis allium nocentius.
O dura meſſorum ilia!
Quid hoc veneni ſævit in præcordiis?
Num viperinus hic cruor
Incoctus herbis me fefellit? an malas
Canidia tractavit dapes?
Ut Argonautas præter omnes candidum
Medea mirata eſt ducem,
Ignota tauris illigaturum juga,
Perunxit hoc Jaſonem:
Hoc delibutis ulta donis pellicem,
Serpente fugit alite.
Nec tantus unquam ſiderum inſedit vapor
Siticuloſæ Apuliæ:
Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis
Inarſit æſtuoſius.
At, ſi quid unquam tale concupiveris,
Jocoſe Mæcenas, precor,
Manum puella ſuavio opponat tuo,
Extrema & in ſponda cubet,

EPODE III.

To MÆCENAS.

He ſhows his Diſlike to an Onion that made him Sick.

IF any, let's ſuppoſe ſo damn'd a Rage,
Forget their Duty and their Age;
And eager to enjoy the whole Eſtate,
With impious Hands ſhall haſten Fate,
And their old Fathers coming Death prevent,
Let *Onions* be their Puniſhment.
O Reapers Stomachs! Ah! what Poiſon reigns,
What ſecret Fire runs o'er my Veins?
Hath Viper's Blood, or hath *Canidia's* Breath
Blown o'er my Meat, and mingled Death?
When *Jaſon* did *Medea's* Fancy move,
And ſhe fix'd on him for a Love,
Before the reſt, ſhe gave him this to tame
The fiery Bulls, and quench their Flame;
By Preſents dipt in this *Creuſa* dy'd,
And *Jaſon* mourn'd his promis'd Bride:
Such furious heat as rages o'er my Veins
Ne'er ſcorch'd the dry *Apulian* Plains,
Nor did the flaming Poys'nous Gift infeſt
With half ſuch Heat *Alcides* Breaſt:
My merry *Lord*, if e'er you taſte of this,
May ev'ry Maid deny a Kiſs;
But ſtop her Mouth, cry foh! refuſe Delight,
And ne'er lie near thee all the Night.

EPODE IV.

IN MENAM, LIBERTUM POMPEII MAGNI.

In ejus, ex mutata conditione, arrogantiam invehitur.

Lupis & agnis quanta sortitò obtigit,
Tecum mihi discordia est,
Hibericis peruste funibus latus,
Et crura durâ compede.
Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ;
Fortuna non mutat genus.
Vidêsne, sacram metiente te viam
Cum bis ter ulnarum togâ,
Ut ora vertat huc & huc euntium
Liberrima indignatio?
Sectus flagellis hic triumviralibus
Præconis ad fastidium,
Arat Falerni mille fundi jugera,
Et Appiam mannis terit;
Sedilibúsque magnus in primis eques,
Othone contempto, sedet.
Quid attinet tot ora navium gravi
Rostrata duci pondere
Contra latrones, atque servilem manum,
Hoc, hoc tribuno militum?

EPODE V.

IN CANIDIAM VENEFICAM.

Loquentem inducit puerum quendam, quem aliquot veneficæ sub terrâ defoderant mento tenus, fame necandum, ut ex ejus jecore & medullâ poculum amatorium conficerent. Hujus preces primùm, deinde imprecationes adversus eas describit. Existimatur autem *Gratidiam Canidiæ* nomine significare.

At ô Deorum quicquid in cœlo regis
Terras, & humanum genus!
Quid iste fert tumultus? aut quid omnium
Vultus in unum me truces?

Per

EPODE IV.

To VULTEIUS MENA, *a Freed-Man of* POMPEY.

AS much as Lambs with Wolves agree,
So much, *baſe Sot*, do I with thee;
With *Spaniſh* Whips thy Sides are torn,
Thy Legs with heavy Shackles worn:
Tho' Fortune ſmiles and ſwells thy Mind,
It gilds, but cannot change the Kind:
Do'ſt ſee when thou with ruffling Gown
Do'ſt ſweep the *Mall*, how many frown,
How each that views thee, ſcrews his Face,
And juſtly ſcorns the gawdy Aſs!
He lately whip'd at the Carts Tail,
The very Scandal of the Jayl,
Now vaſtly rich, a mighty Spark,
In Coach and Six flies o'er the Park:
At Plays he takes the Box, in ſpight
Of *Otho's* Law, a doughty Knight!
What Honour is't to free the Waves,
From *Pirates* Rage, and tame the *Slaves*,
What Honour can attend the War
Where *he* a *Captain* claims a ſhare?

EPODE V.

Againſt the Witch Canidia, *where he diſcovers the Cruelty and Baſeneſs of ſuch Creatures.*

BUT O whatever God doſt fill the Sky,
And rule the Earth and Men below,
What means that Rout? And why
Each *Fury* bends on me an angry Brow?

Per liberos te, si vocata partubus
Lucina veris affuit,
Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor,
Per improbaturum hæc Jovem;
Quid ut noverca me intueris? aut uti
Petita ferro belua?
Ut hæc trementi questus ore, constitit
Insignibus raptis puer;
Impube corpus, quale posset impia
Mollire Thracum pectora:
Canidia brevibus implicata viperis
Crines, & incomptum caput,
Jubet sepulchris caprificos erutas,
Jubet cupressus funebres,
Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine,
Plumámque nocturnæ strigis,
Herbásque, quas Iolcos, atque Iberia
Mittit, venenorum ferax,
Et ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis,
Flammis aduri Colchicis.
At expedita Sagana, per totam domum
Spargens Avernales aquas,
Horret capillis, ut marinus, asperis
Echinus, aut currens aper.
Abacta nullâ Veia conscientiâ,
Ligonibus duris humum
Exhauriebat ingemens laboribus,
Quò posset infossus puer

By all thy Brood, if e'er *Lucina* came
To real Births, and eas'd thy Throws:
By *Honour*'s uſeleſs Name,
By *Jove* that ſees, and will revenge my Woes.

Why doth that Stepdame's Frown affright?
That rage thy ghaſtly Form diſgrace?
A hunted *Tyger*'s ſpight,
And grinning fury ſit upon thy Face?

Thus ſadly ſpake the naked lovely Child,
Which e'en a *Thracian*'s Soul might move,
Make raging Fury mild
And in a flinty Boſom kindle Love:

Canidia, Serpents wreath'd her ſhaggy Brow,
Appear'd, and theſe Commands ſhe gave;
A Funeral Cypreſs Bough,
And a wild Fig-tree rooted from a Grave;

A Scritch-Owl's Feather, Eggs beſmear'd with Blood,
Of croaking Frogs, a Tyger's Paws,
A ſwelling angry Toad,
And Bones ſnatch'd from a hungry Bitche's Jaws:

Each pow'rful Herb that in *Iberia* ſprings
To raiſe ſtrong Love, or Anger tame,
And all that *Colchos* brings,
Go mix, and burn them in a Magick Flame.

Whilſt ready *Sagana* from beechen Cup
Pour'd *Stygian* Water o'er the Floors,
Her Hair an end ſtood up
Like Hedg-hogs Briſtles, or a running Bore's:

But harden'd *Veja*, deaf to all remorſe,
A little Grave had quickly made;
She rais'd her feeble force,
And joy'd to ſweat and groan upon the Spade:

Longo die bis térve, mutatæ dapis
Inemori ſpectaculo:
Cùm promineret ore, quantùm exſtant aquâ
Suſpenſa mento corpora:
Exſucta uti medulla, & aridum jecur,
Amoris eſſet poculum:
Interminato cum ſemel fixæ cibo
Intabuiſſent pupulæ.
Non defuiſſe maſculæ libidinis
Ariminenſem Foliam,
Et otioſa credidit Neapolis,
Et omne vicinum oppidum:
Quæ ſidera excantata voce Theſſalâ,
Lunámque cœlo deriſit.
Hîc irreſectum ſæva dente livido
Canidia rodens pollicem,
Quid dixit? aut quid tacuit? O rebus meis
Non infideles arbitræ
Nox, & Diana, quæ ſilentium regis,
Arcana cùm ſint ſacra:
Nunc, nunc adeſte; nunc in hoſtiles domos
Iram, atque numen vertite.
Formidoloſæ dum latent ſilvis feræ,
Dulci ſopore languidæ,
Senem, quod omnes videant, adulterum
Latrent Suburanæ canes,
Nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius
Mea laborarunt manus.

Where fix'd chin-deep the poor unhappy Gueſt
By looking on his meat muſt dye,
Whilſt they renew the Feaſt,
And he ſtands famiſh'd, feeding at his Eye:

That his dry Marrow, and his raging Heart,
When his weak Senſes fail, may prove
Fit for their Magick Art,
And make ingredients for a Cup of Love:

All thought that luſtful *Floria* too was one
That came to view the horrid ſight,
She that can charm the Moon,
And force the Stars from their fix'd ſeats of light:

Here fierce *Canidia*, whilſt her unpar'd Nail
She gnaw'd with an envenom'd Tooth,
Oh what did ſhe conceal!
What horrid Words broke from her impious Mouth!

Thou Night, thou Moon, and all ye meaner Lights,
That charm dull Mortals into ſleep,
And when our ſacred Rites
Are done, an undiſturbed ſilence keep;

Aſſiſt me now with all your Strength and Rage,
That I might pay the Debts I owe,
Your greateſt force engage
To wreak my ſpight on my unhappy Foe;

While cruel Beaſts aſleep in Woods are ſafe,
Let the *Saburran* Maſtiffs bark,
('Twill make the Neighbours laugh)
At the old Leacher creeping in the dark:

When fierce deſire hath raging fury bred,
Then let him walk as Luſts perſwade,
With Oyntment round his Head
As ſtrong as e'er my skilful Hands have made:

Quid accidit? cur dira barbara minùs
Venena Medea valent,
Quibus ſuperbam fugit ulta pellicem
Magni Creontis filiam,
Cùm palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam
Incendio nuptam abſtulit?
Atqui nec herba, nec latens in aſperis
Radix fefellit me locis.
Indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
Oblivione pellicum.
Ah! ah! ſolutus ambulat veneficæ
Scientioris carmine.
Non uſitatis, Vare, potionibus,
O multa fletarum caput!
Ad me recurres: nec vocata mens tua
Marſis redibit vocibus.
Majus parabo: majus infundam tibi
Faſtidienti poculum:
Priùſque cœlum ſidet inferius mari,
Tellure porrectâ ſuper,
Quàm non amore ſic meo flagres, uti
Bitumen atris ignibus.
Sub hæc puer, jam non, ut ante, mollibus
Lenire verbis impias;
Sed dubius unde rumperet ſilentium,
Miſit Thyeſteas preces:
Venena, magnum fas nefáſque, non valent
Convertere humanam vicem.
Diris agam vos: dira deteſtatio
Nullâ expiatur victimâ.

Ah! what's the matter! where's the Power of Charms
Which fierce *Medea* once did prove,
When with theſe conqu'ring Arms
She furiouſly reveng'd her injur'd Love!

When, with a Garment lin'd with ſecret flame,
(What will not jealous Rage inſpire?)
She burnt the lovely Dame,
And wrapt falſe *Jaſon's* youthful Bride in fire!

Ah! ſure no pow'rful Herb hath ſcap'd my ſight,
In ſhady Groves or purling Streams;
And yet He ſleeps all Night,
No wanton Miſs diſturbs him e'en in Dreams:

Ah! Ah, ſome Witch more skilful ſets Thee free,
Unhappy *Varus*, doom'd to ill,
Thou ſhalt return to Me;
I'll force Thee back by an unuſual Skill:

With unreſiſted Art I'll bind thy Soul,
No Charms ſhall then thy Mind reſtore;
I'll mix a ſtronger Bowl,
And urge Thee ſtill as Thou doſt ſcorn the more:

Firſt Heav'n ſhall downward, Earth ſhall upward move
And to the Center Stars retire;
E'er thou ſhalt ceaſe to Love,
Or burn like Brimſtone in a ſmoaky Fire:

The injur'd Boy inrag'd no longer ſtrove
To ſoften them by mournful Pray'r,
And gentle Pity move,
But ſpoke theſe dying Words in deep Deſpair:

Poor Charms too weak to alter Human Fate,
And hinder Plagues from Rage Divine;
No Blood ſhall expiate
So ſolemn, and ſo great a Curſe as mine.

Quin, ubi perire juſſus exſpiravero,
Nocturnus occurram furor:
Petámque vultus umbra curvis unguibus,
Quæ vis Deorum eſt Manium;
Et inquietis aſſidens præcordiis,
Pavore ſomnos auferam.
Vos turba vicatim, hinc, & hinc ſaxis petens
Contundet obſcœnas anus:
Poſt, inſepulta membra different lupi,
Et eſquilinæ alites:
Neque hoc parentes, heu, mihi ſuperſtites!
Effugerit ſpectaculum.

EPODE VI.

IN CASSIUM SEVERUM.

Invehitur in *Severum* oratorem maledicum, & accuſandi avidum, ſed parum efficacem.

Quid immerentes hoſpites vexas, canis,
Ignavus adverſum lupos?
Quin huc inanes, ſi potes, vertis minas,
Et me remorſurum petis?
Nam, qualis aut Moloſſus, aut fulvus Lacon,
Amica vis paſtoribus,
Agam per altas aure ſublatâ nives,
Quæcunque præcedet fera.
Tu, cum timendâ voce compleſti nemus,
Projectum odoraris cibum.
Cave, cave: námque in malos aſperrimus
Parata tollo cornua:

When I am Dead, then I'll a Ghoſt by Night
With crooked Nails your Jaws invade,
At ev'ry turn affright;
For that's the force and fury of a Shade.

Then will I ſit upon your fearful Breaſt,
And there my dreadful Watches keep;
Diſturb approaching Reſt,
And drive away the lazy Hand of Sleep.

Thro' every Street the Crowd in eager haſte
Shall brain the ugly Hags with Stones,
And when Death comes at laſt,
The Crows ſhall ſcatter, Wolves ſhall break your Bones:

And this my Parents (ah they muſt ſurvive
And ſeek in vain, and mourn for me)
Tho' many Years they grieve,
Grown gray in Tears, ſhall live and ſmile to ſee.

EPODE VI.

Againſt Caſſius Severus, *a very ſcurrilous and abuſive Rhymer.*

BAſe coward Curr, when harmleſs Strangers come,
You ſnarl and bark about the Room;
But when a fierce and ſhagged Wolf appears,
How ſoon you whine and hang your Ears!
Come, make at me, if you reſolve to fight,
For I have Teeth, and dare to bite:
The gen'rous Maſtiff I of noble Senſe,
The careful Shepherd's kind Defence;
With Ears an-end thro' Snow and Froſt purſue
Whatever Beaſt I have in view:
When thou the Woods with frightful ſounds haſt ſhook
Thou leap'ſt for ev'ry little Brock:
Take heed, take heed, to Rogues a deadly Foe,
I'm ſtill prepar'd to ſtrike the Blow;

Qualis Lycambæ ſpretus infido gener,
Aut acer hoſtis Bupalo.
An, ſi quis atro dente me petiverit,
Inultus ut flebo puer?

EPODE VII.

In bellum civile geſtum hinc *Bruto* & *Caſſio*, illinc *Octaviano*, *M. Antonio*, & *M. Lepido* ducibus.

QUò, quò, ſceleſti, ruitis? aut cur dexteris
Aptantur enſes conditi?
Parúmne campis atque Neptuno ſuper
Fuſum eſt Latini ſanguinis?
Non, ut ſuperbas invida Carthaginis
Romanus arces ureret;
Intactus aut Britannus ut deſcenderet
Sacrâ catenatus viâ;
Sed ut, ſecundùm vota Parthorum, ſuâ
Urbs hæc periret dexterâ.
Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus
Umquam, niſi in diſpar, feris.
Furórne cæcus, an rapit vis acrior?
An culpa? reſponſum date.
Tacent; & ora pallor albus inficit,
Mentéſque perculſæ ſtupent.
Sic eſt: acerba fata Romanos agunt,
Scelúſque fraterna nocet;
Ut immerentis fluxit in terram Remi
Sacer nepotibus cruor.

As ſharp as fierce *Archilochus* his Song
Like *Hipponax* revenge a Wrong;
If any Malice wounds my Fame, ſhall I
Like a poor Child ſit down and cry?

EPODE VII.

To his Citizens, that are ready to engage in another Civil War.

WHere, *Mad-men*, where? where, ſo averſe to Peace,
Your ruſty Swords that ſlept in eaſe
Why drawn? What, hath not ev'ry Country flow'd,
And ev'ry Sea, with *Roman* Blood?
Not to purſue your angry Fathers Hate,
And urge proud *Carthage* rival Fate,
Nor make the untouch'd *Britains* Slaves to *Rome*,
And lead them chain'd in Triumph home;
But what the *Parthians* often pray to view,
Theſe Arms are now prepar'd to do:
Againſt your ſelf, ah me! you raiſe them all,
And *Rome* by her own Hand muſt fall:
E'en Wolves are to more gentle thoughts inclin'd,
And prey but on another kind:
What is it Madneſs, is it ſtupid Rage,
That doth the brutal Arms engage?
Or is it Sin? ſpeak, not one Word will come;
'Tis cruel Fate that urges *Rome*:
Since *Remus* fell about thy riſing Walls
His loud-tongu'd Blood for Vengeance calls;
The Iſſue then began, and ſtill hath flow'd,
For Blood muſt be reveng'd with Blood.

EPODE VIII.

IN ANUM LIBIDINOSAM.

Rogare longo putidam te ſæculo,
Vires quid enervet meas?
Cùm ſit tibi dens ater, & rugis vetus
Frontem ſenectus exaret;
Hiſtque turpis inter aridas nates
Podex, velut cruda bovis.
Sed incitat me pectus, & mamma putres,
Equina quales ubera;
Ventêrque mollis, & femur tumentibus
Exile ſuris additum.
Eſto beata: funus atque imagines
Ducant triumphales tuum;
Nec ſit marita, quæ rotundioribus
Onuſta baccis ambulet.
Quid? quod libelli Stoïci inter ſericos
Jacere pulvillos amant?
Illiterati num minus nervi vigent?
Minúſve languet faſcinum?
Quod ut ſuperbo provoces ab inguine,
Ore allaborandum eſt tibi.

EPODE VIII.

EPODE IX.

AD C. CILNIUM MÆCENATEM.

Præsentit voluptatem quam est percepturus cùm *Augustus* de *Antonio* & *Cleopatra* triumphum aget.

Quando repostum Cæcubum ad festas dapes,
Victore lætus Cæsare,
Tecum sub altâ (sic Jovi gratum) domo,
Beate Mæcenas, bibam?
Sonante mistum tibiis carmen lyrâ,
Hac Dorium, illis Barbarum.
Ut nuper, actus cùm freto Neptunius
Dux fugit, ustis navibus,
Minatus urbi vincla, quæ detraxerat
Servis amicus perfidis.
Romanus (eheu! posteri negabitis,)
Emancipatus feminæ,
Fert vallum, & arma miles, & spadonibus
Servire rugosis potest;
Interque signa turpe militaria
Sol aspicit conopeum!

EPODE IX.

To MÆCENAS.

He wiſhes for the good News of Cæſar's *Victory over* Mark Antony, *that they might be merry as formerly, when* Sextus Pompeïus *was overthrown.*

WHEN will the happy Morning come,
And bring the welcome News to *Rome*,
That I, *my Lord*, with you may dine,
And in your ſtately Houſe
Full Bowls carouſe,
Preſerv'd for this expected Joy, of racy Wine!

Where Pipes ſhall join the ſpeaking String,
And tuneful Voices gladly ſing,
As you, *my Lord*, and I have done;
When *Pompey* turn'd his Head
And baſely fled,
Confeſſing *Cæſar's* Fortune greater than his own:

His flaming Ships blaz'd o'er the Wave;
While flying by the Light they gave,
He left thoſe Chains which faithleſs he
Had loos'd from ſervile Hands,
And threatned Bands,
To happy *Rome*, by *Cæſar's* Will, and Nature free:

A *Roman* (who will Credit give,
What future Age this Truth receive?)
Turn'd Woman's Slave, with ſervile Hands
A common Soldier bears
The Drudgery of Wars,
And can endure her wither'd *Eunuchs* baſe Commands:

Amidſt the Arms, diſhoneſt Sight!
The Sun that view'd withdrew the Light,

Ad hunt frementes verterunt bis mille equos
Galli, canentes Cæsarem:
Hostilíumque navium in portu latent,
Puppes sinistrorsum cita.
Io triumphe; tu moraris aureos
Currus, & intactas boves.
Io triumphe; nec Jugurthino parem
Bello reportasti ducem;
Neque Africano, cui super Carthaginem
Virtus sepulcrum condidit.
Terrâ maríque victus hostis, Punico
Lugubre mutavit sagum.
Aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus
Ventis iturus non suis,
Exercitatas aut petit Syrtes Noto,
Aut fertur incerto mari.
Capaciores affer huc, puer, scyphos,
Et Chia vina, aut Lesbia;
Vel, quod fluentem nauseam coërceat,
Metire nobis Cæcubum.
Curam metúmque Cæsaris rerum juvat
Dulci Lyæo solvere.

EPODE X.

IN MÆVIUM.

Tempestatem & naufragium ei imprecatur.

MAlà soluta navis exit alite,
Ferens olentem Mævium.

As once at curſt *Thyeſtes* Feaſt;
As 'twere aſham'd to ſee
The *Canopy*,
And the great *Roman* lolling on a *Woman*'s Breaſt.

Io Triumphe, break delay,
Why doth the golden Chariot ſtay?
And not the promis'd Oxen fall?
Io Triumphe bring,
The greareſt King,
The common Good, the Comfort, and the Joy of all:

Jugurtha's Wars, and noble Toils
Ne'er ſhow'd his Equal grac'd with Spoils;
Nor conquer'd *Africk* ſent to *Rome*,
Altho' his laſting Name
Is great in Fame,
And ruin'd *Carthage* lies to make his noble Tomb.

Where will the conquer'd *Roman* fly,
From *Cæſar*'s Hand, and *Cæſar*'s Eye?
What will the conquer'd *Roman* do?
What Winds, what ſervile Gales,
Will ſwell his Sails,
That on his Maſter *Cæſar*'s may ſo freely blow?

More Bowls and larger Bowls, my Boy,
As large as my extenſive Joy,
Let Mirth advance my good deſign:
'Tis ſweet to eaſe my Cares
For *Cæſar*'s Wars,
And drown all melancholly Thoughts in noble Wine.

EPODE X.

He wiſhes Mævius *the Poet may be ſhipwrack'd.*

THAT curſed Ship, that ſtinking *Mævius* bore,
With an ill Omen left the Shore;

Ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
Auſter, memento fluctibus.
Niger rudentes Eurus, inverſo mari,
Fractóſque remos differat.
Inſurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
Frangit trementes ilices.
Nec ſidus atrâ nocte amicum appareat,
Qua triſtis Orion cadit:
Quietiore nec feratur æquore,
Quàm Graia victorum manus;
Cùm Pallas uſto vertit iram ab Ilio
In impiam Ajacis ratem.
O, quantus inſtat navitis ſudor tuis,
Tibíque pallor luteus!
Et illa non virilis ejulatio,
Preces & averſum ad Jovem!
Ionius udo cùm remugiens ſinus
Noto carinam ruperit;
Opima quod ſi præda, curvo littore
Porrecta, mergos juverit;
Libidinoſus immolabitur caper,
Et agna tempeſtatibus.

EPODE XI.

AD PETTIUM.

Se amore captum, non poſſe ad verſus faciendos operam ſtudiúmve conferre.

PEtti, nihil me, ſicut antea, juvat
Scribere verſiculos,
Amore perculſum gravi;

Amore, qui me, præter omnes, expetit
Mollibus in pueris,
Aut in puellis urere.

South-wind, beſure, you raiſe the ſwelling Tides,
And ſtoutly beat her feeble Sides;
You Eaſt-wind, turn the Sea and break the Oars,
And whirl her Sails to diſtant Shoars;
The North-wind rage, as when he tears the Woods
On lofty Hills, and toſs the Floods:
No friendly Star ſhine through the cloudy Night,
But ſad *Orion's* wat'ry Light:
Hah! let him now no ſmoother Waves enjoy
Than thoſe that toſs'd the *Greeks* from *Troy*,
When *Pallas* hatred from the flaming Town
On wicked *Ajax* Ship was thrown.
Hah! Hah! what Sweat ſhall from thy Sea-men flow,
And what Death-pale ſpread o'er thy Brow!
What Woman's Cries, and what unmanly Tears,
What Vows to *Jove's* relentleſs Ears!
When South-winds rattling o'er th' *Ionian* Tide
Shall beat thy Ship, and break her Side,
Then if I ſee thee ſpread a dainty Diſh
To hungry Fowl, and greedy Fiſh,
A Goat and Lamb ſhall then my Vows perform,
And both ſhall die to thank the Storm.

EPODE XI.

To PETTIUS.

Love hinders him from writing any more.

AH, I have loſt my old Delight,
No Muſe can now my Fancy move,
My Rhimes diſpleaſe, I hate to write,
Now I am very deep in Love:

Love that doth ſtill my Heart ſurprize,
And ſingle me from conſtant Game,
From Boys and Maidens charming Eyes,
He thro' my Marrow ſcatters Flame.

Hic tertius December, ex quo deſtiti
Inachia furere,
Silvis honorem decutit.

Heu me, per urbem (nam pudet tanti mali)
Fabula quanta fui!
Conviviorum & pœnitet,

In queis amantem languor & ſilentium
Arguit, & latere
Petitus imo ſpiritus.

Contráque lucrum nil valere candidum
Pauperis ingenium
Querebar, applorans tibi;

Simul calentis inverecundus Deus
Fervidiore mero
Arcana promôrat loco.

Quod ſi meis inæſtuet præcordiis
Libera bilis, ut hæc
Ingrata ventis dividat

Fomenta, vulnus nil malum levantia,
Deſinet imparibus
Certare ſummotus pudor.

Ubi hæc ſeverus te palam laudaveram,
Juſſus abire domum,
Ferebar incerto pede

Ad non amicos, heu mihi poſtes, & heu
Limina dura, quibus
Lumbos, & infregi latus.

Nunc gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam
Vincere mollitia,
Amor Lyciſci me tenet:

Three ſtormy Winters now have ſhook
The leavy Honour from the Tree,
Since I diſdain'd *Inachia*'s Yoke,
And dar'd to ſet my Paſſion free.

Oh what a Town-talk then was I,
How Fops did wanton with my Fame,
And (when I think on't how I die)
All ridicul'd my fooliſh Flame!

Oh how it grates to mind the Feaſts
Where thoughtful Silence ſeem'd to prove,
And a deep Sigh would tell the Gueſts
That Poet *Horace* was in Love!

When Wine unlock'd my eaſie Soul,
How often I with Sighs have told,
The poor Man's Wit could not controul
The giving Rival's mighty Gold!

Yet, Faith, if vext, my Rage will riſe,
And when theſe hated Chains are broke,
I'll leave theſe dull Complaints, be wiſe,
And ſcorn to take another Yoke.

Yet after this was ſtoutly ſaid,
And *Conſtant* I reſolv'd to hate;
My heedleſs Feet my Mind betray'd,
And brought me to the uſual Gate:

That cruel Gate, and us'd to ſcorn,
Where I have lain, and lain deny'd;
Where I whole tedious Nights have born,
And craz'd my Health, and bruis'd my Side.

Lyciſcus now, of greater Charms
Than all that grace proud Woman-kind,
Doth gently force me to his Arms;
With pleaſing Bands he draws my Mind:

Unde expedire non amicorum queant
Libera conſilia,
Nec contumeliæ graves;

Sed alius ardor, aut puellæ candidæ,
Aut teretis pueri,
Longam renodantis comam.

EPODE XII.

In anum fœdam ac fœtidam, quæ illius amores ambiebat.

Quid tibi vis, mulier, nigris dignissima barris?
Munera cur mihi, quidve tabellas
Mittis nec firmo juveni, neque naris obesæ?
Namque sagacius unus odoror,
Polypus, an gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis,
Quam canis acer, ubi lateat sus:
Quis sudor vietis, & quàm malus undique membris
Crescit odor; cum pene soluto
Indomitam properat rabiem sedare, nec illi
Jam manet humida creta, colórque
Stercore fucatus crocodili: jámque subando
Tenta, cubilia, tectáque rumpit.
Vel mea cum sævis agitat fastidia verbis,
Inachia langues minus, ac me.
Inachiam ter nocte potes, mihi semper ad unum
Mollis opus: pereat malè, quæ te
Lesbia, quærenti taurum monstravit inertem.
Cum mihi Chous adesset Amyntas,
Cujus in indomito constantior inguine nervus,
Quàm nova collibus arbor inhæret.
Muricibus Tyriis iteratæ vellera lanæ,
Cui properabantur? tibi nempe,
Ne foret æquales inter conviva, magis quem
Diligeret mulier sua, quàm te.
O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres
Agna lupos, capreæque leones.

And now let my free Friends adviſe,
Or let them blame; 'tis all in vain,
Too feeble they to break the Ties,
When Love and Beauty make the Chain.

Of Freedom I muſt ſtill deſpair,
Unleſs ſome Maid, or lovely Boy,
With killing Looks, and charming Hair,
Shall draw me to another Joy.

EPODE XII.

EPODE XIII.

AD AMICOS.

Hiemem hilariter & jucundè esse traducendam.

Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit, & imbres
Nivésque deducunt Jovem:
Nunc mare, nunc sylvæ

Threïcio Aquilone sonant. Rapiamus, amici,
Occasionem de die:
Dúmque virent genua,

Et decet, [illegible]nuclâ solvatur fronte senectus.
Tu vina Torquato move
Consule pressa meo:

Cætera mitte loqui. Deus hæc fortasse benignâ
Reducet in sedem vice.
Nunc & Achæmeniâ

Perfundi nardo juvat, & fide Cylleneâ
Levare diris pectora
Sollicitudinibus:

Nolilis

EPODE XIII.

He adviſeth his Friends to paſs their time merrily.

DARK Clouds have thicken'd all the Sky,
And *Jove* deſcends in Rain;
With frightful Noiſe rough Storms do fly
Thro' Seas, and Woods, and humble Plain.

My noble Friends, the Day perſuades,
Come, come, let's uſe the Day;
Whilſt we are ſtrong, e'er Age invades,
Let Mirth our coming Years delay:

Put briskly round the noble Wine,
And leave the reſt to Fate,
Jove, chance, will make the Evening ſhine,
And bring it to a clearer State:

Now, now your fragrant Odors ſpread,
Your merry Harps prepare;
'Tis time to cleanſe my aking Head,
And purge my drooping Thoughts from Care.

Nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno:
Invicte mortalis, Deâ
Nate puer Thetide,

Te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
Findunt Scamandri flumina,
Lubricus & Simoïs,

Unde tibi reditum certo subtemine Parcæ
Rupere; nec mater domum
Cærula te revehet.

Illic omne malum vino cantúque levato,
Deformis ægrimoniæ
Dulcibus alloquiis.

EPODE XIV.

AD C. MÆCENATEM.

Phrynes amorem causam esse quamobrem promissos Iambos non absolvat.

Mollis inertia cur tantum diffuderit imis
Oblivionem sensibus,
Pocula Lethæos ut si ducentia somnos
Arente fauce traxerim,
Candide Mæcenas, occidis sæpè rogando.
Deus, Deus, nam me vetat,
Inceptos, olim promissum carmen, Iambos
Ad umbilicum adducere.
Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teïum:

Thus *Chiron* ſang in lofty Strain,
And taught *Achilles* Youth;
Great *Thetis* Son, the Pride of Man,
Obſerve, I tell thee fatal Truth:

Thee, thee for *Troy* the Gods deſign
Where *Simois* Streams do play,
Scamander's thro' the Vallies twine,
And ſoftly eat their eaſie Way:

And there thy Thread of Life muſt end
Drawn o'er the *Trojan* Plain,
In vain her Waves ſhall *Thetis* ſend,
To bear thee back to *Greece* again.

Therefore, great Son, my Precepts hear;
Let Mirth, and Wine, and Sport,
And merry Talk, divert thy Care,
And make Life pleaſant, ſince 'tis ſhort.

EPODE XIV.

To MÆCENAS.

Love hinders him from making the Iambicks which he had ſo often promis'd.

YOU ask, *My Lord*, why lazy Sloth hath ſpread
A dark Oblivion o'er my Head,
As I had drank forgetful *Lethe's* Stream;
And this is your continual Theme;
This is the Complaint I am condemn'd to hear,
Like Death it pierces thro' my Ear:
A God forbids me, (ah! a cruel God,
Regardleſs, Sir, of what I vow'd)
(To other things my eaſie Mind he drew)
To finiſh what I promis'd you:
Thus ſoft *Anacreon* for *Bathyllus* burn'd,
And oft his Love he ſadly mourn'd:

Qui perſæpe cavâ teſtudine flevit amorem
Non elaboratum ad pedem.
Ureris ipſe miſer: quod ſi non pulchrior ignis
Accendit obſeſſam Ilion,
Gaude ſorte tuâ; me libertina, neque uno
Contenta, Phryne macerat.

EPODE XV.

AD NEÆRAM.

Non ſervatam ab ea fidem conqueritur.

NOx erat, & cœlo fulgebat Luna ſereno
Inter minora ſidera,
Cùm tu magnorum numen læſura Deorum
In verba jurabas mea,
Arctius atque ederâ procera aſtringitur ilex,
Lentis adhærens brachiis:
Dum pecori lupus, & nautis infeſtus Orion
Turbaret hibernum mare,
Intonſoſque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
Fore hunc amorem mutuum.
O dolitura mea multum virtute, Neæra:
Nam ſi quid in Flacco viri eſt,
Non feret aſſiduas potiori te dare noctes,
Et quæret iratus parem.
Nec ſemel offenſæ cedet conſtantia formæ,
Si certus intrarit dolor.
At tu, quicunque es felicior, atque meo nunc
Superbus incedis malo,

He to his Harp did various Grief rehearſe,
And wept in an unpoliſh'd Verſe:
E'en you, Sir, love, but if no brighter Flame
Burnt *Troy*, careſs thy lovely Dame:
By *Phryne*, ah! thy *Horace* is undone,
Falſe, fair, and not content with one.

EPODE XV.

To NEÆRA.

He complains of Breach of Promiſe.

'TWAS Mid-night, and the riſing Moon
Amongſt the leſſer Stars ſerenely ſhone,
When you, the falſe, the perjur'd you,
Devoutly ſwore you would be always true.
Scarce half ſo cloſe doth Ivy twine
Round Oaks, as you did then your Arms in mine:
As long as Wolves purſue the Sheep,
As long as Winter Storms ſhall toſs the Deep:
As long as wanton Gales ſhall move
Apollo's Locks, ſo long ſhould be your Love.
Perjur'd *Neæra*, falſe as Hell,
Yet fair as Heav'n, and ah belov'd too well,
How ſhalt thou mourn at my Diſdain!
For ſure, if *Horace* be but half a Man,
He'll ſcorn to bear repeated Slights,
Nor tamely ſee his Rival's happy Nights;
But with an equal Flame purſue
A Face as fair, but not ſo falſe as you.
And know when I begin to hate,
I'll ne'er be kind, I am as fixt as Fate:
And thou, the bleſt, who'er thou art
The fancy'd happy Maſter of her Heart;
That doſt thy Conqueſts proudly boaſt,
And triumph'ſt in the Spoils that I have loſt,

Sis pecore & multâ dives tellure licebit,
Tibíque Pactolus fluat,
Nec te Pythagoræ fallant arcana renati,
Formáque vincas Nirea;
Heu translatos aliò mœrebis amores:
Ast ego vicissim risero.

EPODE XVI.

Queritur bellorum civilium nullum esse finem, quare de Republicâ *Romanâ* desperat, aliásque terras & ipse petere cogitat, & aliis, ut idem faciant, suadet.

Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas,
Suis & ipsa Roma viribus ruit:
Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi,
Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus,
Æmula nec virtus Capuæ, nec Spartacus acer,
Novísque rebus infidelis Allobrox,
Nec fera cæruleâ domuit Germania pube,
Parentibúsque abominatus Annibal;
Impia perdemus devoti sanguinis ætas;
Ferisque rursùm occupabitur solum.
Barbarus, heu! cineres insistet victor, & Urbem
Eques sonante verberabit ungulâ:
Quæque carent ventis & solibus ossa Quirini,
(Nefas videre) dissipabit insolens.
Fortè quid expediat, communiter, aut melior pars
Malis carere quæritis laboribus.
Nulla sit hac potior sententia: Phocæorum
Velut profugit execrata civitas
Agros, atque Lares patrios, habitandáque fana
Apris reliquit, & rapacibus lupis;

Tho' thou art rich as Miſers Dreams,
And tho' *Pactolus* brought thee all his Streams,
Tho' fam'd *Pythagoras* Arts be thine,
Thy Face more fair than *Nirea's*, half divine;
Yet thou ſhalt mourn to find that ſhe
Doth prove as falſe as once to me,
And then 'twill be my turn to laugh at Thee.

EPODE XVI.

To the People of Rome.

He adviſeth them to leave the Town, which he thinks doom'd to Civil Wars.

NOW Civil Wars do waſte another Age,
And *Rome* muſt fall by her own Rage:
What neighbouring *Marſi* with an envious Hand,
What threatning *Porſen's Thuſcan* Band,
Fierce *Spartacus*, and *Capua's* rival Fate,
The Force of all the *German* State;
What in unſettled times the faithleſs *Gaul*,
The Mother-hated *Hannibal*,
Could not deſtroy, We, we, an impious Brood,
Devoted ſtill, and doom'd to Blood,
Sall ruin now by force of Civil Wars,
And leave our Towns to Wolves and Bears:
Ah me! the barbarous Horſe with ſounding Feet
Shall tread our Graves, and beat our Street,
And madly ſcatter, Oh too proud! unjuſt!
Rome's glorious Founder's quiet Duſt!
Perhaps the moſt, or better part would know,
What way to ſhun the falling Blow:
I like that way the *Phoceans* once have gone;
They all forſook their curſed Town,
And did their Lands, their Fields and Shrines reſtore
To ravenous Wolf and angry Bore:

Ire, pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per undas
Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus.
Sic placet? an melius quis habet ſuadere? ſecundâ
Ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
Sed juremus in hæc: Simul imis ſaxa renarint
Vadis levata, ne redire ſit nefas:
Neu converſa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
Padus Matina laverit cacumina;
In mare ſeu celſus procurrerit Apenninus,
Novâque monſtra junxerit libidine
Mirus amor, juvet ut tigres ſubſidere cervis,
Adulteretur & columba milvo:
Credula nec fulvos timeant armenta leones,
Amétque ſalſa lævis hircus æquora.
Hæc, & quæ poterunt reditus abſcindere dulces,
Eamus omnis exſecrata civitas,
Aut pars indocili melior grege: mollis & exſpes
Inominata perprimat cubilia.
Vos, quibus eſt virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
Etruſca prater & volate littora.
Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus: arva, beata
Petamus arva, divites & inſulas:
Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
Et imputata floret uſque vinea;
Germinat & numquam fallentis termes olivæ,
Suámque pulla ficus ornat arborem;
Mella cava manant ex ilice; montibus altis
Levis crepante lympha deſilit pede.
Illùc injuſſæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ,
Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera;
Nec veſpertinus circumgemit urſus ovile;
Nec intumeſcit alta viperis humus.
Pluráque felices mirabimur, ut neque largis
Aquoſus Eurus arva radat imbribus,

Let's go, let's go, and ſeek a place to live,
Where Chance directs, or Wind ſhall drive:
Agreed? Or does ſome better Courſe appear?
Come let's imbark, the *Omen's* fair:
But firſt let's ſwear we'll then return again,
When Rocks ſhall float upon the Main,
When lowly *Po* ſhall pour his Cryſtal Urn
O'er *Alpine* Tops, then we'll return;
When *Appennine* runs out, and cuts the Floods,
When nimble *Dolphins* graze in Woods,
When wondrous Luſt ſtrange kinds ſhall ſtrangely joyn,
Fierce *Tygers* leap the willing Kine,
The fearleſs Does ſhall court the Lyon's Love,
And cruel Hawks gallant the Dove:
When Goats grown ſmooth ſhall leave the flowry Plain
And dive and wanton in the Main:
To this, and ſuch as cut off ſweet Return
When we have all devoutly ſworn,
Let's go, Curſt Town, but let the ſoft and baſe,
Still ſtick to their unhappy place:
You Men of Worth unmanly Grief give o'er,
And nimbly paſs the *Tuſcan* Shore,
The Ocean waits, and in ſmooth Calmneſs ſmiles,
Let's go and ſeek the happy Iſles,
Where Fields untill'd a Yearly Harveſt bear,
And Vines undreſs'd bloom all the Year:
Where Olives ne'er the Farmers hopes do mock,
And ripe Figs grace their proper Stock:
There Honey flows from Oaks, from lofty Hills
With murmuring pace the Fountain trills,
There Goats uncall'd return from fruitful Vales,
And bring ſtrecht Duggs to fill the Pails:
No Bear grins round the Fold, no Lambs he ſhakes;
No Field ſwells there with pois'nous Snakes:
More we ſhall wonder on the happy Plain;
The Watry *Eaſt* deſcends in Rain,
Yet ſo as to refreſh, not drown the Fields,
The temperate *Glebe* full Harveſt yields;

Pinguia nec ſiccis urantur ſemina glebis;
Utrumque rege temperante cœlitum.
Non hunc Argoo contendit remige pinus,
Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem:
Non hunc Sidonii torſerunt cornua nautæ,
Laborioſæ nec cohors Ulyſſei.
Nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius aſtri
Gregem æſtuoſa torret impotentia.
Jupiter illa piæ ſecrevit littora genti,
Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum;
Ære, dehinc ferro duravit ſecula, quorum
Piis ſecunda, vate me, datur fuga.

EPODE XVII.

AD CANIDIAM.

Petit, ut ſibi ignoſcat. Eam autem, dum vult videri placare, graviſſimè & acerbiſſimè vellicat, atque adeo lacerat.

JAm jam efficaci do manus ſcientiæ;
Supplex & oro regna per Proſerpinæ,
Per & Dianæ non movenda numina,
Per atque libros carminum, valentium
Refixa cœlo devocare ſidera,
Canidia, parce vocibus tandem ſacris,
Citúmque retro ſolve, ſolve turbinem.
Movit nepotem Telephus Nereïum,
In quem ſuperbus ordinarat agmina
Myſorum, & in quem tela acuta torſerat.
Unxere matres Iliæ addictum feris
Alitibus, atque canibus, homicidam Hectorem,
Poſtquam relictis mœnibus rex procidit,
Heu! pervicacis ad pedes Achillei.

No heat annoys, the Ruler of the Gods
From Plagues ſecures theſe bleſt Abodes:
Here *Jaſon* never fix'd ſwift *Argos* Oars,
Nor baſe *Medea* touch'd theſe Shores;
Ne'er *Cadmus* came when forc'd by angry Fates,
Nor ſtout *Ulyſſes* weary Mates:
No Rot here reigns, no Star here taints the Meads,
And poys'nous Heat unkindly ſheds;
When *Jove* allay'd the Golden Age with Braſs,
For Pious Men he kept this Place:
Now *Iron* hardens the old *Brazen* Age,
And Fraud grows up, and Wars, and Rage,
And every Ill, I preſs a quick Retreat,
And ſhow the good, the happy Seat.

EPODE XVII.

To CANIDIA.

He confeſſeth Her Magick Power, and begs Pardon for abuſing Her.

NOW, now thy Pow'r I Conquer'd own,
And humbly beg by *Pluto*'s Throne,
By Pow'rs below, by *Proſerpine*,
By fierce *Diana*'s angry Shrine,
By all thoſe Charms that can remove
And call down Stars from Seats above,
Recall thy Stroke, thy Charms forbear,
Spare me at laſt, *Canidia*, ſpare:
Achilles Teleph nobly ſpar'd,
Tho' with his *Myſian* Bands he warr'd:
Tho' boldly he oppos'd his Fate,
And buoy'd the ſinking *Trojan* State:
Stout *Hector* doom'd to Beaſts a Prey
The *Trojan* Matrons bore away,
When *Priam* 'midſt the *Grecian* Fleet
Had fall'n at proud *Achilles* Feet:

Setoſa duris exuêre pellibus
Laborioſi remiges Ulyſſei,
Volente Circe, membra: tunc mens & ſonus
Relatus, atque notus in vultus honor.
Dedi ſatis ſupérque pœnarum tibi,
Amata nautis multùm & inſtitoribus.
Fugit Juventas, & verecundus color
Reliquit oſſa pelle amicta lividâ.
Tuis capillus albus eſt odoribus:
Nullum à labore me reclinat otium:
Urget diem nox, & dies noctem: neque eſt
Levare tenta ſpiritu præcordia.
Ergo negatum, vincor, ut credam miſer,
Sabella pectus increpare carmina,
Caphtque Marſâ diſſilire nœniâ.
Quid amplius vis? ô mare, & terra! ardeo,
Quantùm neque atro delibutus Hercules
Neſſi cruore, nec Sicana fervidâ
Furens in Ætnâ flamma. Tu, donec cinis
Injurioſis aridus ventis ferar,
Cales venenis officina Colchicis.
Quæ finis? aut quod me manet ſtipendium?
Effare: juſſas cum fide pœnas luam:
Paratus expiare, ſeu poposceris
Centum juvencos, ſive mendaci lyrâ
Vales ſonari: tu pudica, tu proba,
Perambulabis aſtra ſidus aureum.
Infamis Helenæ Caſtor offenſus vice,
Fratérque magni Caſtoris, victi prece
Adempta vati reddidêre lumina:
Et tu (potes nam) ſolve me dementiâ:

By *Circe's* leave, *Ulyſſes* Men
Receiv'd their former Shapes agen;
Their Limbs, their Minds and Voice reſtor'd,
They ſpoke, not grunted to their Lord:
Enough, enough hath vext my Soul,
O Tar's and Tinker's lovely Trull!
My Youth, my roſy Cheeks are gone,
And left pale Skin ſtretch'd o'er the Bone:
My Head grows white, it feels thy Bane,
No Eaſe doth lay me down from Pain;
Days urge the Nights, and Nights the Days,
Yet my ſwoln Heart can find no Eaſe:
Now I'm convinc'd, 'tis now confeſt
Thy force hath reach'd my troubled Breaſt:
Now I'm convinc'd by wondrous Harms
My Head is ſplit with Magick Charms:
My ſlow Belief I ſadly mourn;
What more? O Earth, O Floods, I burn!
Not half the Heat *Alcides* bore
When fir'd by *Neſſus* poys'nous Gore:
Not half the Heat in *Ætna* reigns,
That ſcorches o'er my boyling Veins:
Yet ſtill you heat 'till I'm calcin'd
To Duſt, and ſcatter'd by the Wind:
What end of Pain? What hope for Eaſe?
Speak, Speak, I'll ſuffer what you pleaſe,
I'm eager to avoid my Fate,
And ſatisfie at any rate;
A hundred Bulls ſhall pay their Blood,
Or lying Verſe proclaim thee Good;
Chaſte, Modeſt, Juſt, thou ſhalt appear,
And walk 'midſt Stars a glorious Star:
Great *Caſtor*, vex'd at *Helen's* wrong,
With Blindneſs pay'd the railing Song;
Yet Pray'rs prevail'd, he heard his Cries,
And ſoon reſtor'd the Poet's Eyes:
And now forget my curſt Offence,
Reſtore (thou canſt) my periſh'd Senſe.

O nec paternis obſoleta ſordibus,
Nec in ſepulchris panperum prudens anus
Novendiales diſſipare pulveres.
Tibi hoſpitale pectus, & puræ manus,
Tuúſque venter partumeius: & tuo
Cruore rubros obſtetrix pannos lavit,
Utcumque fortis exſilis puerpera.

CANIDIA reſpondet, oſtendens, ſe nullis precibus exorari, nullâ ratione placari poſſe.

QUid obſeratis auribus funais preces?
Non ſaxa nudis ſurdiora navitis
Neptunus alto tundit hybernus ſalo.
Inultus ut tu riſeris Cotyttia
Vnigata, ſacrum liberi Cupidinis?
Et Eſquilini pontifex venefici
Impunè ut urbem nomine implêris meo?
Quid proderit ditaſſe Pelignas anus,
Velociúſve miſcuiſſe toxicum,
Si tardiora fata te votis manent?
Ingrata miſero vita ducenda eſt, in hoc
Novis ut uſque ſuppetas doloribus.
Optat quietem Pelopis infidus pater,
Egens benignæ Tantalus ſemper dapis:
Optat Prometheus obligatus aliti:
Optat ſupremo collocare Siſyphus
In monte ſaxum: ſed vetant leges Jovis.
Voles modò altis deſilire turribus;
Modò enſe pectus Norico recludere:
Fruſtráque vincla gutturi nectes tuo,
Faſtidioſa triſtis a rimoniâ.

O nobly Born and nobly Bred,
Thou ne'er hadſt Skill to raiſe the Dead,
Unbind the poor Man's quiet Urn,
Or make his ſhiv'ring Soul return;
Nor ſcatter Aſhes o'er a Tomb;
As chaſte as fruitful is thy Womb,
And e'er thy Child-bed Cloaths are clean,
Strange Breeder, thou art well again.

CANIDIA's *Answer.*

I'M Deaf, I'm Deaf, thou beg'ſt in vain;
Rocks beaten by the raging Main,
Not half ſo Deaf, will ſooner hear
The naked ſinking Mariner:
Could'ſt thou *Cotytto*'s Rites reprove,
Diſcloſe my Myſteries of Love,
Could Cenſuring you my Tricks proclaim,
And fill the Country with my Fame?
At all my Arts prophanely laugh,
Yet dare to fancy to be ſafe?
In vain thou ſhalt, in vain inrich
With precious Gifts the famous Witch;
In vain ſtrong Drugs and Charms require;
Fate ſhall be ſlow to thy Deſire:
Wretch, hated Life ſhall ſtill remain,
That thou might'ſt bear new racks of Pain:
Falſe *Tantalus* doth beg for Reſt,
Deluded by the hanging Feaſt.
Condemn'd the griping *Vultur*'s Prey,
Prometheus begs a dying Day:
Poor *Siſyphus* would fix his Stone,
But *Jove* forbids it to be done.
Now thou from Tow'rs ſhalt madly fall,
Now run thy Head againſt a Wall;
And tir'd at laſt with ſqueamiſh Pain,
Shalt tye the Nooſe, but tye in vain:

Vectabor humeris tunc ego inimicis eques;
Meaque terra cedet insolentia.
An, qua movere cereas imagines,
(Ut ipse nosti curiosus) & polo
Deripere Lunam vocibus possim meis;
Possim crematos excitare mortuos,
Desiderîque temperare poculum;
Piorem artis in te nil agentis exitum?

Then on thy Neck I'll bravely ride,
And make thee bend beneath my Pride:
Shall I that can, when-e'er I pleaſe,
Waſte Men by waxen Images?
Shall I that can, as thou haſt known,
(Curſt prying thou!) eclipſe the Moon,
Draw down the Stars from Seats above
And mix a furious Draught of Love,
Shall pow'rful I now grieve to ſee
My Force too weak to baffle thee?

The End of the Epodes.

Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMEN SECULARE.

Pro Imperii *Romani* incolumitate.

PHœbe, ſylvarúmque potens Diana,
Lucidum cœli decus, ô colendi
Semper, & culti, date quæ precamur
Tempore ſacro,

Quo Sibyllini monuere verſus,
Virgines lectas, puerósque caſtos,
Dis, quibus ſeptem placuere colles,
Dicere carmen.

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis, & celas, aliuſque & idem
Naſceris; poſſis nihil urbe Româ
Viſere majus.

Rítè maturos aperire partus,
Lenis Ilithyia, tuere matres;
Sive tu Lucina probas vocari,
Seu Genitalis.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 62 MAR

The SECULAR ODE of HORACE.

He prayeth for the ſafety of the Roman *Empire.*

[*By another Hand.*]

QUeen of the Groves! and God of Day!
Long bleſt, and ever to be bleſt;
O hear us, whilſt our Vows we pay,
And celebrate the ſolemn Feaſt.

Our Boys and Virgins, chaſte and young,
For ſo the *Sibyls* have ordain'd,
Shall to the Gods begin a Song,
The Gods, the Guardians of our Land.

May *Sol*, whoſe late and early Rays
Are ever bright and ever new,
In all the Climates he ſurveys,
No greater State, nor Empire view.

Goddeſs of Births! protect our Dames,
And crown their pains with lovely Sons;
Thee we invoke by all the Names,
The ſacred Names thy Godhead owns.

Diva, producas ſobolem, patrúmque
Proſperes decreta ſuper jugandis
Fœminis, prolíſque novæ feraci
Lege maritâ:

Certus undenos decies per annos
Orbis ut cantus, referátque ludos,
Ter die claro, totiéſque gratâ
Nocte frequentes.

Vóſque veraces cecinisſe Parcæ,
Quod ſemel dictum eſt, ſtabiliſque rerum
Terminus ſervet, bona jam peractis
Jungite fata.

Fertilis frugum, pecoríſque tellus,
Spiceâ donet Cererem coronâ:
Nutriant fœtus & aquæ ſalubres,
Et Jovis auræ.

Condito mitis placidúſque telo
Supplices audi pueros, Apollo:
Siderum regina bicornis audi,
Luna, puellas.

Roma ſi veſtrum eſt opus; Iliæque
Litus Etruſcum tenuere turmæ,
Juſſa pars mutare Lares, & urbem,
Soſpite curſu:

Cui per ardentem ſine fraude Trojam
Caſtus Æneas, patriæ ſuperſtes,
Liberum munivit iter, daturus
Plura relictis;

Dî probos mores docili juventæ,
Dî ſenectuti placidæ quietem,
Romulæ genti date, rémque, prolémque,
Et decus omne.

Give us a Race mature and ſtrong,
And all thoſe ſacred Statutes bleſs,
That guard the nuptial Bed from Wrong,
And crown the State with fair increaſe.

Thus, when the Age comes round again,
Our Songs, and Sports, and ſolemn Rites,
The crowding *Romans* ſhall detain,
Three glorious Days, and happy Nights.

The fatal Siſters! who preſage
Th' Events of things with ſure fore-caſt,
With Bleſſings crown the coming Age,
And make it happy as the paſt.

Let Fruits and Flocks the Year adorn,
Ceres her yellow Garlands wear;
No noxious Vapours hurt the Corn,
Nor taint the Streams, nor blaſt the Air.

Phœbus! no more in Arms delight,
But let our Youths their Vows obtain:
And thou, fair Empreſs of the Night,
O *Luna!* hear our Virgin Train.

Rome, by your Godlike conduct, roſe,
When to *Etruria*'s happy ſhore,
The *Trojans*, reſcu'd from their Foes,
Their Gods, their Laws, and Empire bore.

Thrò Flames, and Toils by Sea and Land,
Their great *Æneas* led them on,
And taught his *Phrygians* to command
A People greater than their own.

The Gods! with Virtue bleſs the Young,
Secure the Old from toil and care;
Protect our State, our Race prolong,
And make us rich, and great in War.

Quique vos bobus veneratur albis
Clarus Anchiſæ Veneriſque ſanguis,
Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hoſtem.

Jam mari, terrâque, manus potentes
Medus, Albanáſque timet ſecures:
Jam Scythæ reſponſa petunt, ſuperbi
Nuper & Indi.

Jam fides, & pax, & honos, pudórque
Priſcus, & neglecta redire virtus
Audet; apparétque beata pleno
Copia cornu.

Augur, & fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptúſque novem Camenis,
Qui ſalutari levat arte feſſos
Corporis artus.

Si Palatinas videt æquus arces
Rémque Romanam, Latiúmque felix,
Alterum in luſtrum, meliúſque ſemper
Proroget ævum.

Quæque Aventinum tenet, Algidúmque,
Quindecim Diana preces virorum
Curet; & votis puerorum amicas
Applicet aures.

Hæc Jovem ſentire, Deóſque cunctos,
Spem bonam, certámque domum reporto,
Doctus & Phœbi chorus & Dianæ
Dicere laudes.

Liſten, ye Pow'rs! when *Caſar* prays,
  Whilſt Heifers at the Altar bleed;
Caſar his ſuppliant Foes ſhall raiſe,
  And his victorious Arms ſucceed.

By Sea and Land the vanquiſh'd *Mede*
  Shall humble to the *Roman* Pow'r;
The *Scythian* ſhall the Senate dread,
  And *Latian* Laws confine the *Moor*.

Now *Honour*, *Chaſtity*, and *Peace*,
  Virtue, and baniſh'd *Faith* return;
Now *Plenty* broods a fair Increaſe,
  And fills with Flow'rs her fragrant Horn.

Phœbus, by Auguries renown'd,
  To whom the *Muſes* owe their Art,
Still makes the ſickly Hail and Sound,
  And does the healing Balm impart.

If he beholds, with equal eyes,
  The *Roman* State, and *Latian* Force;
Another happy Age ſhall riſe,
  And ſtill grow better in its Courſe.

Of ſacred Hills and Shrines poſſeſt,
  Diana ſhall in ſmiles deſcend,
And liſten to the ſolemn Prieſt,
  And to our proſtrate Youth attend.

Whilſt all the Gods and mighty *Jove*
  Aſſent to what the *Chorus* prays;
Their Songs ſhall charm the Pow'rs above,
  With *Phœbus* and *Apollo*'s praiſe.

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